

Letters Of Stanley E. Kerr:
Volunteer Work With The "Near East Relief"
Among Armenians in Marash, 1919-1920

Edited and With a Historical Introduction
To The Turkish-Armenian Conflict

By Susan E. Kerr

History Honors Program
Oberlin College
April 1980

To my grandmother, Elsa Reckman Kerr, with love

Acknowledgements

Three research grants made possible a month of field research in the Middle East studying present-day Marash-Armenian communities. The sources of funding were the Jerome Davis Committee, Oberlin Winter Term Committee and Oberlin College. I was given a good deal of guidance in locating Armenian communities by Reverend Vartan Hartunian and Mr. Paren Sanentz, both of the Boston area.

At Oberlin I had help in translating Arabic and Turkish terms and phrases. Dr. Joseph Eliash translated from Arabic in to English. Dr. Banu Ozertug translated from Turkish into English.

Thanks to Dr. John Joseph of Franklin and Marshall College for providing me with pages from an unpublished manuscript on Turkey in the post World War One period. Dr. Ronald Suny of Oberlin College provided me with three of his unpublished articles on Armenians in Transcaucasia.

Mr. William Biglestone of the Oberlin College Library archives advised me on the maintenance of old documents and the procedures for reproducing them. Dr. Solomon Wank of Franklin and Marshall College gave me guidance on the procedures for editing the correspondence. Professor Steven Mintz of Oberlin College advised me on methods of doing oral history.

Thanks to three classmates at Oberlin College: Eileen McCarthy typed the manuscript. Zvi Frazier helped me with the methods of oral history. David Wank, who accompanied me on my trip to the Middle East, photographed Marash Armenian communities and Marash itself. He also participated in formal interviews with Marash

Armenians. Most of all, he gave me constant constructive criticism and encouragement throughout the year.

Finally, my grandmother, Elsa Reckman Kerr, entrusted me with the care of my grandfather's personal papers, which allowed me to pursue this project.

Susan E. Kerr

Table of Contents

Dedication	iii
Acknowledgements	iv
Introduction	1
Principles of Editing the Correspondence	7
Historical Background	9
Part I: The Historical Development of Turkish and Russian Armenia	10
Part II: The Development of Armenian Nationalism in 19th Century Russia and Turkey and Its Practical Focus on Turkish Armenia	20
Part III: Events of the Early 20th Century which Affected Armenians	35
Postscript	52
Excerpts From the Notes of Stanley E. Kerr	
"Autobiographical Sketch"	56
"Prelude to Volunteer Work in the Middle East and A Word on the Organization of Near East Relief.	59
A Brief Chronology of the Correspondence	68
Correspondence of Stanley E. Kerr to his family, February 1919 to August 1920	71
Notes	409
A Look at Present-Day Marash and Marash Armenian Communities .	413
Photographs	
Maps	416
Marash	
Cities of Southern Anatolia and Northern Syria	
The Middle East	
Endnotes to the Historical Introduction	419
Bibliography	423

Introduction

When my grandfather Stanley E. Kerr turned eighty years old on March 14, 1974, my brothers and I produced a short play for him about the highlights of his life. In order to collect material for the play, I began to ask him various questions about his childhood adventures as well as his forty-five years in the Middle East as an adult. In his customary manner, my grandfather picked up on my interest and after he had seen my play began to write me long letters about his childhood recollections and his career in the Middle East. The letters, which he referred to as "Letters to Susie," ultimately took the shape of a lengthy personal autobiography.

It was through this correspondence that I became aware of my grandfather's fascinating adventures in the Middle East. His stay in the Middle East began with volunteer work for the Near East Relief organization from 1919-1920 and culminated in a long career as Professor of Biochemistry at the American University of Beirut from 1925 until the early 1960's. He spoke of his first experiences in the Middle East with the Near East Relief as the most exciting time of his life.

His work centered in the town of Marash, Turkey, in which he witnessed the return of many of the town's Armenians, who had been deported by the Turkish government in 1915-1916. Among his duties as general manager of relief was the purchase and distribution of food daily for ten thousand Armenian refugees. During his first stay in Marash, from December 1919 to July 1920, my grandfather found himself in the midst of a great conflict between Turkish nationalists, French troops occupying the town under the Armistice

agreement of World War One, and the returned Marash Armenians. On January 21, 1920, began a great battle in which the Turks ousted the French troops, and also in which nearly 50% of Marash's 20,000 returned Armenians were killed. My grandfather himself barely escaped death more than once, and in February when the battle was over and the French forces had departed, he remained in Marash until July as one of a handful of relief volunteers caring for the 10,000 remaining Armenians. He returned to America in August to accept a scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania to work toward his doctorate in biochemistry.

But unable to keep still, he was back a year later in Marash, again with the Near East Relief and this time with his sister Marion, whom he had persuaded to join the Near East Relief. It was during this second stay in Marash that he met my grandmother, Elsa Reckman, who had come as a missionary to teach at Marash Girls' College. They were married in Beirut in 1922 and continued to work for the Near East Relief in Lebanon as directors of an orphanage for Armenian boys in Nahr Ibrahim, and of a blind school at Maalmatein. In 1925, my grandparents went to the American University in Beirut where they both served on the faculty until the early 1960's.

A prolific writer and enthusiastic photographer, Stanley Kerr kept detailed records of his experiences in the Middle East through diaries, letters home, and countless photographs. In 1973 he published a book entitled The Lions of Marash¹ in which he recounts his experiences with the Near East Relief. From March 1974 until his death on December 14, 1976, he continued to write his recollections of these experiences in his "Letters to Susie."

It was not until after his death that I realized the full extent of my grandfather's records. Looking over his belongings in March of 1979, my grandmother and I collected all of his personal papers which she placed under my care. Upon examining the collection, I discovered a goldmine of literature relating his experiences in the Middle East, but primarily focusing upon his first year and a half with the Near East Relief. Included in the collection:

1. Stanley Kerr's correspondence to his family from February 1919 to August 1920, written from Aleppo, Syria, and Marash, Turkey.
2. Correspondence from Stanley and Elsa Kerr to Stanley's parents from 1923-1925, during their work as directors of Nahr Ibrahim orphanage for Armenian boys in Lebanon.
3. Correspondence to Stanley Kerr from several Armenians who had known him in Marash or as his students at the American University in Beirut. This collection continued until the year of his death.
4. Lectures given by Stanley Kerr to Armenian audiences in America on his work with the Near East Relief.
5. Short autobiographies of American missionaries and Armenian survivors from Marash about their experiences there.
6. A collection of Near East Relief publications.
7. Stanley Kerr's diary, dated February 1919-August 1920.
8. Numerous slides and photographs of Marash and its vicinity taken in 1919-1920, and from 1922-1923.
9. Photographs of the Near East Relief orphanage at Nahr Ibrahim, Lebanon.
10. Maps of Marash, Cilicia, and of the Armenian deportation

routes out of Cilicia from 1915 until the final exodus in 1923.

11. Numerous published articles on the genocide.
12. Newspaper clippings about Stanley E. Kerr and the situation in Turkey, 1919-1920.
13. Diary by an undetermined author.

* * *

As the central focus of my senior thesis at Oberlin College, I have chosen to edit Stanley Kerr's correspondence of 1919-1920. This correspondence of nearly 300 pages is a detailed observation by a young American relief worker of the aftermath of the Armenian genocide and deportations in Allied occupied post-war Turkey. My purpose is not to provide a commentary on the correspondence. Rather, it is to reproduce the letters in their original form in order to present new primary material for historians. I also envision a possible M.A. or Ph.D. thesis using this collection. Therefore, I feel that I have only begun to scratch the surface in terms of what can be learned from the archives.

My presentation of the correspondence includes a paper which provides a historical background to the position of the Armenians in Turkey during World War One. I seek to explain the historical events which brought about the Armenian opposition to the government of the Ottoman Empire, as well as the reasons for which the Ottoman Turks found it necessary to systematically deport all of Turkey's Armenian population and why two-thirds of the Armenians were massacred in the process. The purpose of the paper is to provide a historical background to the Armenian Question in Turkey and a setting for post World War One Marash and the situation my grandfather encountered there.

Through the course of the year, I have been able to locate a great number of Marash Armenians who were alive at the time of my grandfather's stay in Marash. Thus in addition to readings, my research has included correspondence with Marash Armenians in this country, interviews with Marashzis in Aleppo, Syria, observation of present-day Marash Armenian communities in Lebanon, Syria and Egypt, as well as observations of present-day Marash. I have established a number of Marashzi contacts and friends throughout America and the Middle East, and so the door is left open for further research.

During the process of my research, I discovered the great problems of historiography one inevitably encounters in studying the period of the Armenian deportations and massacres. Historian Gwynne Dyer illustrates the situation in her article, "Turkish 'Falsifiers' and Armenian 'Deceivers': Historiography and The Armenian Massacres."² This period of history deals with the thundering all of the Ottoman Empire and the desperate attempts of frightened and inexperienced leaders to prevent it. It also deals with the genocide of two-thirds of the Armenian people. Neither Turkish nor Armenian writers of history escape a degree of subjectivity due to the sensitive nature of the matter. Dyer writes,

. . . Armenians and Turks are incapable of approaching the subject of their mutual clashes dispassionately . . . Because the great majority of those dealing with the subject are and will continue to be either Turkish or Armenian, due to the language demands, and, more importantly, the sheer disinclination of historians of other nationalities to become entangled in the question with the accompanying danger of annoying one of the parties and losing access to historical sources. One consequence of this is that most of the historiography which is being produced on Turkish-Armenian clashes is biased and unreliable; another is that it is almost entirely derivative.³

In studying the case of Marash in the Turkish-Armenian conflict,

I have nowhere to turn for the Turkish side of the story. What about the killing of Turks by Armenians? What was the life of this Armenian-Turkish town like before the deportations? Was the conflict more imposed from outside than it was springing from within the Armenian-Turkish community? The subject is so sensitive that one does not know how to approach a Turk or an Armenian with an objective question about the conflict.

The correspondence which I am presenting is the subjective observation of the Armenian problem in Marash by a young American man relatively ignorant about the history of the Turkish-Armenian conflict. If taken as such, the correspondence can be a valuable historical resource. With hope, the historical background which I am providing will place the letters of Stanley E. Kerr in proper perspective.

Principles of Editing the Correspondence

My intention in presenting Stanley E. Kerr's correspondence is to reproduce the letters as closely to their original form as possible. I am providing no commentary on the personal biases of my grandfather. I have footnoted foreign words and phrases, as well as certain names and places directly relevant to the subject. Maps are provided to help the reader find locations mentioned in the letters, and consequently I have not described the geographic setting of cities, villages, rivers or mountains. In many cases items which might be footnoted are not, as the author gives an explanation immediately following, or else several pages later. A great many items are previously explained in my introductory chapter entitled "Historical Background" and therefore explanations are not repeated in the way of footnotes.

In their original form, approximately half of the letters are handwritten and half typewritten. The typewritten letters are especially laden with spelling errors, as Kerr did not often have the time to proofread. All misspellings remain uncorrected through footnotes, except for foreign words and places. In some cases it is evident that Kerr reread his correspondence many years later, and occasionally put a question mark in the margin or made notations, etc. All such additions by Kerr himself appear in the reproduced form of the letters. Errors such as typeovers (8) or the absence of a closing parenthesis are reproduced. Crossed out words or phrases are the only items which do not appear.

When a typewriter was used, occasionally an "s" or an "a" would stick and therefore appear twice consecutively, as in

"ssynagogue." In other places, Kerr would be tying a word at the end of a line but would run out of room. So, he would type the entire word over on the next line. Hence, such mistakes will appear as "beca became." If words or phrases were placed in the margins or between two lines, the reproduced copy will show this. The reader can expect to be fairly frustrated in reading through misspellings and typographical errors.

I therefore present a nearly untouched reproduction of the correspondence. In this way, I hope to provide the historian with a primary source which may be examined by his/her own eyes.

Historical Background

Part One: The Historical Development of Turkish and Russian
Armenia

Part Two: The Development of Armenian Nationalism in Nineteenth
Century Russia and Turkey and Its Practical Focus on
Turkish Armenia

Part Three: Events of the Early Twentieth Century which affect
ed Armenians in Turkey

Postscript

Part One

Epic tells us that the Anatolian plateau has been the homeland of the Armenians since the third millenium B.C., whereas other sources point later to the first millenium B.C. when native Armenian kings reigned in Anatolia and a distinct Armenian culture developed. After a period of Byzantine presence, Armenia became vassal to the Moslem Arabs in 653. The Arabs granted Armenia virtual autonomy, and in 886 Armenia emerged as an independent kingdom. Less than two centuries later in 1045 the Byzantines briefly conquered Armenia, only to open Anatolia to the Seljuk Turks in 1064. In Cilicia an Armenian principality was established in 1080, which in 1198 became a kingdom. Throughout the Crusader period Armenian princes served the Europeans in the Near East militarily and materially, reflecting Armenia's Western-Christian orientation. Political rule soon changed again with the invasions by the Mongols in the thirteenth century. Between 1236 and 1242 all of Armenia and neighboring Georgia fell into Mongol hands.

Centuries of foreign domination, invasion and warfare brought an insecurity among Armenians which caused thousands to flee their homeland. For those who stayed, foreign domination would continue. Emigration occurred from the central Anatolian Plateau to Cilicia, Byzantium, Georgia, Kievan Russia and the Crimean Peninsula. Inside Anatolia Moslem settlements arose on abandoned Armenian sites or adjacent to existing scattered Armenian villages. An influx of migrating Turks made for a Turkic-Moslem dominance on the Plateau, which meant for the Armenian population a loss of government, ethnic alterations and a general moral and cultural decline. Ottoman Turks who had migrated across Asia over the centuries settled in

Anatolia and by the fifteenth century had established politically powerful and organized communities. Ottomans and Persians rivaled for the Plateau during the early sixteenth century, but by 1500 the Western and central sectors of the plateau fell to the Ottomans. Most of Armenia was annexed by the Ottoman Sultan Selim I during his reign from 1512-1520. Armenians in Turkey, Arabs in the Moslem world formerly under the Egyptian Mamluk dynasty, Balkans, Greeks -- all were engulfed by the structure of the rising Ottoman Empire which was to remain intact through the late nineteenth century.

Selim's annexation of Armenia and the birth of the Ottoman Empire marked the beginning of a political division between Armenian communities in Anatolia and Transcaucasia. Armenians were now divided politically between Ottoman Turkey, and Persia. From the sixteenth century onward there arose two intellectually distinct Armenias -- that of Turkey and that of Persia. Educational opportunities and minority policies differed in each and determined degrees of community organization and national feeling. Common religion, the continued existence of the Armenian church, and common language among all Armenians ensured an omnipresent reminder of a shared culture.

Over the course of three hundred years, until the early twentieth century, Armenians in Turkey were perceived to an increasing degree by their Ottoman rulers as a threatening foreign element living within their empire. To be sure, Armenians were a foreign element, as were Greeks, Balkan peoples, and Arabs. The degree of danger their existence presented to the Ottoman Empire is disputed. Turkey's neighbor, Russia, was a growing empire,

acquiring new territories and managing the pockets of ethnic minorities in her empire. Russian and Persian Armenians understandably had an interest in the situation of their brothers in Turkey. Tsarist Russia, expanding westward, surely looked with a hungry eye at both Turkish and Persian parts of Transcaucasia and offered herself as a sympathetic refuge for any Armenian who wished to refuse Turkish rule. In addition, Christianity was a factor which served to make Russia look attractive to the Armenian living in Turkey. Russia did in fact expand territorially into the Persian Empire's peripheries in 1801 when she took Eastern Georgia. The combination of Russian expansion, the luring of Turkish Armenians by their brothers in Russia as well as the proximity of a Christian empire offering its sympathy to neighboring Christians under Muslim rule contributed to a concern among Ottoman rulers over the existence of the Turkish Christian Armenian.

Turkish Armenian contact with non-Ottoman societies also existed in the West and added to Armenian strangeness within the Ottoman Empire. Christianity caused Armenians to look toward Europe throughout their history -- toward Rome in the early years of Turkish rule and later toward other European countries which provided university education for Armenian youths. Through these channels and through sheer proximity to Europe via the Balkans, European ideas managed to filter into Turkish Armenia where they were kept and nourished.

In Russian Transcaucasia Armenian community life was well established in the cities of Tiflis and Baku. The economic life of the Georgian capital of Tiflis was representative of a customary

Armenian control over trade, and in the political arena as well Armenians had a solid voice. Being a major trading center for caravans coming westward from Persia into the Middle East, Armenian craftsmen and merchants were drawn to Tiflis for potential economic opportunities there. Although a geographically Georgian area Armenians clearly had the upper hand in economic and political affairs and drew much resentment from local Georgians.

At the time of the Russian annexation of Tiflis and Eastern Georgia in 1801, 79.3% of the city's population was Armenian.⁴ Whereas Georgians comprised the peasantry and nobility, Armenians constituted the bulk of the town's artisans, merchants and property owners and had a monopoly on transit trade coming through Persia. Russians called the goods "armianskie tovary," or Armenian goods.⁵ In the late nineteenth century Russian traveller S. Maksimov wrote that:

Trade in the Caucasus is entirely in the hands of the clever and calculating Armenians. Armenians are higher than Georgians in intelligence and in love for work and for that reason there is nothing surprising in the fact that Georgian properties are rapidly falling into Armenian hands. Georgians are dependent on them just as the Poles are on the Jews and similarly feel toward them the same contempt and hatred (if not more than the Poles feel toward the Jews). The commercial Armenians reveal much cleverness, wiliness, are always ready with flattery. Their thirst for profit leads them to cheating and swindling.⁶

The way of life of the Armenian in Tiflis contrasts sharply with that of the native Georgian, as the young radical Niko Nikoladze wrote in the mid 1860's of Georgian workers,

The work of the vast majority consists of carrying stones, sand and lime for construction, sacks and heavy goods for merchants, water and firewood for inhabitants.

Because Tiflis was not merely an important trade center but

also the most important industrial city in the Caucasus, Armenian businessmen became heavily involved in manufacturing. In 1872 a railroad was built between Tiflis and Poti on the Black Sea Coast, causing great accessibility to Tiflis markets and business. Capital investment increased with the growth of industry, and although there existed a certain amount of foreign and Russian investment the bulk of local industry was built with local Armenian capital. By the end of the nineteenth century 44% of the 150 largest industrial establishments in Tiflis were Armenian, as were 50% of the large enterprises.⁷

Armenians in Transcaucasia had traditionally held a dominant position in matters of business in urban centers, but the Russian annexation of Eastern Georgia brought western education and opportunities for government and military careers. A demographic trend of population moving from countryside to the cities occurred, as there was an influx of Georgian peasants and Russian officials in the cities. In Tiflis by the latter half of the nineteenth century Armenians no longer constituted a majority of the population, but only a plurality.⁸ Because the Russian method of government recruited Georgian nobles and developed urban life to draw peasants from the countryside there was a new contact among countrymen and foreigners in the towns and therefore a developing awareness of social and ethnic backgrounds.

During the time of the Georgian kingdom Georgian nobles ran the political arena in Tiflis, and because the Armenian population had no nobility, Armenians were not eligible for government positions. Therefore they tended toward economic life of the town. After 1801 the new tsarist government, wishing to gradually take

control of municipal government in Georgian cities but not wanting to alienate the former Georgian politicians, recruited nobles for government and military careers serving Russian rule. Armenians in the meanwhile increased their power and importance as businessmen, thus remaining a very independent community inside Georgia. Their importance in business led them to be influential among Russian rulers, as they were an essential facet of Tiflis life, providing the city's strength as an industrial center.

By the latter half of the century the political autonomy of the Georgian nobility had been completely encroached upon by the tsarist government, while Armenians had continued to gain power and influence as businessmen. Georgians were therefore at the bottom of society, having been displaced politically and economically by Armenians. A nostalgic nationalism arose among Georgians, with increasing resentment of their Armenian competitors.

Armenians living under Ottoman rulers were like their brothers in Russia exempt from opportunities to hold government positions, and tended toward matters of business and enterprise. In the vicinity of Constantinople Armenian "emires" or financiers courted the sultan. The majority of Armenians lived in the Eastern provinces in Anatolia and there conflict existed between the Armenian bourgeoisie and Turkish peasants and land owners.

Ruling Turks, being a minority within their own empire, had established early on a powerful theocracy as well as a system of provincial division, in order to ensure a tight reign on all areas of the empire. Military organization was taken to a high degree of sophistication. Etmekjian writes that, "Having embraced Mohammedism (the Turks) took the logical step of establishing a

theocracy, whose existence could be guaranteed only by a most powerful army." ⁹ When Constantinople and its domains were conquered by Mehmed II in 1453, the Turkic-Muslim element was a minority within a flood of Orthodox-Christian Balkan peoples, Greeks and Armenians. Mehmed's solution to the problem of political administration was to appoint through the so-called "millet system" ecclesiastical heads of a major subject people to be responsible for respective community obligations to the state. In 1461 the Armenian bishop of Bursa was made patriarch of non-orthodox Christians of the realm. The empire was thus divided into millets or provinces. The millet system provided the protection of minority peoples for it allowed isolation. Armenian laymen were shielded from direct contact with the government because the official millet hierarchy acted as a go-between. Under this system in the early days of Ottoman rule Armenians enjoyed more peace and security than they had experienced in a long time. At this time there existed no religious fanaticism to cause Armenians to suffer as a non-believing community. Hovannisian writes that, "The Armenian church, though losing much of its spiritual and intellectual vitality, found it possible to maintain the separate identity of a nation." ¹⁰

The degree of assimilation of Armenians into Turkish culture varied among regions of Turkey, but generally was not very high. More scattered in the western parts of Turkey, Armenians often retained their religion but adopted Turkish ways. Some Armenians even adopted the Turkish language. In such cases religion became the element that distinguished Armenians from their neighbors. Whereas in the Eastern regions of Anatolia, the Armenian population

was more concentrated and less assimilation occurred. Hovannisi-an explains that in the western areas,

Turkish eventually became the spoken language, and throughout Anatolia neighboring Christian and Russian villages were frequently differentiated only by a church or a mosque. Yet, on the extensive eastern plateau, most Armenians lost neither their faith nor their native dialects, attributes that kept them apart from Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Kizilbash and other Muslim groups with which they shared the lands of historic Armenia.¹¹

Armenians remained along with other Christian minorities subject to standard restrictions and regulations as non-believers. Serious religious persecution by their Muslim rulers did not occur until the seventeenth century. In its early days the empire prospered politically under an efficient government which was able to keep its vast holdings under a tight grip. Non Muslim minorities, called "dhimmis" in Islam, had traditionally been subject to certain regulations. They were forbidden to wear arms and were subject to special taxation. The policy of "dervshirme" had a major effect on minorities. Under it, Christian children were recruited to be reared as devout Moslems and then assigned to the administrative-military hierarchy of the empire. Over the centuries thousands of non-believers embraced Islam in order to be free of such special treatment.

With the turn of the seventeenth century there came an increasing number of corrupt government functionaries, rebellious Muslim chieftains, as well as a challenge to Ottoman territories by European powers on the rise. In the Balkans a liberation movement developed which was supported by European arms and diplomacy. Answering these developments, persecution of non-Muslims reached high proportions. Etmekjian writes that,

Christian and Jew alike were humiliated by being obliged to distinguish themselves from their oppressors by the clothing they wore and by the rules they observed in the presence of the latter . . . By decrees of Osman II (1754-1757), his Greek, Armenian, Jewish subjects were required to wear cloaks made of coarse, colored cloth. In addition to the required black, cylindrical lambskin caps, the Greeks were forced to wear black, the Armenians red, and the Jews blue shoes. Yellow was reserved for the faithful . . . Christians were forbidden to carry arms or to ride horses and upon seeing a Moslem approaching from the opposite direction, they were expected to step aside in order to let him pass. They were even expected to clean the shoes of the master race. To hang bells in church steeples was a crime, to own a store illegal. If a Moslem chose not to exercise the perogatives designed to humiliate Christians, it was out of the goodness of his heart. The same can be said concerning the official enforcement of these laws.¹²

Such a mode of persecution remained throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, but the latter part of the 19th century saw a beginning of physically violent persecution.

Isolation of minorities through persecution sparked resentment toward Ottoman rule and contributed heavily toward the rise of nationalism and desires for separation from Ottoman rule. Helped by means of European education of Armenian youth and a system of Armenian schooling inside Turkey, the 19th century saw a development of an Armenian self-consciousness. Armenians were drawn to Europe by their Christian-Western outlook. By the mid-19th century scores of Armenian youth were enrolled in Western universities where they absorbed Western social and political philosophies. These intellectual youths tended toward journalism, teaching and writing in the vernacular and were thus able to transmit their European-learned ideas to their native communities in Turkey. A network of schools spread into the villages of Cilicia and eventually into Turkish Armenia. A rising Armenian self-consciousness brought about by their persecution as a Christian minority and their

Western European intellectual ideas grew and was fed by increasing administrative corruption and intolerance.

Part Two

The nineteenth century saw an intellectual awakening of the Armenian population in Russia and Turkey and its subsequent focus upon national identity. The Armenian church had traditionally been a stronghold of cultural life in Armenia and a primary religious and intellectual force. Indeed, it was a base for expressing the communality of Armenians the world over and had produced in the seventeenth century religious leaders who promoted the sense of a common Armenian way of life. In 1701 Mekhithar of Sebaste (1676-1749) founded a new monastic order in Constantinople. Of the Benedictine order, Mekhitarists were devoted to education and literary pursuits. Mekhithar stressed the study of Armenian history and the classical language and literature and provided a continuity between ancient literature and a flowering literary renaissance in the 19th century.¹³ He also encouraged the need for close contact between Armenia and Europe, and directed his followers toward European thought. Mekhitarists produced scores of publications on Armenian history and literature, and Mekhitar of Sebaste himself wrote a Dictionary of the Armenian Language.¹⁴ Under his influence occurred a purification of the classical language, the nourishment of Armenian literature, of theater, and thus the presentation of a living Armenian culture.

While the Mekhitarist movement originated in Turkey, an Armenian intellectual awakening was also evident in Russian Armenia. Russian entry into Armenian life in the early nineteenth century provided Armenians with opportunities for education that could not be matched in Turkey. As in Turkey, many youths attended European universities, but inside Russia itself study at universities and

academies was readily available. Russia was a more intellectually productive environment for Armenians than was Turkey. To begin with Russia symbolized to Armenians an advanced civilization of Christendom against Islam.¹⁵ Romanov rule gave Armenians a security which enhanced a national cultural renaissance. In 1827 the famous Polozhenie was adopted which allowed the Armenian church to organize a system of schooling for the Russian Armenian community. And although the Polozhenie was revoked by an ukaz in 1884, it had remained intact long enough for an Armenian intellectual self-consciousness to burst from within. The Russian-Armenian patriot Khatchatur Abovian contributed in the first half of the nineteenth century through his writings to the education of his people. Writing in the vernacular and translating classical works, Abovian inspired fellow American writers to push forth an age of modern Armenian literature.¹⁶ Overall, Armenians had an excellent opportunity for education under Russian rule, and by the latter part of the century had an organized intellectual sense of national consciousness.

Diaspora Armenians had a great influence upon the awakening of Armenians in the homeland as transmitters of outside intellectual movements. Diaspora communities existed east and west, in such places as Madras, India as well as in Europe and north Africa. Armenians living in Europe had access to the first printing presses and were thus able to disseminate European ideas. In 1512 the first Armenian book was published in Venice. Early Armenian publications in Europe encouraged the establishment of the first Armenian printing press in the Ottoman Empire, which was established in Constantinople in 1567. In 1566 Catholicos Hakob Tjughahetsin

had succeeded in seeing the printing of the Bible in Armenian.¹⁷

The transmitting of European ideas by Diaspora Armenians to their homeland increased the flow of Armenians going to Europe for opportunities of education. By such means the ideologies of the French Revolution and of European revolutionary movements of the 1830's and 1840's were carried to Anatolia and Transcaucasia.¹⁸

Following the intellectual trend of the Armenian national awakening, which was spurred on by dissatisfactions with living conditions of their brothers in Turkey, organized Armenian revolutionary activity appeared in Russia in the 1880's. A policy of Russification of ethnic minorities only intensified a feeling of national solidarity among Russian Armenians. The rise of Armenian political parties was considered a threat by the government of Nicholas II, and an anti-Armenian campaign began to eliminate Armenians from civil and military positions. In 1884 an ukaz was issued which closed all Armenian parochial schools in the following year.¹⁹ Armenian intellectuals were heavily influenced by such Russian revolutionary ideologies as those of Lavrov and Mikhailovsky, and many had membership in Russian Revolutionary societies, such as the Narodnaya Volya. Whereas most members of such groups wished to overthrow the tsarist regime, Armenian intellectuals involved in the Russian revolutionary groups took acquired ideologies home and directed them toward an Armenian political nationalism. For example, in the mid-1880's the newly-formed "Union of Patriots" circulated socialist literature to make Armenians conscious of socio-economic problems with which they lived.²⁰ But the complaints against such conditions were steadily overshadowed by a rising concern among Russian Armenians of a worsening plight of their

brothers in Turkey under Ottoman Rule. Religious persecution and anti-Armenian feeling was growing in Turkey. The aims of the Russian Armenians were soon manifested in revolutionary desires to relieve Armenians in Turkey of growing repression and political isolation. There occurred a tremendous coinciding of rapidly growing nationalistic ideologies among Russian Armenians with a steadily declining standard of living of Turkish Armenians, which was viewed in Russia to be the result of direct oppression of Ottoman Turkish rulers. A new relationship evolved between Russian and Turkish Armenians. Inevitably as Russian Armenian sympathy and moral and practical support for their brothers became evident to the Ottoman Turks, the Turk's perception of the Armenian as foreign menace grew and aggravated the situation.

Politically and economically repressed by Russia and Turkey, and without allies, Armenians were spurred on in their development of nationalism. Russian Armenians living in Georgia were not only repressed by the tsarist government in Moscow, but also locally by resentful Georgians. Indeed a Georgian liberation movement whose targets were the Russian autocracy and the Armenian bourgeoisie intensified the isolation of the Armenians. Georgians were struggling to end the domination of political and economic life by Armenians and Russians. For Armenians, a national revolution became an increasing necessity, in order to provide an autonomous political unit for Armenian social and cultural development.

Socialism entered the Armenian Nationalist movement through the influence of Russian revolutionary groups. The Armenian focus however was not to build a socialist community, but rather to act upon the situation in Turkey. Ideological conflicts among Armenian

revolutionaries delayed such action. The principal revolutionary organizations in Russian Armenia were the Dashnakstutium and Hunchakian groups. In 1889 Christopher Mikaelian founded the Young Armenia Society in Tiflis, whose aim was to send men, arms and spies across the border into Turkey to strike at Kurdish tribes who were raiding Armenian villages, under Ottoman instigation. In addition, the Young Armenia Society hoped to gain the attention of the European powers who would perhaps call for a number of Ottoman reforms in Armenia.²¹ During the summer of 1890 in Tiflis various branches of the Young Armenia Society, mostly Russian but some Persian and Turkish, merged to form the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, or Dashnakstutium. The Dashnaks were a coalition of socialist and non-socialist nationalists who wanted a national movement with a socialist ideology. Dashnak socialism had more in common with Russian Populism (the idea of association and cooperation) than it did with Russian Marxism.²² The other principal Armenian Revolutionary group, though less influential than the Dashnakstutium, was the Hunchakian party, whose socialist ideology was based on Marxism.²³ Both of these revolutionary groups had as their impetus and focus the amelioration of the situation in Turkey. The role of socialism in the ideologies of these groups is misleading. Suny maintains that "socialism remained rhetorical cover behind which the national struggle was fought."²⁴ Suny argues that Armenians were a merchant class which had thrived under capitalism, and so not all envisioned a revolution which would culminate in a socialist order.²⁵ Internal political warfare nagged at the Dashnak and Hunchak parties through the 1890's as smaller socialist groups attempted to displace parties oriented toward the national struggle in Turkey.

The industrialization of Transcaucasia had brought about the existence of a small urban working class which broadened the political arena and the number of socialist intellectuals.

The political situation of the 1890's for Armenians in the Caucasus was one of internal conflict at a time of intense anti-Armenian feeling as well as national repression by the Russian and Turkish autocracies. However, the Russian Armenian Nationalist focus upon Turkey was powerful enough to endure this situation. During the 1890's it provided armed resistance in Turkey against the measures of the Ottoman Empire.

The Russian Armenian focus upon Turkey remained powerful because Armenian life there was steadily worsening under the repressive rule of the Ottoman government. The reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid II (1878-1909) saw extensive territorial losses, and rising dissension among national minorities. There was thus a turn toward autocratic rule in an effort to hold a crumbling empire together. Abdul Hamid came to the throne at a time when the European and Russian powers had already taken the initiative to intervene in Ottoman Affairs. Abdul Hamid was also acquiring power as a result of two depositions which meant that the sultanate had lost considerable credibility. Finally, upon the eve of his reign the empire was at the brink of massive territorial loss. With all of this confronting him, Abdul Hamid brought with him to the sultanate a paranoia and fear over his and his empire's security.

The Russian presence in Ottoman affairs increased with Nicholas II's conquest of the Erevan Khanate in 1828, and this advance westward continued as Russia attempted to obtain more territory in the Russian-Turkish war of 1877. Armenians living in Turkey

had been living under outright religious persecution and so welcomed the 1877 Russian advance into the Caucasus. The conditions of life for the Armenian had worsened to such a degree that Russia could in fact make a pretense of this in her territorial advance. Indeed, Hovannisian writes of this period that "the Armenian self discovery was paralleled by heightened administrative corruption and economic depression. The peasantry was beset by marauding Kurdish and Circassian bands and by greedy Ottoman officials. It was this dual development, the conscious demand for security of both life and property on the one hand and the steadily rising insecurity of both life and property on the other that brought forth the Armenian question in the Ottoman Empire."²⁶

Abdul Hamid did not better conditions for the Armenians and so during the Russ-Turko war Russia was welcomed as a liberator by many Armenians. By the end of the war, the Russian army reached San Stefano outside of Constantinople. There, the Armenian Patriarch Varzhapetian appealed to the Russians to include provisions for Armenians in the peace treaty.

In the subsequent treaty of San Stefano, Western Europe played one of its early roles in the intervention in Ottoman affairs. Under the terms of the treaty, Turkey was given protection against further Russian aggression, but had to promise England to introduce necessary reforms for the protection of Christians in the empire.²⁸ Article 16 of the Treaty of San Stefano states that,

As the evacuation by Russian troops of the territory which they occupy in Armenia, and which is to be restored to Turkey, might give rise to conflicts and complications detrimental to the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, the Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out into effect, without further delay, the improvement and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces

inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security from Kurds and Circassians.²⁹

The Treaty of San Stefano was followed up with revisions in the Berlin Congress of 1878 in which the growing aggressiveness of the European powers showed its mark. Although Ottoman reforms in Turkish Armenia did not take place after the Congress of Berlin the mere discussion of the "Armenian question" elevated the problem to international diplomacy.

The final outcome of the Treaty of San Stefano and the subsequent revisions of the Berlin Congress were oriented toward interests of the European powers and resulted in numerous territorial concessions by Turkey. The Russo-Turkish War and the international discussion following proved not to be primarily concerned with the treatment of Armenians and other persecuted minorities living in the Ottoman Empire. Reforms for Armenians were never implemented. Focus lay upon the Ottoman territorial loss of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro which were declared independent, and Bulgaria which was made autonomous; as well as the occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria, the occupation of Cyprus by Britain, the taking by Russia of strategic frontier areas in Russia and Asia. In addition the Ottoman Empire was obliged to relinquish her hold of much of Macedonia to Greece, including the breadbasket of Thessaly. Immediately following the Berlin Congress, France occupied the Ottoman Territory of Tunis in 1881 and made it a protectorate. In 1882 Britain occupied Egypt, which was a major loss to the Ottoman Empire. When autonomous Bulgaria annexed Eastern Rumelia in 1885, Abdul Hamid could find no great Power backing to retrieve this territory. His empire growing smaller and more fragile, Abdul Hamid immediately instigated a more repressive rule

upon the remaining territories of his empire.

Despite the setbacks concerning Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, Patriarch Varzhapetian continued to push forth with demands for reform and did so within the framework of the Ottoman Empire. He swore allegiance to the Sultan and demanded Ottoman reforms in Armenia, rather than advocating complete autonomy. But in the provinces discontent continued, and revolutionary activity mobilized under the instigation of Russian Armenian revolutionary groups.

As the early years of Abdul Hamid's reign were characterized by territorial losses and growing internal dissension, he came to the sultanate with a defensive attitude which manifested itself in an autocratic reign. The autocracy formally began in 1878 when Abdul Hamid abrogated the Ottoman constitution and ruled without calling parliament, this lasting until his overthrow from power in 1908. Because the constitution had no sanctions calling upon the sultan to act, he was not held responsible. Abdul Hamid also set forth an attitude and policy of pan-Islamism, which would foster the allegiance of his Arab subjects and place emphasis upon his position as Caliph, or the political and religious leader of an Empire based upon the principle of Islam. Maneuvering for their allegiance, Abdul Hamid brought a number of Arab subjects into his entourage. He encouraged the pilgrimage to Mecca by building the Hijaz railway (1901-1908) from Damascus to Medina, with no call for European capital. The Empire previous to the reign of Abdul Hamid had seen an attitude of Ottomanization, but an ideology of pan-Islam was far more all-encompassing.³¹ Simultaneous with the increase in Islamic piety came a growing attitude of anti-Westernism, especially as the European powers entered Africa and

Asia and subjugated more and more Muslims. Pan-Islamism served to increase Abdul Hamid's international prestige as a Muslim ruler. Indeed, the Sultan received the international recognition he was looking for in the support given to him by Kaiser Wilhelm II, who encouraged Abdul Hamid's claims to the caliphate in order to ameliorate Germany's international position with regard to France, England and Russia. The Kaiser paid visits to Abdul Hamid in 1887 and 1898.

Strengthening his rule, Abdul Hamid also resorted to the use of censorship, deportation (exile) and espionage. Davidson writes,

Two sets of censors, one in the Porte and the other in the Palace, checked on each other as well as on the press. Newspapers were frequently suspended or suppressed . . . Informers turned 'journals,' or reports, into the Sultan's officials -- reports which often accused innocent people of subversive activity . . . By means of Ottoman embassies, consulates, and informers abroad, the government kept a constant check on Turkish exiles and emigrants from among the minorities. The censorship and espionage gave rise to fantastic stories, many fabricated but many undoubtedly true. It was, for example, dangerous to use certain words -- constitution, degnams, Midhat Pasha, Murad, prince-heir, Macedonia -- as well as certain chemical formulas.³²

Abdul Hamid refused to be dominated by bureaucracy or parliament, and his paranoia increased to such a degree that "especially after the later 1890's Abdul Hamid became the prisoner of his own fears and suspicions."³³ Even physically, the Sultan remained isolated, secluded in his palace compound at Yildiz.

The effort to unify the Ottoman Empire with a policy of Pan-Islam and the repressive measures adopted to stifle subversive activity had little power to stop the increasing feelings of nationalism among minorities. In many ways the policy backfired by providing greater desire to break from Ottoman rule. The influx

of European ideas in the mid-18th century into Turkey continued during the era of Abdul Hamid, and his own military and medical schools became hotbeds of nationalism for your intellectuals. Journals which had begun to circulate in the middle of the century continued to be published. In order to avoid political issues, they concentrated on translations of French fiction and popular scientific knowledge.³⁴ Military preparatory schools and military medical schools established to provide efficient armed force became centers of opposition for educated Turks. Turks abroad who had been exiled by Abdul Hamid smuggled critical publications into the empire which were circulated and read by intellectuals. Rising separatism thus existed among Turks themselves, and more would become united in the "Young Turk" movement.

The physical manifestation of Armenian opposition to Ottoman rule heightened in the late 1880's and early 1890's, as Dashnak operations based in Russia and Persia became rooted in Turkey. Both the Dashnakstutium and Hunchak parties made efforts to win over discontented pockets of non-Armenians and Armenians in Eastern Turkey, especially in Van and Moush. Some Kurd were enlisted to join the Armenian opposition, but the greatest success occurred in the enlistment of the Young Turks and of dissatisfied Christians, especially Balkan Christians. The Hunchak revolutionaries were strongly based in Constantinople and Cilicia, but less so in the vilayets of Eastern Anatolia and in Russian Armenia. The Dashnaks were more widely received and proved the dominant force against Ottoman rule.

While the Armenian Patriarch in Constantinople attempted to press for reforms within the framework of the Ottoman government,

the discontent of Dashnaks and Hunchaks in both Russia and Turkey was strong enough to resort to extra legal tactics. In the summer of 1890 there occurred an Armenian disturbance at Erzerum on June 20 and a Hunchak demonstration in Constantinople on July 15.³⁵ The smuggling of arms from Russia and Persia into Turkey became an extensive operation, and in 1892 Dashnakstutiu officially sanctioned terrorism.³⁶ Hovannisian writes that in order to effect goals of self-government and unrestricted economic opportunity, the "Dashnakstutiu announced that it would inculcate the populace with a revolutionary disposition and using guerilla tactics, would strike mercilessly at the exploiters and the traitors of the Armenian people." ³⁷

By 1893 Armenian revolutionary activity in Eastern Anatolia showed signs of obvious planning and aggression toward Ottoman rule, and to this Abdul Hamid responded with strict physical repression. Stephen Duquid points out that the Ottoman reprisals were a logical step in the history of Armenian-Turkish confrontations. "The formation of Armenian revolutionary parties, about which the government was well informed, and the increasing activity of these groups throughout 1893 made some kind of Ottoman reaction necessary."³⁸ The Ottoman reaction came in the form of the so-called "Hamidiye" policy which employed Kurdish tribes in the area of Eastern Anatolia to raid Armenian towns. The object was twofold: To obtain the allegiance of the Kurds who would be happy with the reward of booty collected during the raids as well as to physically weaken the Armenian community. Kurdish raids had long occurred in the area, but now they were sanctified and Kurds were encouraged to act with full force.

Another outcome of the regimenting of these Kurdish tribesmen

would be to separate Moslem Kurds from possible cooperation with Armenian dissenters. The acts of the Kurds upon the Armenians included raiding, crop destruction and massacre. The undisciplined and potentially separatist Kurdish minority was therefore not only pacified in Ottoman eyes but also enlisted as an ally that could be counted upon in quieting a dangerous Armenian community.

The physical violence brought about by the creation of Abdul Hamid's Hamidiye regiments in 1893 heightened to make life in Turkish Armenian communities intolerable. Armenian anger and opposition to the Ottoman regime grew steadily and Dashnak revolutionary activity became widespread. In 1895 in the vilayet of Bitlis the Turkish-Armenian conflict began to explode. Armenian mountaineers in the Bitlis district of Sassun refused to pay the so-called protection tax asked for by Kurdish chieftains. The Hamidiye regiments were unable to keep matters in order and accused the Sassunites of sedition. Ottoman forces joined the Kurds in an effort to put down the rebellious Sassunites in hopes that they would give up their arms. Promised amnesty if they did so, a large proportion of the Sassun community was instead massacred by the Ottoman and Kurdish regiments.³⁹ The massacres in Sassun touched off a series of explosions in places of Turkish-Armenian conflict. Armenians defended themselves against Turkish forces in Zeitun and Van. Zeitunis held off an entire Turkish army until foreign power mediated peace.⁴⁰

The Sassun events drew the attention of Russia and Europe, and the "Armenian Question" was once again in the international political arena. The Ambassadors of Russia, France and Britain

submitted in 1895 a general reform plan to the Ottoman government calling for a number of actions to be taken regarding the Armenian population. The so-called "May Plan" called for the consolidation of the Armenian provinces into one administrative unit, the release of Armenian prisoners, the return of Armenian exiles, the encouragement of Kurdish tribes to end their raiding of Armenian communities, the assignment of officers to accompany Kurdish tribes, the disarmament of the Hamidiye corps in peacetime, and the making of repatriations to Sassunites and other victims of arbitrary acts.⁴¹ The May Plan was submitted to Abdul Hamid, who promised to take immediate action. Accepting his word, the European powers pulled out of the conflict. But without European presence, the reforms were left unmade and massacre of Armenian communities continued. Late 1895 and early 1896 saw the Trebizond Massacres: The devastation of hundreds of villages, the annihilation of one to two hundred thousand Armenians, and the exile of thousands more. Ottoman officials maintained that the massacres were the result of pacifying an Armenian rebellion.⁴²

The harsh treatment of the Armenian people by their Ottoman rulers was in part caused by an Ottoman fear of a general trend of rising rationalistic feelings among minorities in the Empire. The late nineteenth century in Turkey and the Ottoman Empire was a time when Cretan Greeks were in revolt, when Arabs, Balkan peoples as well as Armenians were experiencing simultaneously a rising national consciousness. Each minority isolated itself to a degree which contributed to the political and cultural fragmentation of the Empire. Conflict would arise between Greek and Turkish, Armenian and Turkish, Arab and Turkish and Balkan and Turkish communities.

Wyszomirski in her essay on communal violence writes that,

One could say that the Ottomans were not seeking to manage this communal conflict but to resolve it. Indeed they were so successful in decimating the Armenian communities within the Empire that they bequeathed to their present day successors in Turkey a far more homogeneous state.⁴³

With the 1895-1896 massacres in Sassun came a culmination of the conflict between a falling empire whose sultan was desperate to maintain it intact and the growing dissension of an organized revolutionary Armenian community. The Ottoman treatment of the Armenian minority from the early sixteenth century until the late nineteenth century follows a logical historical progression. At first living in an internationally influential and efficiently governed Ottoman empire the Armenians were subject to minor regulations as non-believers, "dhimmis," in a Muslim state. As the efficiency of the government in holding its vast territories declined, as intellectual ideas of national identity spread from Europe and Russia and from educational opportunities inside the empire, the simple restrictions upon the non-believing Armenians and other religious minorities were converted into more outright modes of persecution. There occurred simultaneously increasing nationalistic ideas among minorities and the political weakening of the empire from inside and out. These developments were mutually aggravating. The degree of each heightened until there existed outright revolutionary organization among Armenians and a crumbling empire which sought to eliminate revolutionaries by massacre.

Part Three

A trend of growing nationalism and declining Ottoman government continued throughout the early 20th century until the political death of the Ottoman Empire shortly after World War One. The Turkish-Armenian conflict worsened, with the most devastating massacres of Armenian communities occurring in 1915-1916. Abdul Hamid's Hamidiye regiments and the Sassun massacres of 1895-1896 may have quieted Armenian opposition for the moment, but efforts to completely eliminate this revolutionary movement were fruitless.

Armenians living in Turkey had throughout Ottoman rule continually placed their faith in the government in hopes of gaining social and political reforms. The tanzimat reform period of the mid-19th century saw the start of a cycle of Armenian hopes for reform remaining unfulfilled. In January of 1876 Foreign Minister Rashid Pasha called an interdenominational conference representing Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants to discuss the possibilities and process of reform. Davidson writes, "These non-Muslims were so outspoken in their demands for complete equality . . . that the government was embarrassed, and no more was heard of such conferences."⁴⁴ Supporting the adoption of the 1876 Constitution, Armenians envisioned a number of reforms which were never realized, as Abdul Hamid abrogated the constitution two years later. Under the terms of the Berlin Congress of 1878, the Government of Abdul Hamid had agreed to implement socio-political changes beneficial to the Armenian communities. But Abdul Hamid ignored the agreement and change for the Armenians never occurred. This cycle of unfulfilled Armenian hopes continued throughout the reign of Abdul Hamid, and Armenians in the early twentieth century

felt they had no choice but to oppose the government.

As determined as ever in their struggle to achieve liberation from Ottoman rule, Armenian revolutionaries under Dashnak leadership planned an assassination attempt on Abdul Hamid in 1905. The Sultan's culpability had become the focus of attention of the Dashnakstutium. But due to certain quirks in the carrying out of the attempt, Kristapor Mikayelian, who had been a principal founder of the Dashnak organization, died of explosions meant for Abdul Hamid.⁴⁵

The following year the Dashnakstutium staged an event in Constantinople which was intended to arouse European attention. On August 24, the Dashnaks captured the Imperial Ottoman Bank, one in which Europeans had considerable interest. However, the Ottoman government had known previously of the Dashnak plan and planned a bloody retaliation. Mobs of ruffians launched a massacre upon the Armenian population of Constantinople. Looking back, the Dashnak demonstration can be seen as a pretext for massacre. The possibility of European intervention on their behalf as well as the potential of the rising Young Turk nationalist group which sought to end Abdul Hamid's autocracy were the two forces upon which Armenians rested their faith from 1896 through the early 20th century. For indeed Armenians were not the only dissatisfied minority in the empire, nor the only people pressing for change.

During the years of the turn of the twentieth century, Abdul Hamid was confronted with revolts in Ottoman territories. Opposition among Turks themselves became very powerful and well-organized. In 1889, Turkish medical-military students founded a secret organization called the Committee of Union and Progress (CUP), often referred to as the "Young Turk" movement. Though founded by

students and intellectuals in touch with nationalistic concepts, Turks from other circles, such as civic officials, joined the CUP. The Young Turks were Ottoman patriots, but critics of absolutism, espionage, and the privileged of the Hamid clique. Outside of the Young Turk movement there was a growing notion of Arabism and Arab separation from Ottoman rule. Although Turks were the dominant political force in the empire and Turkish was the language of the government, Arabic was the language of learning and of Islamic law. The Arabs had been the historical instruments of Islam and resented their second class treatment. In Crete there occurred Greek revolt against the Ottomans, and Cretans demanded union with Greece. In Macedonia there occurred violence among Bulgars. The revolt of the Greeks in Crete resulted in Ottoman massacres which were so great as to cause Athens to send military aid to the Cretan rebels. In 1897, Athens declared war upon the Ottoman Empire. The ensuing Ottoman victory was the only one of Abdul Hamid's reign. Of all dissenters in the Empire, it was the Greeks, Bulgars, and Armenians who caused Abdul Hamid the greatest concern, as they were the most advanced in their self-consciousness.⁴⁷

Abdul Hamid made efforts in 1899 to undermine national groups through espionage, the work of Hamidiye agents; however, the tide was against him and his efforts saw little result. Opposition to his reign even took in members of Abdul Hamid's own family. In 1899, his brother-in law and two nephews fled abroad and one nephew, Prince Sabaheddin, took a major role in the anti-Hamidian struggle. In February 1902 the newly-formed "First Congress of Ottoman Liberals" convened, and membership included Dashnaks and Hunchaks joining Young Turks and Sabaheddin to fight the autocracy of Abdul

Hamid. Previously unwilling to collaborate, the situation had become desperate enough as to bring opposition forces together. The Congress resulted in an entente of Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Kurds, Armenians, Albanians, Circassians and Jews against the Sultan.⁴⁸ Basic demands of the Congress included equal rights for all Ottoman citizens, local self-administration, and the restoration of the constitution, which had been suspended since 1877.⁴⁹ The coming together of nationalist groups showed their differences. Division cropped up among delegates as the Armenian resolution demanded that European powers honor their obligations to the oppressed Ottoman peoples. Armenians hoped that this might include pressure upon the government to allow for a certain degree of self-rule. Turkish nationalists renounced European intervention in Ottoman affairs, as well as talk of individual national autonomy. Turkish nationalist Ahmed Riza stated that "Autonomy is treason; it means separation."⁵⁰ Whereas Armenians were calling for an autonomous Armenian state, Young Turk patriots insisted that reform could be achieved within the framework of the empire. Conflicting ethnic nationalisms among minority pockets prevented a more unified action against the autocratic government.

Simultaneous to the activity inside Turkey, Tsar Nicholar in Russia was offering support to Turkish Armenia. By encouraging Russian Armenian activity in Turkey, the Tsar could win over Armenians who had previously been alienated by his policy of Russification. In addition, he saw potential rebellion in Turkish Armenia which could spread into Transcaucasia unless he turned his subjects there into thankful allies. Russian Minister of Interior S.D. Sazanov explains the situation in his book, The Fateful Years:

A revolt of the Armenians in the Vilayets of Asia Minor, bordering upon Transcaucasia, was always possible in view of the intolerable conditions of life there. Such an uprising threatened to set fire to our own border provinces, where numerous wealthy Armenians might be expected to lead active help to their brothers in the struggle against the Turkish oppressors . . . Transcaucasia, with its varied and not over-peaceful population, was dangerous ground for any kind of disturbance, and the administration feared nothing more than to see the Turkish border provinces become the theater of an armed rebellion. Needless to say, such a rebellion would almost inevitably have led to a war between Russia and Turkey -- a development which the government wished at all costs to avoid . . . These observations will make it clear that, apart from a purely humanitarian interest in the fate of an unfortunate Christian people, the desire to maintain order in the most restless of our border provinces obliged the Imperial Government to take the initiative in negotiations for the introduction of radical reforms in the Armenian Vilayets. ⁵¹

Therefore, the tsarist government was inclined to encourage Russian Armenians to engross themselves in the affairs of Turkish Armenia and to enlist official European support. Peace in the Caucasus was essential to Russia.

The solution to the problem of misgovernment of Abdul Hamid was assumed by the Young Turks, as their membership spread at the turn of the century and their power and discontent was sufficient to stage a coup against Abdul Hamid in 1908. The Young Turks were a patriotic groups of Turkish nationalists who wished to conserve the Ottoman Empire of their forebears by replacing Abdul Hamid with a liberal constitution. They had little political experience and a naive understanding of the fundamental problems confronting the Ottoman Empire. Young Turks maintained that Armenian demands could be achieved by the existence of an efficient central government rather than by self rule or European intervention. The organization of the Young Turk movement first showed its strength in the late nineteenth century, and was very much disliked by Abdul Hamid. In 1895, some members were arrested in Turkey, and others

escaped abroad. Leader Ahmed Riza led escapees to Paris, where they published the Young Turk journal, "Meshveret" in Turkish and in French, and called for the preservation of the Ottoman Empire. Another Young Turk leader, Murad Bey, fled to Egypt where he published his newspaper "Mizan" which like Ahmed Riza's "Meshveret" was smuggled back into the empire. Shortly after his 1895 move to Egypt, Murad Bey left for Geneva, where he centered his Young Turk operations.⁵² In 1896, a Young Turk plot to overturn the government failed. An Anti-Hamidian current in the empire centered by army officials in Salonika was joined in 1907 by Abdul Hamid's faction abroad to form the "Ittihad ve Terakki Teshkilati," or "Committee of Union and Progress." In the same year, the newly-organized Ittihadists attended the second annual meeting of the Congress of Ottoman Liberals which was organized under the initiative of the Dashnakstutium. At the meeting, delegates pledged to overthrow Abdul Hamid's government by the quickest means possible, including revolution, to obtain a representative government.⁵³ On July 24, 1908, Ittihadists in Macedonia led regiments to Constantinople where they demanded the implementation of the Ottoman constitution. With insufficient loyal troops to put down the Ittihadists, Abdul Hamid was forced to surrender himself and his government to the Committee of Union and Progress. Abdul Hamid kept the title of Sultan, but was forced to call the Chamber of Deputies to session, which he had suspended since 1877. Having faith in the Ittihadists' conviction that internal reforms would take place under their administration, Armenians hailed the Ittihadist victory, and gave full support to the new Young Turk government.⁵⁴

The Committee of Union and Progress maintained charge of the Ottoman administration until World War I. But because it was an elitist military group and not a mass movement, and because it was a political body with very little administrative experience, the Ittihadist government ran into immediate difficulties in trying to effectively rule the Empire. Ahmed Riza was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies in the election system which was quickly restored from the days of constitutional government of pre-1878. The first year of Ittihadist administration saw domestic and international crises. Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria asserted her independence, and Crete declared union with Greece. Most importantly, there surfaced in 1909 widespread opposition among common soldiers and theological students who charged that the C.U.P. regime was irreligious, and violating the "shari'at," or Islamic law. There was in addition a strong resentment of the privileged class of the Ittihadists who had been educated in westernized military schools. On April 13, 1909, a revolt of common soldiers was staged against the C.U.P. government. But the revolt was impulsive and had no political program. It was immediately put down by loyal Ittihadist troops. Religious reaction rippled throughout the interiors of the empire. In Adana and in northern Syria Armenian-Turkish conflicts flared up, and in the several days following April 13, ten to fifteen thousand Armenians were killed, as well as numerous Turks. Armenians were enraged, and Ittihadists ascribed the massacres to Hamidian provocateurs. When the Ittihadist government resumed order, judicial and financial amends were made to those who had suffered.⁵⁵

Soon after this counterrevolution the Ittihadists quickly

drifted toward autocratic rule. A parliamentary decision with a "fetva" from the Sheikh-ul-Islam was made to exile Abdul Hamid to Salonika. His younger brother Mehmed V was installed as Sultan, but exercised no power. A constitutional amendment passed in August 1909 severely limited the Sultan's power to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies. The Ittihadist government was still pledged to keep alive the Ottoman Empire and therefore kept the Sultan as a figurehead -- But severe administrative inexperience of the new rulers increasingly showed its mark.

In 1909, parliamentary and party arguments boiled over whether to establish a centralized or a federalized structure of government, as well as the question of the political entity and identity of citizens. The Young Turk creed of "Ottomanism," pressing for the political preservation of the Ottoman Empire, caused the passing of a law in 1909 forbidding all political associations based on national or ethnic lines.⁵⁶ In the same year the government declared a state of seige and suspended the constitution. In 1911 many disgruntled Ittihadists splintered from their political party and joined with (Abdul Hamid's nephew) Sabeheddin and many non-Turks to form the "Liberal union," calling for an end to the state of seige and the constitutional suspension. The government responded by dissolving Parliament in 1912. Turmoil followed when military officers called for resolution and forced the Ittihadist cabinet to resign, ending the state of seige.⁵⁷

International crises plagued the Ittihadist government for three years and brought the Committee of Union and Progress to virtual dictatorship. In 1911, Italy invaded the Ottoman province of Tripoli (present-day Libya), and in the following year, Balkan

states took advantage of the Turkish distraction in the Tripolitanian war to attack the remaining Ottoman territories in Europe. In the ensuing Treaty of London of May 1913, the Ottoman Empire ceded to Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro all of her European territories save a small strip to protect the Bosphorus and Constantinople.⁵⁸ Following the Balkan war, countless Moslem Balkan refugees landed homeless at Turkey's doorstep: In January, 1913, Grand Vezir Mehmed Shevket was assassinated, and this gave C.U.P. leader Enver Bey and his colleagues a pretext to exile many political opponents. During the same month, Enver staged a coup d'etat and restored the Ittihadists. By 1914, a triumvirate was governing the dwindling empire, made up of Enver Pasha as Minister of War, Talaat Pasha as Minister of Interior, and Jemal Pasha as Minister of Navy.

The defeat of Turkey in the Balkan Wars and the triumvirate dictatorship put to death any notion of "Ottomanism" in the Empire, and instead appeared the rising appeal of doctrines of Turanism and of Islam. Ottomanism had had a certain appeal in 1909 when Abdul Hamid was exiled, for it was the heritage of the Empire's glorious days and held that all subjects were equal under the law. But the failure of such an equality to become a reality and a political dictatorship, and the further shrinking of the empire's territories, caused new cravings for nationalism among minority groups of Greeks, Arabs, Armenians and Turks themselves. Pan-Turanism, or the notion of unity among all Turkic-speaking peoples, became widespread. Pan-Islamism rose to the surface, fostering secret Arab societies aiming at local cultural and political autonomy.

For Armenians the period from the 1908 Coup until the entry of Turkey into World War One in 1914 was one of unfulfilled promises. Loyal to the Ittihadists' constitutional regime, Armenians united to fight in the Turkish Army against the Balkan invasions. But raiding Kurdish Tribes continued to cause destruction in Eastern Anatolia, and with Armenian youth away fighting in the Balkan wars it became even more difficult to protect Armenian life and property. The Patriarch in Constantinople made continued petitions and was given promises for reform which were not followed up. Armenian political societies had a semi-legal status and circulated newspapers and vied for Parliamentary slots. However, these privileges did nothing to change the hardships of the rural population beset by roaming Kurds.

In early 1914 Turkish Armenians saw European intervention directed toward the amelioration of their condition. The Armenian National Assembly, which was the highest body in the Armenian millet, presented a draft for a reform program to the Russian Embassy; it was then relayed to French, German, Austrian and Italian colleagues in Constantinople. But the Armenians in their appeal were to suffer from a division between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, as Germany intended to dull any Russian initiative in the Armenian problem. Based upon the draft of the Armenian National Assembly, a Russian proposal for reform was submitted by Ambassador Giers. The proposal called for a consolidation of the six Armenian vilayets into one administrative region with an Ottoman Christian or a European governor, municipal bodies of mixed Christian-Muslim membership, Armenian as one of the official languages, the disbanding of Kurdish units, and cultural freedom. An International Commission would assess Armenian losses

caused by usurpation, ensure compensation in land or money, stop the flow of Muslim Balkan refugee immigrants into Armenia, and implement similar reforms in Cilicia.⁵⁹ In the meantime Ittihadists, who had attempted to enact a general reform for the empire as a whole in order to weaken the Russian initiative, was excluded from negotiations. The response to the Russian proposal for reform was a series of compromise measures to which the Ottoman government assented on February 8, 1914. The final compromise measures included the establishment of two Armenian provinces, each with a European Inspector general. It made no mention of Armenian losses, recompensations, the problem of Muslim Balkan immigrants, or of Cilician reforms, and did not refer to the area in question as "Turkish Armenia" but rather as "Eastern Anatolia." Yet, this was for Armenia the most liberal reform ever enacted in their interests.

Upon the outbreak of World War One, the question of an Armenian alliance with the Turkish government demanded response. Turkey was close to joining the war with Germany against her traditional ally, Russia. Armenians in Eastern Anatolia were living in a potential battleground, and for this reason the Eighth General Congress of Dashnakstutun decided upon collaboration with Ittihadist government in hopes of avoiding war with Russia. Yet, countless Dashnaks remained critical of narrow Ittihadist nationalism and their treatment of non-Turks in the empire. In negotiations with the Dashnaks, Ittihadists proposed that in the event of Russian-Ottoman hostilities, the Dashnaks would incite rebellion among the Russian Armenians against the Tsar, as this would facilitate the Turkish conquest of Transcaucasia. The Armenians were promised

in return by the Ittihadists an autonomous state joining Russian Armenia with portions of the vilayets of Erzerum, Van and Bitlis. But Dashnaks refused to provoke rebellion in Russian Armenia, and the Armenian conference rejected the proposal and took a stand of neutrality. Hovannisian writes that the Dashnakstutun encouraged a position of neutrality for Turkish Armenians, yet explains that,

When Ottoman participation in the World War became a reality, the apprehensive Armenian leaders strove to convince the Ittihad government of their fidelity and patriotism . . . Although most Armenians maintained a correct attitude vis a vis the Ottoman government, it can be asserted with some substantiation that the manifestations of loyalty were insincere, for the sympathy of most Armenians throughout the world was with the Entente, not with the central Powers -- By autumn 1914 several prominent Ottoman Armenians, including a former member of Parliament, had slipped away to the Caucasus to collaborate with Russian military officials.⁶¹

Russia responded to Armenia's leaning toward her by trying to retrieve the loyalty of the Dashnaks who had been alienated since 1904. The Viceroy for the Caucasus succeeded in persuading Tsar Nicholas to liberate many members of the Dashnakstutun who were either in prison or in exile.⁶²

The decision by Turkey to ally herself with Germany in World War One was largely based on the belief of Enver Pasha that war would allow for a pan-Turkish expansion into the Russian Caucasus. Most Turkish citizens in fact preferred neutrality. In July of 1914, Enver approached Germany for an alliance, and the pact to operate against Russia was signed in secret on August 4, 1914, bringing Turkey into the World War.⁶³ Hovannisian explains that Envers' faith in pan-Turanism and his conviction that it could be spread into Transcaucasia brought about a great Turkish campaign against Russia.

Enver's expectations were great. His pan-Turanism views were expressed through circulars distributed on November 12 by Ittihad ve Terraki, calling for the destruction of Russia, expansion of natural frontiers, and unification with all Turkic peoples in the Moslem World's struggle for the liberation from the infidel oppressors. Aware that the realization of his aspirations was dependent on a powerful military force on the eastern front, Enver added a Third division each to the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh corps of the Third Army, based at Erzerum. With jurisdiction extending from Van to Kharput northward to the Black Sea Coast, that army, by the middle of 1914, consisted of over two hundred thousand regulars and fifteen to twenty thousand Kurdish tribesmen, "ashirets" (Ottoman Hamidiye regiments), the Armenian Plateau was fortified. ⁶⁴

* * * * *

Several months after the Turkish entry into World War One, widespread deportation and massacre of Armenians were carried out throughout Cilicia and the Anatolian Plateau. It is estimated that during 1915-1916 eight thousand to over one million Armenians died in the massacres. Several hundred thousand more succumbed to famine and disease along the deportation route toward the deserts of northern Syria and Iraq. Countless women and children were forced to convert to Islam as they were pulled out of deportation processions and possessed by Turkish men and Moslem families. ⁶⁵ Minister of Interior Talaat Pasha explained that the Turkish actions against the Armenians were a military necessity. The Ottoman government construed an Armenian revolution from the charges that (taken from a summary by Johannes Lepsius):

1. Ottoman Parliamentary member Gaergh Pasdermadjian had deserted to Russia to join the Armenian volunteers there.
2. Agitators had been sent to Cilicia by English and French naval commanders, and that the Cilician population was engaged in sabotage and espionage.
3. Zeitoon Armenians had resisted military authority.

4. Members of the Hunchak party had been accomplices in contriving against the government with Turkish opponents of the Ittihadists.
5. Armenians in Van had taken arms against the government.⁶⁶

In his memoirs, Talaat Pasha writes,

I admit that we deported many Armenians from our Eastern provinces, but we never acted in this matter upon a previously prepared scheme. The responsibility for these acts falls first of all upon the deported people themselves . . .

These preventative massacres were taken in every country during the war, but, while the regrettable results were passed over in silence in the other countries, the echo of our acts was heard the world over, because everybody's eyes were upon us.⁶⁷

Turkish authors insist that official action was not taken against the Armenians until after an Armenian rebellion had occurred. In reality, malicious action by the Turks had begun months before the formal commencement of the deportations in late May. The Ottoman government maintained that "Armenian rebellion" occurred on April 24, 1915, when Armenian civic, political, and intellectual leaders were arrested in Constantinople, and then deported and executed. This occurrence, constituting a revolt in Ottoman eyes, led to the formal issue of deportation orders the following month. On May 26, the Grand Vezir received a communique from Talaat Pasha which stated that:

Because some of the Armenians who are living near the war zones have obstructed the activities of the Imperial Ottoman Army, which has been entrusted with defending the frontiers against the country's enemies; because they impede the movement of provisions and troops; because they have made common cause with the enemy; and especially because they have attacked the military forces within the country, the innocent population, and the Ottoman cities and towns, killing and plundering; and because they have even dared to supply the enemy navy with provisions and to reveal the location of our fortified places to them; and because it is necessary that rebellious elements of this kind should be removed from the area of military activities and that the villages which are the bases and shelter

for these rebels should be vacated, certain measures are being adopted, among which is deportation of the Armenians from the Van, Bitlis, Erzerum Vilayets, the livas ('counties') of Adana, Mersin, Kozan, Tebelibereket, except for the cities of Adana, Sis, and Mersin; the Marash Sanjak, except Marash itself, and the Iskinderun, Berglan, Jisr-i Shuur, and Antakya districts of the Aleppo vilayet, except for the administrative city of each. It is being announced that the Armenians are being sent to the following places: Mosul vilayet except for the northern area bordering on the Van vilayet, Zor Sanjak, southern Urfa except for the city of Urfa itself, eastern and southeastern Aleppo vilayet, and the Eastern part of the Syrian vilayet. 68

On May 30, the Ottoman Council of Ministers approved Talaat's issue and added for the care and protection of the deportees, provisions which added a semblance of legality to the orders. In truth, these provisions were never enacted, nor were the Armenians ever informed of their existence. The provisions on paper provided:

1. The safety of the deportee and of his possessions until he had reached his assigned area.
2. Material compensations to provide the deportee with a comfortable new life.
3. That Moslem refugees (largely from the Balkan wars) might inhabit abandoned Armenian property only after recording the value of the land. That the property remained the legal property of the Armenian owner.
4. The sale of Armenian property that was not re-inhabited, but the keeping of records of derived income, the name of the owner, etc.
5. The supervision of these transactions by special committees.
6. That all government officials comply with these provisions and make progress reports. 69

What occurred over the several months following these orders

was an all-encompassing instigation of the now "legalized" deportations which had in fact begun unofficially several months before. More striking than the fact of the deportations is the death of nearly two million Armenians, mostly by massacre, otherwise en-route to assigned destinations. By the provisions passed on May 30 by the Ottoman Council of Ministers, the Armenian population would have been lifted gently out of Turkey and carefully dropped in new locations. Once arrived, the deportees would be recompensed for their material losses and would begin a new life. But the provisions themselves, which actually gave legal approval of such an action as massive deportation, did nothing to benefit the Armenian in his already tortuous exile. The issue for the deportation of the Armenian people ultimately manifested itself in the genocide of two-thirds of the Armenian people.

Proof that extensive deportations and massacres had begun long before the official government orders are given in the indictment delivered by the Entente nations to the Ottoman government on May 24, 1915 (six days before the go-ahead for deportation by the Ottoman Council of Ministers). The indictment reads:

. . . Massacres have taken place from mid-April at Erzerum, Terdjian, Eghine, Bitlis, Moush, Sasun, Zeitun and in all of Cilicia. The inhabitants of approximately a hundred villages in the vicinity of Van all have been killed and the Armenian quarter of Van besieged by Kurds. At the same time the Ottoman government has acted ruthlessly against the defenseless Armenian population of Constantinople. In view of this new crime of Turkey against humanity and civilization, the Allied Governments make known publicly to the Sublime Porte that they will hold all the members of the Turkish government as well as those officials who have participated in these massacres, personally responsible.⁷⁰

The Ottoman response to the indictment, as well as to the protests of American Ambassador to Turkey Henry Morgenthau, was that the Turkish actions against the Armenians were necessary to

the survival of Turkey. German officials protested the extensive massacres and deportations, but did not persist in their accusations as they wished to maintain the wartime alliance with Turkey.⁷¹ Talaat Pasha admitted to the Turkish elimination of the Armenians from Turkey: ". . . We have already disposed of three quarters of the Armenians . . . The hatred between the Turks and the Armenians is now so intense that we have got to finish with them. If we don't they will plan their revenge."⁷²

Postscript

In April of 1918, before the surrender of Turkey to the Allied powers, Armenians, Azerbaijanis and Georgians living in Transcaucasia joined to form the Transcaucasian Republic. Their aim was to maintain a federation which would act as an emergency blockade against Turks invading eastward. By May, the federation had broken up into three separate republics. The Allied powers supported the idea of a single Armenian state, and following World War One in the Treaty of Sèvres, Armenia was recognized as an independent state. On December 2, 1920, a new government of communists and Dashnaks proclaimed Armenia a Soviet Republic which would in 1924 become part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Armenians living in Cilicia were subject to the post-war Allied occupation of the area. The Ottoman government surrendered to the Allies in October of 1918. By provisions of the ensuing Paris Peace Conference, British General Allenby with British regiments and a volunteer Armenian legion occupied strategic areas of Cilicia. During the year-long British occupation of Cilicia beginning in the fall of 1918, Armenian deportees throughout the Near East were encouraged to return to their homes. One hundred fifty thousand Armenians were repatriated in Cilicia from 1918-1919.⁷³

During the same period, a Turkish nationalist movement was organized by Mustafa Kemal in order to guard against Allied abuse of the Armistice agreement. Because the government in Istanbul did not go along with the liberation movement, Anatolia became the center of nationalist resistance.⁷⁴ According to Kemal, the

repatriation of 150,000 Armenians in Cilicia under the instigation of the Allied powers was a violation of the Turkish right of self-determination.⁷⁵

Upon the hasty replacement of occupying British forces in Cilicia by French troops in November of 1919, Kemalist Turks seized the opportunity to stage an insurrection against the Allied occupation. The battle at Marash in January, 1920, was the first major battle of the Turkish war of Independence, with Turkish regiments striking at French troops and Armenian residents. Trouble had been expected in Marash upon the British pullout. To begin with, the newly-arrived French troops included numerous voluntarily enlisted Armenians, who were especially hated by the Turks. In addition, the town was vulnerable due to the recent repatriation of 20,000 Armenians who had barely relocated their homes, were jobless, and faced a lack of supplies and heat for the oncoming winter. During the siege of Marash, which began in late January of 1920 and continued into the next month, an estimated ten to twelve thousand Armenians died.⁷⁶ The helpless French troops withdrew from Marash on February 9, 1920, and were joined in the evacuation by many of the surviving Armenians.

The Turkish victory in Marash was of primary importance for it showed for the first time that the Allies could be defeated. Many Turks were encouraged by the success in Marash and were persuaded to join the Kemalist movement. The Turkish resistance to Allied occupation and repatriated Armenians quickly spread until all foreign armies had been expelled from the Anatolian Plateau. In April of 1920 the Kemalist movement established

a government in Ankara separate from the powerless Sultan in Istanbul. By October of 1923, the Sultan had been deposed and the establishment of the Turkish Republic was proclaimed by the Grand National Assembly.

Marash had been a primary missionary center and a center of the Armenian cultural renaissance in Turkey. At the time of Stanley Kerr's arrival there, Marash was the home of several churches, a Franciscan monastery, a seminary, and two Armenian schools. German missionaries had long been in the town and had established five orphanages, a dispensary, a hospital, and a children's hospital in the aftermath of the Armenian deportations and the Armenian-Turkish outbursts beginning in 1915. The management of these facilities was assumed by the Near East Relief upon its arrival in Marash in 1919. The facilities served mostly Armenians of Marash, although Kerr makes references to Turkish patients in one hospital as well as some Turkish staff.

Along with other towns of substantial Armenian populations, Marash had suffered in the massacres of 1895 which were touched off in Sassun. Killing and looting had begun on November 13, 1895. The report of an unnamed missionary told of a Turkish boast that 4,700 Armenians were killed in that massacre. At the turn of the century, 30,000 Armenians inhabited Marash and constituted roughly half of the town's population. In 1914, 86,000 Armenians lived there. Following the deportations of 1915-1916, and the British repatriation of refugees in the fall of 1919, 20,000 Armenians were living in Marash. But several months after the Turkish siege of the town and the withdrawal of French troops, Armenians began their last exodus from Marash. By 1923 not a

single Armenian remained. For Armenians in Cilicia the period from 1915-1922 was one which saw the dispossession of their ancestral lands.

Excerpts From the Notes of Stanley E. Kerr:"Biographical Sketch"

Since I agreed (rather reluctantly) to record my own biography for the "Year Book," let me first dispose of the uninteresting and unimportant details concerning which I had no choice, i.e. birth, and parentage. These facts have been recorded by the police each time I attempted to cross a stab border, hence I refer the reader to the records of the Surete', and the Personnel Department of this University.

Coming to matters over which I had some choice, the field of chemistry attracted my interest when I took my first course at the Central High School of Philadelphia under Professor Keller, a German whom I regard as one of two most inspiring teachers of chemistry I knew. It was natural for me to continue in this field at the University of Pennsylvania, under Professor Edgar Fabs Smith who at that time was regarded as one of America's most distinguished chemists. He had been a pupil of Wöhler at Göttingen, and Wöhler a pupil of the great Swedish Chemist Berzelius. My classmates and I were proud to call ourselves the "grand children" of Berzelius, and I trust that my pupils at the American University of Beirut will likewise remember their heritage in chemistry as the great grand children of Berzelius.

World War No.I brought me into military service in the Sanitary Corps of the United States Army. I was sent to the Rockefeller Institute to learn the tricks of blood and urine chemistry, and found myself the pupil of Van Slyke, Stadie, and P.A. Levene, learning of their fame only later when I studied biochemistry. At Walter Reed Hospital in Washington it became my task to set up

a biochemical service. This was in 1918 when the analysis of blood by the methods of Folin, Benedict, Van Slyke, etc. had barely begun.

An opportunity presented itself to leave the army to serve in Turkey as Biochemist for a base hospital under the Near East Relief. It soon became apparent that the level of blood bicarbonate, urea, etc. was relatively unimportant when the chief interest of refugees was to avoid having their throats cut, and I was shipped to Marash, Turkey, where war broke out almost immediately between the French and Turks, and the population of this city was reduced by some 10,000 persons without benefit of any biochemical studies on the blood flowing so copiously. Five years of service with the Near East Relief involved responsibilities as varied as feeding 10,000 refugees, arranging with bandits for the transport of some 4000 children to Lebanon, running an orphanage at Nahr Ibrahim and a Blind School at Maamaltein, and serving as treasurer for the whole organization.

During my stay at Marash I met Elsa Beckman who was teaching at the Girls' College there. We were married in Beirut in 1922, and shared the responsibilities mentioned above.

In 1923 President Bayard Dodge invited me to prepare myself for the chair of biochemistry which had just been founded by the Rockefeller Foundation. This preparation was chiefly at my old Alma Mater, the University of Pennsylvania and was supplemented later by a period of research under Gustav Embden at the University of Frankfurt-Am, Main in Germany. Other furloughs were spent in research at Harvard Medical School in Folin's department, at the Sloane-Kittering Institute for Cancer Research and most recently at the Medical College of Virginia.

My teaching at the American University of Beirut began in 1925 in the old Medical Building (now the Social Science building). The greater space provided in Van Dyck Hall in 1932, and the generous support of the Rockefeller Foundation facilitated research. Dean Edwin St. John Ward agreed at the time of my appointment in 1925 to confine my teaching to one semester, leaving the other free for research activity. There was considerable criticism of this from less favored departments, and one Dean was said to have labeled research as a kind of propaganda for one's own glorification. I believe that no one today would dispute the fact that one of the greatest benefits derived from research is the growth of the researcher as an effective teacher. My own activity since 1925 has covered such varied topics as the permeability of red blood cells to sodium and potassium; the metabolism of phosphorus compounds in tissues; the carbohydrate, phosphate and nucleotide metabolism of brain; the biosynthesis of the purines; and at present the structure of diphospho-inositide. These studies have broadened my knowledge as a teacher in the various subjects, whether or not they contributed to the advancement of science.

It has been gratifying to find so many of my former pupils specializing in the field of biochemistry. The fact that these include students of medicine, pharmacy, chemistry and biology illustrates the range of importance of biochemistry. No wonder, then, that this field has been for me an exciting and continually developing area of exploration, with the surface barely scratched. I leave the department this summer with the satisfaction of knowing that at last half a dozen of my former pupils have the abilities to carry on the job effectively.

Excerpts From the Notes of Stanley E. Kerr
(written 1975 approx.):

"Prelude to Volunteer Work in the Near East
and a Word on the Organization
of Near East Relief"

The clinical laboratory at Walter Reed General Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland had been the scene of my war effort. The armistice had been signed, but the prospect of demobilization of the hospital services seemed poor indeed. The year that had passed had been challenging to me, a chemist, devoted as it was to the establishment of modern biochemical procedures for the examination of blood. Overseas duty, which each of us in the laboratory desired, seemed no longer possible while hospital facilities for the returning veterans continued to be needed.

Working near me in the biochemical laboratory were Captain Richard Bell and Lt. Edward Doisy, formerly associates of Harvard's Professor Otto Polin, famed for his methods of analysis applied to small specimens of blood. My own training in this field after enlistment had been at the Rockefeller Institute, where methods developed by Benedict of Cornell University and Van Slyke of the Rockefeller Institute were used, hence there was friendly rivalry between us.

Passing my desk one morning Captain Bell paused to chat. "Kerr," he began, "I've been offered two chances to go abroad! An expedition is going to Russia, and another to Turkey, and each of them needs a chemist."

"You are lucky," I replied. "Which one are you going to accept?"

"I can't make up my mind. Which do you think would be the more interesting?"

"The one to Turkey would appeal more to me," I said.

Two days later Captain Bell stood watching me set up the Van Slyke apparatus for determining the urea in blood samples which had just come from the hospital.

"I have decided to accept neither one of those offers. Would you like me to suggest your name for the expedition to Turkey?"

"Yes, I would!" was my reply, and only then did I begin to inquire about the purpose of the expedition.

Henry Morgenthau represented the United States as ambassador in Turkey from 1914 to 1916, and consequently was in close touch with the Turkish officials and the foreign diplomats in Constantinople at the outbreak of World War I. Early in the summer of 1915 he began to receive reports that a mass deportation of Armenians was in progress all over Anatolia. Caravans of the deportees were being herded towards the Syrian and Mesopotamian deserts. In Constantinople itself, about six hundred of the Armenian elite were arrested -- two hundred and twenty five of them on April 24 -- and deported to the towns of Ayash, Chankiri, and Kalejik, near Ankara. Many were held in the prison at Ayash before execution. One who escaped was Aram Andonian, of whom we shall hear later. The remainder of the Armenian community in Constantinople were not molested, presumably so that the foreign residents and officials might not understand what was going on. Nevertheless reports reached the American embassy in Constantinople from missionaries in the interior, and from consular officers in various cities concerning the deportations. Morgenthau passed these reports on to the State Department.

The story was made available to the western world by the

publication of "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" in October 1918. The deportations, which had begun as early as April 1915, continued throughout that summer. Until the end of the war in the fall of 1918 little was known outside of Turkey about the fate of the Armenians. Reports gleaned from German officers, from certain missionaries and from Consul Jackson in Aleppo all indicated oppression and death from hunger, exhaustion and actual massacre on a scale unknown in modern times.

Ambassador Morgenthau cabled to the State Department in September 1915 urging that a committee be formed to raise funds and to provide means for saving the Armenians. His cable ended with the statement:

"The destruction of the Armenian race in Turkey is rapidly progressing."

This message was forwarded to Dr. James L. Barton, Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston, which already had an important program of activity in Asia Minor. Dr. Barton immediately telegraphed Cleveland Dodge in New York, asking him to convene those individuals who knew the Near East and were capable of taking action in this emergency.

Those who met in Mr. Dodge's office the next day, September 16, included representatives from every American educational institution and Mission in the Near East. This group agreed to raise immediately \$100,000 to be administered by Ambassador Morgenthau for relief of the refugees. But before the Committee disbanded some eight years later, \$91,000,000 in cash and \$25,000,000 worth of food and supplies had passed through its hands. The need had proved to be far greater than the Ambassador had estimated.

When the Allied armies under General Allenby won their great victory in Palestine in the fall of 1918 and advanced northwards to Aleppo, the Turks agreed to an armistice. At this news 200,000 Armenians in Syria who had survived the massacres and the hardships of the migration from Anatolia, and finally the famine in Syria during three years of war, appealed to the British and French for help. And in the Caucasus were 500,000 more who had fled from the Turks following Enver Pasha's campaigns against Russia during the winter of 1914-1915. The British forces which occupied this area after the Armistice reported that 200,000 of these refugees were on the verge of starvation, and that nothing less than \$12,500,000 would suffice to feed them during the next six months.

The salvation of these refugees and repatriation to their native villages became the immediate problem of the victorious Allied armies, but over a longer period that of the Near East Relief. Faced with this problem, Dr. Barton's committee decided to send expeditions to Turkey and Syria with the personnel, equipment and supplies needed for a massive effort in relief. Thus was born the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. Its symbol -- a white star with the letters ACRNE between its points -- became well known all over the Near East within the next few months. Later the name was abbreviated to "Near East Relief."

The Administrative Committee planned to establish fifteen centers in various areas, each with its own hospital. Two base laboratories were also to be set up, one in Caesarea (Anatolia), the other in Aleppo, to serve the outlying hospitals with special services. Dr. Robert A. Lambert of Yale University's Department

of Pathology recruited the laboratory personnel for the fifteen hospitals and the base laboratories. For these he wanted two 'clinical chemists.'

A few days after my conversation with Captain Bell at Walter Reed Hospital an official invitation came to me by mail. I showed this to Major Nichols, chief of the laboratory services, and requested my release from the army. He objected, and insisted on accompanying me to the Surgeon General's office in Washington for a show-down. There he conferred with his own superior. Shortly afterwards he came out and said "You win. They have orders to release everyone whom that organization asks for!"

My discharge papers were dated January 22, 1919. Before proceeding to New York for embarkation I visited my parents in Darby, Pennsylvania. They had been astonished, of course, when I wrote them that I was headed for Turkey, but were relieved at the thought that the war was over -- an idea that was soon to be dispelled.

In New York the members of the expedition -- some two hundred and fifty -- assembled and waited for orders. Practically all of the men and the nurses had been recruited from the army. The very day before the party was to board ship, the men were ordered to discard their army uniforms and to wear civilian clothes. Because the time available would not permit any alterations after purchase, and no one had such clothes with him all agreed to disregard the order, but of course replaced military insignia with the ACRNE star which was sewn onto shoulder and hat. In Turkey the uniform undoubtedly gave us prestige that we would not have enjoyed in civilian dress.

While the problem of transport for our party was being negotiated,

the Executive Committee decided that a small Commission should proceed to Europe and Turkey to prepare the way for the larger group. This Commission of ten, led by Dr. Barton, sailed on the Mauretania for England on January 4, 1919. In London, aided by Viscount Bryce, they received assurances from the government officials that British officers in the field would cooperate in every way. They were also given the privilege of using, without charge, the huge warehouses at Derindje on the Gulf of Ismid, where the freight terminus of the Constantinople - Bagdad railway was located.

From London the Commission proceeded to Paris, leaving two of their number to maintain contact with the French government and with President Wilson at the Peace Conference, which was then in session at Versailles. Mr. Arthur James negotiated with the French officials for rail transport to move the main party from Brest to Marseilles, and with the British representatives he arranged for a ship to carry the same group from Marseille to Constantinople.

The other members of the Commission traveled to Rome, again to secure the cooperation of the Italian government, for the Allied forces had already assigned to Italy a portion of southern Anatolia. From Rome the commissioners went on to Constantinople, where Dr. William Peet, for many years Treasurer of the American Board of Missions in Turkey, and Dr. Barton were on familiar territory.

During January three ship-loads of supplies -- the first of these being the Mercurius -- sailed from New York to the Gulf of Ismid and unloaded directly into the German warehouses at Derindje. Still earlier the S.S. Caesar had sailed for Beirut with food

supplies for the Lebanese, who were dying of starvation in their villages and in the streets of Beirut. The French fleet had maintained a blockade of the eastern Mediterranean coast, all of which was Turkish territory. Although wheat was actually rotting in storage in Lebanon, the Governor -- Jemal Pasha -- withheld it from the market, possibly to punish the Lebanese, who were traditionally friendly to the French. The French admiral agreed to allow the Caesar to pass through the blockade, with the understanding that the food would be distributed by the Americans. At the last minute Jemal Pasha refused permission for the Caesar to dock at Beirut, ordering that it should unload at Jaffa, where he would direct the distribution. Mistrusting this arrangement, those in charge of the operation sent the ship to Egypt, where the supplies were sold to the Red Cross.

(continued)

66

Journey to Brest on the S.S. Leviathan

In New York our party of two hundred and fifty boarded the huge S.S. Leviathan on February 15, and early the next morning we were under way, bound for Brest. The deterioration of the former German liner 'Vaterland' during four years of use as a troop transport showed in the ruthless conversion of the luxurious salons to war-time hospitals, barracks-style dormitories, etc. for the accomodation of thousands of troops. The ship carried four eight-inch guns on the bow, and two in the stern. Minesweeps extended on each side of the bow in order to cut loose and sink any floating mines. After dark the ship sailed with complete black-out precautions, although an armistice had been signed.

It was apparent that much effort had been made in war-time to maintain the morale of the troops by means of good entertainment -- movies, music, athletic events, a good library, etc.

On February 20 we passed the S.S. George Washington with President Wilson on board, returning to America from the Peace Conference. The eight days at sea provided an opportunity for organization, group discussions and language study. Classes in Turkish, Greek, Arabic and Armenian were conducted by members of the group who had spent years of service in Turkey or Syria. Dr. Lambert brought all of his laboratory recruits together for discussion and the assignment of responsibilities.

Various members of the party began to discover relationships based on past association. Thus John Dunaway, Jim Magee, Dr. Byron Harman and I found that we were fellow alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, and this brought us together on a number of occasions during our service in Turkey.

There was time, too, to learn more about the catastrophe which had befallen the Armenians. Our party included a number of individuals who had been engaged in educational or missionary work of various kinds in Turkey during the period of the deportations. Among these were eyewitnesses of the incidents at Van. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story included reports from Dr. Clarence Ussher, who had sailed on the Pensacola. Since certain Turkish writers have justified the deportation of the entire Armenian population of Anatolia on the basis of the events at Van, this question is reviewed here in some detail, making use of sources not available in 1919. Indeed, historic events which were still to unfold within a year of our sailing on the Leviathan are better understood when viewed in perspective fifty years later. The same mistrust and hatred which lay beneath the relationship of Turk and Armenian at the beginning of war in 1914 were intensified by the attempted genocide of the Armenians in 1915, and caused the final conflicts which resulted in the expulsion of both Armenians and Greeks from Anatolia in 1920.

Brief Chronology of Stanley E. Kerr's Work with the
Near East Relief

- February 15, 1919: Sails on the "Leviathan" from New York to Brest, France. Eventually reaches Constantinople by boat from Marseilles, France.
- March 7: Arrives in Constantinople, and stays for about a month, awaiting his field assignment from the ACRNE. In early May, Kerr is assigned to the ACRNE center in Aleppo.
- May 25: Writes first letter from Aleppo, where he is earning \$25 per month working in a lab, assisting in the work of the ACRNE dispensary there. During his stay in Aleppo he witnesses the return of Armenian deportees to their homes in Cilicia. Kerr's secondary job in Aleppo involves assisting in the rescue of Armenian girls from Arab harems. These girls had been taken out of the deportation line several years before by Arabs for their harems.
- December 16: Writes from Marash, Turkey, after his first week or so there in his new assignment as a relief worker among returned Armenian deportees. Kerr is among several NER workers in Marash, as well as German and American missionaries. He serves as treasurer and general manager of relief work under Director James Lyman. The NER's job is to care for 1000 Armenian orphans who are housed in orphanages. Trouble is expected in Marash between Turkish nationalist forces and the newly-arrived French occupation forces who had only recently replaced occupying British troops.
- January 21, 1920: Heavy fighting begins between Turkish nationalists and French troops. Turkish animosity toward returned Armenian deportees and the intention to rid Marash of the Armenian population causes the killing of approximately ten thousand Armenians during the siege of Marash.
- January 9: Kerr witnesses the retreats of the French forces from Marash, who are unable to resist the Turkish onslaught. Two to three thousand surviving Armenian men join the French retreat, as do some five of the women missionaries.
- January 12: With the French troops departed, Kerr writes about the negotiations of the NER with Turkish forces concerning the safety of the ten thousand Armenians (mostly women and children) remaining in Marash.
- March 21: Heavy relief work is well underway, and managed by Kerr. 90% of the Armenians in Marash are being fed and clothed by the NER. Kerr writes about the technicalities of buying, preparing and distributing food for the 9000 refugees⁷⁷.
- July 16: Having continued to manage relief work since March, Kerr departs from Marash, having completed the term of his

assignment there. At this point, the French have withdrawn from Marash, but remain in the vicinity, with Turkish nationalists in control of Marash.

July 21: Kerr writes from Beirut, on his way home via a tour of Palestine and Egypt. He plans to return to the University of Pennsylvania to work towards his doctorate in biochemistry.

August 3: Boards the "Abbazia" from Port Said and sails to Venice, Italy, where he embarks for some sightseeing.

August 17: Kerr's last letter is from Rome, where he is awaiting a ticket aboard a ship bound for America.

The Correspondence of Stanley E. Kerr
To His Family, February 1919 to August 1920

"Leviathan" Feb. 17, 1919

Dear Folks,

I can't mail this letter for almost a week, so I'll add to it every day or so until I get an envelope full. The fact that I can write at all shows I'm not seasick, altho the ship is rolling quite a lot in a fairly heavy sea. It is snowing hard, and the waves are all white capped, so after a half mile hike this morning around decks I decided it was almost cold enough to go indoors. At half past ten we have a class in Turkish, so I'll write till then.

I dropped you a short letter from the ship at Hoboken and gave it to some one going ashore. I think I told you about the War Department finally offering us a transport direct to Turkey-- after we were all on board the Leviathan. They had delayed for months, so the committee had decided not to wait for anymore red tape.

On Saturday I was assigned to a big stateroom with two other men -- right up in the bow about half way between upper and lower deck. We have our private bath, closets and all the comforts of home. After a good sleep we were all waken by some deck hand yelling outside. Looking at the port hole we could see the dock outside sliding past, so in about ten minutes all of us were out on deck-- about 6:30 A.M. -- in time to see half a dozen tugs push the ships nose downstream. By the time the sun had come out we were out past the Statue of Liberty. Taking a last squint at old U.S.A. we went in for breakfast and stowed away our bacon and eggs, etc, then made a tour of inspection.

The ship hasn't been altered a great deal for transport service. The carved work, plush and fancy stuff is gone from most parts, except the dining rooms, lounge rooms, etc. The social halls and large parlors are being used now as hospitals or for bunks. Beds can be made for hundreds of soldiers by placing stretchers on racks, four

or five deep. In the bathroom and staterooms the brass and metal parts are mostly corroded, from lack of attention. Otherwise the boat is the same as ever. Yesterday morning the sailors were busy cleaning up, oiling the guns and taking baggage to rooms. There are four eight inch guns in the bow & two in the stern. As a protection against mines, a mine sweeper is dragged from the bow on each side of the vessel, the "sweeper" consisting of a horizontal blade attached to a fixed rudder, so that the mine will be cut loose and sunk. The decks and the open spaces in the bow and stern are piled up with life rafts and boats, and rafts are all around the sides. Each passenger is assigned to a boat. Yesterday we had our first bit of excitement. The bugle sounded the call for "Abandon Ship" and we all had to run to our rooms and put on life preservers, then reported on deck at our life boat. After half an hour we were dismissed. There had been a fire in the hold, & the whole ship was smoky for some time. If we can't have a submarine attack we can certainly have fires and storms. It looks stormy now & it is hard to stand up. The ship is so high above water that when it rolls it goes over some. Quite a few are seasick. I provided myself with "Mother Sills Remedy" and the knowledge that it is in my trunk seems to protect me, as I am eating everything that comes along. Last night, to the tune of a Jazz orchestra we inhaled cream of oyster soup, and then had roast turkey, peas, spuds, & ice cream. How's that? Then we had a "sing", followed by movies. I enjoyed the moon outside. It was only out a few minutes, but it was full and with all the clouds & "white caps" it was great.

The water is a deep blue color this morning. I had a plunge in cold salt water-- in the bath tub even a tub full looks blue.

We have a band on board, besides our orchestra at meals, & in the lounge room there is a fine piano, so we expect to have plenty of music. There is to be a dance tonight, given by the naval officers,

but if the ship keeps rolling it will be a funny dance. Besides, for amusement we have games such as chess & checkers, and a good library of our own of two or three hundred books.

This morning my letter was interrupted by a conference at which we organized into classes for studying Turkish, Arabic, Greek and Armenian. I am taking Turkish. Also we divided into groups of ten for convenience of organization. I'm in charge of group C, & my duties are those of business manager, such as care of baggage, transportation, & passports.

A lot of girls are on board going to Paris for Y.M.C.A. work and a few for the Jewish Welfare Board. Most of them are good scouts, & everybody is getting acquainted. Must close now & go to dinner.

Friday Morning

There has been so much doing that I haven't had a chance to write up my diary or add to this letter, since Monday. On Tuesday a sailor showed me thru the engine rooms and boiler rooms, etc. They have 46 boilers, & coal them all by hand, so you can see why they have a crew of 2300 men. I also had a chance to inspect the guns at close range. They have plenty of ammunition right near the guns, & it looks as if a submarine wouldn't have much chance.

On Wednesday I was a little seasick, but a dose of "Mothersills" fixed me up, & I've been devouring everything that comes along. We have fine meals-- for breakfast we have oranges or apples, oatmeal, bacon & eggs or sausage, coffee & rolls. At noon a good lunch, & in the evening a regular dinner-- soup, turkey & vegetable, salad, ice cream & cake. An orchestra plays at meals except breakfast. There are band concerts in the afternoon, dancing and movies in the evening. Tonigh there is to be a boxing match among the sailors; & tomorrow some races & athletics. The ^{ship} paper this morning says we are only 840

miles from Brest.

Feb. 22, 1919.
Saturday afternoon

You people at home don't need to think that Darby is the only place where Washington's Birthday is celebrated. I bet we had more of a holiday than you did. It started last night. There are so many things going on you can't possibly go to all. For last night, there were boxing and wrestling matches by members of the crew-- and they sure could fight. Between rounds the ship's band played snappy jazz music. Then our gang had an entertainment-musical, etc. At the same time two movie shows were going on, one for officers & passengers & one for the crew. They have two free movie shows every night, & several band concerts every day. & a dance every night.

Today was occupied by various athletic events. In the morning the crew had races. You know the deck is almost $\frac{1}{4}$ mile around, and you can get a 500 ft. straight away on each side of B deck, so they had 100 yd. dashes, a mile running contest, tug of war, mast-head race, cracker eating contest, and everything they have in Darby. The girls had contests, too, & there was great rivalry between the Y.M.C.A. crowd and ours. Of course there were prizes-- money for the crew, & candy for the girls.

All our trunks are packed and are going down to the lower deck this P.M. so they can be put off early tomorrow at Brest. We were 435 miles from Brest at 8 A.M. today & will arrive tomorrow morning. We and our baggage go ashore in lighters. All the men will be porters and baggage hustlers. A wireless was received this morning saying that arrangements were being made to have a special train meet us at Brest and take us to Marseille. We will probably stop a while in Paris, as it takes almost 15 hrs. from Brest to Paris, & 15 from Paris to Marseilles.

We have had a fine trip so far & everybody has had a wonderful time. There is nothing monotonous about this boat, & from all appearances the rest of the trip will be exciting enough.

If I don't write any more tomorrow this will be the end, & I'll mail the letter on this boat at Brest so it will go right back. If I mail it in Brest it won't go any quicker, as the Leviathan only stops a couple of days. We have passed one or two boats every day. We passed the George Washington with Pres. Wilson on board a few evenings ago, but I didn't see it.

I'm enclosing today's issue of the Leviathan daily paper, so you can see what sort of news the fellows get on board. Must close now. Lots of love to all. Hope you are all well & that Mother's arm is improving. I am in first class condition. Will write again before leaving France. I may mail a couple of films home to be developed. Love to all the family from

Stanley.

11. P.M. Sat. night

Had a fine "Washington's Birthday" dinner tonight-- Soup, Roast turkey, sweet potatoes & peas, salad, ice cream with peaches & macaroons, & coffee. Went to the movies-- and now am going to turn in and get up early enough to see the coast of France. Another wireless tells that an American hospital train will meet the boat & take the party to Marseilles. I may stay in Brest to help with baggage. Goodnight.

8 A.M. 2/23/19.

Now getting into Brest harbor.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Letter No. 2 (#1 mailed on the Leviathan at Brest).

en route from Rennes to Le Mans, France
Feb. 24, 1919 4 P.M.

Dear Marion,

Please excuse all scribbling and blame it on the rough road bed. This car has great springs, and it needs them. We are averaging 10 miles an hour, due to the fact that our train is standing still most of the time. This is a strenuous life -- have to get up at 7 A.M. make our beds and then eat. Aside from that we put in our few spare minutes reading, playing games, and watching the little villages pass by. This is an awfully interesting country we are passing thru. Even the trees are funny. The peasants cut all the branches off for firewood, & mistletoe grows on the trunks, so they look like crooked posts all around. It looks like spring here, as the grass is green and vegetables are growing. This section of the country is called Brittany, and is mighty picturesque. The houses are small and have steep sloping roofs with funny chimneys. In some of them the animals live on the ground floor & people in the second story. When we stop at a town we always find loads of American soldiers around. One fellow from the New York 27th Div. asked me where I was from. I said Darby & he said he worked for the Phila. Electric. I said "Do you know Art Swisher?" He said, "I sure do!" Ask him if he remembers Gordon, who worked in Station S.

The natives mostly dress different from us, the Breton costume especially. The women have lace caps, & most of the men of course are in uniform. You see all sorts of uniforms -- red pants & hats, & some with brown knee breeches & red hats. Lots of wooden shoes are worn.

All the time at stations we pass captured German trains which still have the German signs on them -- also French troop trains. I

don't see how they have the nerve to put men in them. A car labeled for 40 men or 8 horses is about the size of our caboose. We are on a narrow gauge railroad, but have an American engine made at Baldwins, and the cars are fine American hospital cars. Each one has 36 cots or shelves in it, three deep. We will be on two more nights probably. This morning at three different towns we saw gangs of German prisoners working. They wear green clothes with (Prisoners de Guerre?) P.G. in big white letters on their backs and on the seat of their trousers. At Rennes we stopped three hours, so I had a kid mail some cards home. Just now we stopped again at a little town called Sille de Guillames. Every little place has a big church with an enormous spire. This seems like Sunday compared to yesterday. We arrived in Brest harbor around 8 or 9 A.M., and a lighter came alongside and took us ashore about noon. The harbor had several American transports in it, besides lots of camouflaged French boats, a Japanese battleship, & French battleships & destroyers. We went to the Red Cross canteen, had sandwiches, cocoa & doughnuts, ^{then} unloaded baggage from the lighter. It was pouring, but a gang of us got a truck & rode all around Brest & saw the old Roman walls, the French forts, & everything of any interest. There is an old castle in Brest which has been standing since the 12th century, and has been used most of the time as a prison. It is an enormous place, with a big wall & a moat around it. Inside there is a large court yard. We went in and a guide showed us all the old dungeons & tunnels. We had to go down winding stone staircases where it was perfectly dark. You had to feel your way along a rope, till you came to level places or dungeons. We had one candle for the crowd. The dungeons are below sea level, they say, & we had to go down in them by ladders, as the only entrance was a hole in the ceiling. The chains

& big iron balls are still there. One way of disposing of prisoners was to throw them down a deep shaft with a big spike at the bottom. It is the Chateau which Dickens tells about in the Tale of Two Cities -- Someone told me that Brest was one of the two cities.

At six oclock we had to get to work packing the trunks into box cars. There were at least 600 trunks & boxes, & we filled two box cars in about three hours, in the rain. Then we beat it for the train which was due to leave at 10 P.M., but had more doughnuts & cocoa at the Red Cross first.

At the station we were just in time to see the 27th division arrive. It is the New York division which is due to go back on the Leviathan. They stacked their rifles in the station & were resting before hiking three miles in the rain to barracks. They had just come from eastern France & were stacked up with all sorts of souvenirs & helmets, besides their own equipment. They showed us watches, etc. they had taken from Germany & had lots of interesting stories to tell.

We are trying to catch a British transport the "Gloucester Castle" at Marseilles, but since it leaves tomorrow, we probably won't make it, unless our speed takes a jump. Will close now & write more tomorrow if anything happens.

Feb. 25, 1919 -- 9 P.M.

It is nearly time for lights out, but I'll write till then. I've been on guard duty all day -- from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. -- in one of the baggage cars. The train stops so often & the people are said to be dishonest, so we take no chances. It has rained all day, in fact it has rained ever since we landed, and the country seems to be flooded. Whole fields, railroads, & roads are covered, & the valley of the Loire river, which we have been following this afternoon

is all flooded. It cleared up a while this P.M. & the sun came out. The country is beautiful here. It is just like March as far as rain & wind are concerned but gardens & farms are pretty well started. I saw several fruit trees in full bloom, & the grass is green everywhere. We are in the section called Loire now. The country is more like Chester Co. here, except that all the houses are alike -- small, white plaster wall, & a red steep-sloping roof. Some have blue roofs & some red & blue, so they all look real cute. A great many farm buildings have thatched roofs of straw.

Late yesterday P.M. we passed thru Le Mans & stopped awhile. It is a big rail center for American troops, & a lot of our hospitals are there. I was talking to a lot of 28th division men, some in the 109th, one of them lives at 65th & Woodland Ave, named Dunlap, related to Deiblers at 5th & Main. He said a Darby boy was there at the station but didn't have time to get him, & didn't know his name. Lots of the fellows have seen men they know here. We see more American soldiers than any other kind -- no British at all.

About 3 A.M. we got to Tours. I woke up & saw a French troop train go thru. We stood there till daylight & then pulled out. It is a big railroad center & there were loads of U.S.A. locomotives in the yard. The city is surrounded with American camps -- we were passing barracks, aviation camps, stacks of guns, trucks, airplanes, etc. for about an hour. I can't remember all the towns we passed today, but some of them are Bourges & Moulin. We are on the way to Lyon. At the rate we are traveling we may get to Marseilles tomorrow. How's that for slow traveling? We let a French soldier steal a ride in our baggage car today. He was trying to teach me some French, but I can talk more Turkish now than French.

This morning an American troop train passed us, slow enough

for the soldiers to tell us they were on the way to Russia.

Just half an hour ago I was in ^{one of} the women's cars to tend to some business for my group of nine women. After sitting on one woman's foot for 5 min. (it was the only vacant spot,) I found the foot belonged to Marions English teacher, Miss Ruth Henry. I hadn't known it before. Being one of my "children" now, she had to say something nice & said that, "Marion was no fool." I thought at first she said "an old fool." She also said there were a number of fools in the class, but didn't mention Mary Welsh's name. Ask Mary if she was one. The women fed me up on chocolate, nabiscos, raisens, etc. so I'll call again. Time to go to bed so I'll close.

Wednesday 3.30 P.M. 2/28

This morning when I woke we were in Lyon, but we made quick time to Tarascon, a famous city built by the Romans. There were castles on the hills around, & it was a very interesting place. Then we went on to Arles, & arrived in Marseilles about 1.30. I rode the last 50 miles on the top of the last baggage car, outside so had a wonderful view. As we got away south we passed hundreds of groves of olive and almond trees, the latter in full bloom -- also vineyards. The country was mountainous big white-stone hills, with vineyards on the sides, & some had old cliff drodbigs on the top. The strata were level, so all the hills were like the buttes of Arizona. The houses are pink & green or blue. If they have a pink wall, they usually have a red tile roof and blue or green shutters, they look great.

We crossed the Rhone River at breakfast time & stopped on the bridge for sometime. From there on we were in a Litby country. ^{I was} While riding on the roof of the car we went past the A.E.F. supply camp, an aviation camp, & finally a British camp. It is so warm

here that they were all in tents. I got a picture of German prisoners at work. The last big range of hills before we struck the Mediterranean was passed by tunnel -- so you can imagine me on the roof for ten minutes in the dark. It was quite an experience. Arriving in Marseilles at noon, trucks met us to carry baggage, & we were escorted on foot to the British transport Gloucester Castle. It had waited two days for us, & sails at 5 this P.M. for Saloniki. stops there several days, then sails for Baku on the Black Sea, letting us off at Constantinople, I suppose.

The trip has been one grand picnic so far & everybody has had a wonderful time. We can't get off the dock here to see Marseilles, but just walking to the boat was good enough. The city is full of American soldiers, British Tommies, native Algier soldiers with red fig hats, & big black soldiers in the British army with khaki and turbans. This section of the city looks like pictures of Africa. It is actually hot here. The Britishers on the ship are as funny and hard to understand as the French. I've learned a little French already. We had "tea" just a few minutes ago. At four oclock we have life boat "parade" & I must go and get a life preserver. My trunks are both in the hold, so I must live out of a suitcase till the end of the trip. Some of the women have had to do that since leaving New York -- due to a mistake in placing the trunks.

Must close now. Loads of love to all the family. Remember me to all the gang. Hope everybody is as well as I am.

From
Stanley

*

To Marion Kerr
Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Letter #3

No. 1 mailed on Leviathan at Brest
 " 2 " at Marseilles

Somewhere on the Mediterranean
 March 2, 1919

Dear Mother,

This is what I call writing under difficulties so it's going to be a short letter. I am broiling in the sun & writing on my knee. I just lost my fountain pen, but it probably hasn't gotten off the boat yet. This is a hot Sunday morning, 2 P.M. on the upper deck of His Majesty's Armed Transport "Gloucester Castle", located just now somewhere south of Greece on the blue Mediterranean. I never saw such blue water, the Atlantic was a real blue, but this looks like bluing or blue ink. There isn't anything exciting going on here -- no movies or boxing matches, so we spend our time reading or studying Turkish. I think I told you about our trip as far as Marseilles. I mailed a letter there to you. All we saw of the city was the two or three hundred yards between the station and the dock. But that little bit was almost oriental -- with dog-carts, black soldiers with turbans or fez, and the big cliff with a ruin on the top, next to the dock. In the harbor was an American ship, just about a heap of wreckage. It had been carrying ammunition & hit a mine. The fire & explosion made quite a mess of it, but it got ashore. Our boat looks like a big black & white zebra in its camouflage. It was formerly the Southampton, a British hospital ship, which was torpedoed in the English channel with 300 English wounded on board. It happened near the Isle of Wight so they managed to beach it and saved most on board. Since then it has been raised & refitted for a hospital ship. The men on board occupy one of the wards. We have comfortable single "beds", or rather cradles, which can be fixed so that they rock as the boat

rolls, and one can keep on an even keel. One fellow forgot to pull up the side of his cradle one night and when he turned over fell out of bed in his sleep. He had also forgotten to take off his glasses & broke them when he hit the floor. In the morning we take a warm salt water bath & a cold salt shower. Then breakfast at 8.30 -- a stroll on deck, or a class in Turkish, lunch at 1 P.M. tea at 4 oclock, & dinner at 7. We have five meals -- regular printed menu, & choices for each course, expert English stewards etc.

The first day out I spent leaning over the rail. More than half of the crowd did likewise. We had left Marseille at 5.30 Wednesday evening, & the next morning were out on the sea, which was quite rough. Since then it has been very calm. We left Marseille harbor just at sunset, when the lighthouses were just beginning to flash. It is a beautiful harbor, & the city looked great. We went out past the famous Castle d'Or, or ^{d'}Ef(?) where the Count of Monte Christo was imprisoned, & which is said to be a place where more torture & suffering has been endured than any other spot on earth. The next day was stormy. In the evening we sighted Sardinia & the light house on the southern cape. We are taking an outside course to avoid mine fields. Usually the steamers pass between Corsica & Sardinia then thru the strait of Messina between Sicily & Italy proper, then between Crete & the Grecian coast. But we passed out to the west of Corsica & Sardinia, outside Sicily, close enough to see at the same time Cape Bon the the African coast and the island Patalero (?), the Italian penal colony. That was on Friday evening the 28th. The next morning Malta was passed close on our port, early in the morning. Tonight we expect to see Crete, then go up thru the many Grecian Islands to Salonika.

For amusement, singing in the evenings seems to be a favorite.

One evening our crowd did the serenading but last night we had a real treat. The English sailors & soldiers (of the R.A.M.C.) were sitting around on the deck & finally started a young concerts! They are a fine bunch of fellows, & not a bit "hard boiled" from what they have gone thru in the trenches & on sea. Most of them have been in all kinds of hell, from trenches to torpedoes. Some were among the "old Contemptible", as they call them, from the Kaisers description of the little English army. Well, what they didn't sing and recite last night on deck wasn't worth mentioning -- trench songs, sea songs, Yankee ragtime, folk songs, & some recitations. A seat on a coil of ropes on the deck was better than a box seat at an opera, & we had all the necessary scenery, too, a big deck, & a starry night on the Mediterranean. Everybody enjoyed it. Tomorrow afternoon the same fellows are going to give us a show, & in the evening there is to be a lecture by General Gough, one of the passengers. We have on board quite a number of "big guns", French majors & captains, all decorated, & this Britisher, who seems to be a very jolly fellow. He was the commander of the sector where the Germans broke thru near Canbjai and the American engineers filled the gap & drove the Germans back. It was a part of Byng's 5th Army, Gough is on his way to Batum in the Caucasus.

Leo

This morning we had services on deck. Dr. White, our commander in chief, had charge, & preached a fine sermon. Then our quartette sang.

The sun is awfully hot here, & it is almost time for "tea", so I'll quit & write some more later. (It is always either time for "tea" or for lifeboat drill.)

Monday noon March 3rd

I found my fountain pen. It is filled with a kind of ink we

make by dissolving a tablet in water. We sighted Greece yesterday afternoon and apparently are taking the course between Crete & the Mainland. Right now we are opposite the gulf which leads to Athens. We are in the Straits of Dora, and the islands. Dora is just a few miles away. It's top is covered with snow, and is in the clouds. The straight is very rough, so we are rolling pretty bad. The boat is due to land at Salonika at 9 A.M. tomorrow, but our mail is to be ready by 5 this evening so I'll close now & write again from Constantinople.

There are five U. of P. men in the party & I am enclosing their names and classes so Stuart can send a note to the Penn Gazette, if he wants to.³ He could send in their names with a few words about the expedition. They are

James R. Magee, '14 Law

Wm. H. MacIntosh '08 Medicine

S. E. Kerr '17 Chemistry

B. M. Harman '17 Medicine

John A. Dunaway, Grad. School (Economics)

in '16 & '17

& Instructor in Wharton School, '16 & '17

It would be nice to get a letter from home, but I don't expect any for some time yet. Hope everybody at home is as well as I am. I certainly have an enormous appetite, & ought to be getting fat. Tell Marion Miss Henry wants to be remembered to her. Be sure to tell all the news when you write, & let me know where Jack Bounds, Elliott Welsh & the rest of the crowd are. Lots of love to all, from Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr

Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Salonika, Greece
March 5, 1919.

Dear Dad,

I'm writing another card in case the letter I mailed yesterday miscarries. We arrived here yesterday morning, and in the P.M. some of us looked over the city. Today we spent all day walking around, and shopping. This is a most interesting city -- as Oriental as you could find. You see soldiers of every kind, British, French, Italian, Greek, all varieties of Balkan, Chinese, etc. etc. and the residents here are just as varied. A good part of the city was burned 2 yrs. ago. We have been thru temples, over the Acropolis, climbed minarets & have been thru all the various quarters -- Turkish, etc. Prices here are high for most everything. We sail tomorrow night for Constantinople on the same boat -- Gloucester Castle -- making 2 stops. I'm feeling fine. Had a lecture Monday night on the boat by Gen. Gough, who was in command of the British 5th Army. He told us all his experiences. Love to all, from

Stanley

*

To James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Constantinople, Turkey
Mar. 14, 1919.

Dear Mother,

I haven't written anything but cards since leaving Salonika. In case you didn't get all my mail, I wrote from Brest, Marseilles, & Salonika, besides several cards.

The trip from Salonika on was just as fine as the first part. We had great weather. On Friday morning we were approaching the Dardanelles, passed Lemnoos Imbros, saw the tombs (?) of Achilles & Ajax & the site of old Troy, then entered the Straits. We were very close to the spot where the British landed in Gallipoli & could see the two transports beached in order to land the troops -- also the Turkish forts which were pretty well battered up.-- Se'd 'l Bahr & Kum Kaleh. Going on up we passed all the old forts, & stoppped at Tchane-kale, also called the town of Dardanelles. The forts here had been shelled heavily just four years ago that day, March 7th, & we could see the shell holes, & the Turk trenches, etc. That was where Byron swam across, along Leander. Then we went on up into the Sea of Marmora & early Saturday morning were in sight of Constantinople. The view from the harbor was great. An American submarine chaser took us ashore in the rain & we were given a few French sleeping cars to live in. I'm writing this letter in my room on the car now. They are fine -- much better than in America -- a fairly large room, two births, table, wash room, etc. Some of our party live on the Island of Principo, in the Sea of Marmora. I'll probably move there tomorrow night. It is a lovely place, except for the fact that a lot of interned German officers live there in great style.

There hasn't been anything to do here except some sightseeing & a little business. Parties are being sent out every day -- one left for San Soun on the Black Sea several days ago, to open the

way to Marsovan. Fighting is going on there between the Turks & Greeks. Another crowd goes to Adana very soon, to break up into various units from there. Another unit of 36 leaves for the Caucasus next week, & one to Caesarie or "Kaiserie" in the central Asia Minor next week. I'm to be in one of the two latter, but expect it will be Caesarie rather than the Caucasus. Most of our men are now at Deranje¹, about 30 miles from here, our supply base.

This is a very interesting city, but most of it is terribly dirty. The best street in the city -- up in Pera -- isn't much better than Main St. in Darby. I am in the station in Stamboul, on the end of the Berlin road.

All the people look different here of course from Americans -- all the men wear red fezes, & many of them have the big baggy trousers, sash, etc. The little donkey carts, water carriers, & the bagars, & the funny clothes make it look real "oriental." We seemed to attract quite a little attention ourselves. There are only 2 or three American soldiers in the city, but lots of English & French, & French colonials were drilling in the station yard and believe me those darkies could drill. I never saw a company move as much like a machine as they did -- they are from Madagascar.

We get good food, but the prices are fairly high for the committee, in American money, & four times as high in Turkish money. Practically all metal money is out of circulation, & the paper is only worth $\frac{1}{4}$ of its old value. They have paper money for even 5 paras -- about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cent in our money. I'll enclose one if I remembers.

Yesterday the treasurer of Robert college², a Penn man, invited Dr. Harmon & me to dinner. He took us to the Hotel Tocatlio -- the best in the city & we had some feast. It cost him about \$63. Then he took us up to the college & showed us around -- and I was

surprised to find a fine, well equipped college -- engineering departments, museums, & everything. They can make castings & build their own machinery. During the war they built their own gas producers, flour mills, etc. Then we had tea & the treasurer's home, & had a great time. Today I strolled around the Sultan's Palace, but didn't see his highness. Up to the present time I've visited the Mosques of St. Sophie, & Sultan Ahman, the tomb of Sultan Selim, the old Hippodrome, Museum of Antiquities, the the armory, etc., etc. besides walking about 10 miles around the town every day. Expect to take a sail up the Bosphorus some day soon. I don't like staying around town doing nothing, but they can't send us out any faster than they are doing.

Shiploads of American flour, condensed milk, etc. have arrived & the prices of milk & white bread has gone away down. Shoes cost \$75, according to Mr. J.R. Way, (the treasurer of Robert College -- the Penn man).

I've gradually absorbed some Turkish & French, & use my German a little. French would get us by any place we have been -- everybody here speaks it, so I'm going to study it.

Haven't had any letters yet, & we get very little news. The Turks here apparently had something terrible planned, and a few days ago 20 high officials were arrested. The paper said it was done not so much because of the part they had had in the massacre & the war, but to prevent them carrying out "something" which was to be a climax to all their dirty work & would shock the world. Gen. d'Esprey is here yet -- I saw him yesterday. Dr. Asher is in the city, & is to be in charge of the unit going to the Caucasus also Drs. Peet, & Washburn are here.

If the Post Office won't handle mail for Turkey send letters

thru the committee in New York. Later on you might send me a few films for the vest pocket kodak & a battery for the flashlight, I can't get the battery here, & films are expensive. The battery is 751, I think. If the package is sent to the A.C.R.N.E., Amer. Bible House, Constantinople, & marked 'forward' it ought to reach me all right. But don't bother about it for sometime yet.

I'd like to know how everything is going on at home, but don't expect that for some time yet. Hope all are well at home. I'm in first class condition, only want a bath. I'll try a Turkish one tomorrow. This letter will go thru the consulate here, & may go home on the Pensacola, or perhaps by courier to Paris, or it may be sent thru French or British military post offices. Must close now & turn in. Love to all from

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Derindje, Asia Minor.
Mar. 23, 1919.

Dear "Family",

I sort of forget, but think the last letter I wrote was on Mar. 10, & mailed at the French or British military post office. Just now I'm on the fifth floor of a former German grain-elevator, at present our storehouse and dormitory -- the fifth & sixth are the men's sleeping quarters, & the first four are jammed full of canned milk -- canned beans -- canned everything. This is a great place, situated about four miles from Ismid, near the end of the Gulf of Ismid, right on the Bagdad railway. It isn't a town, but just a station, four big warehouses & two grain elevators, all being used now by the A.C.R.N.E. & the U.S. Food Administration. This is a U.S. Naval station, & we are under military organization. A naval Lieut. is in command & the camp is guarded by American sailors & a number of Serbian soldiers. We are in a barbed wire enclosure, & are not allowed outside without a guard, or else in parties if we are armed. There is a camp of Turkish soldiers just outside, with heaps of ammunition & guns. The Germans concentrated troops here during the Gallipoli campaign.

All our supplies from America were landed here & stored in these warehouses, built by the Germans before the war, so we have made our head quarters here -- even the women are here. We have very comfortable quarters, good American "canned eats" & a good American negro sailor cook. It begins to look as if we were at last getting near the real work. I came down here last Monday on a U.S. subchaser, after having spent about a week in Constantinople waiting for orders. Up there I lived in a French sleeping car in the Stamboul railway station & had a good chance to see points of interest in the city. It's a pretty dirty city, & I'll certainly

be glad when I get to a town where they have sidewalks -- and a sewage system.

Here at Derindje we have more comforts because we made them. It looks like real business to see stacks & stacks of canned foods, flour, machines, auto trucks, & everything under the sun piled up high in our warehouses. Several units have already been sent out -- one to Sanasoun on the Black Sea, one to Adana, & yesterday we finished loading a boat with supplies for a big party going to the Caucasus. They leave here tomorrow -- 36 of them -- under the direction of Dr. Usher, & will take a boat at Constantinople for Batum on the Black Sea coast. It has been quite a nightmare loading that boat. You'd have to look thru several warehouses for a box of safety pins or a barrel of plumbing supplies & then yell your head off at half a dozen Armenian "Lamals" trying to carry a box that one American could carry. They want to carry everything on their backs. I've seen a man carry a piano on his back, but they haven't much strength in their arms. We've been awfully busy sorting supplies & recording their locations in the warehouses, & as soon as that is done it won't be so hard to get the other units off quickly. One goes to Smyrna this week, & I believe the Caesarea unit leaves after that. As far as I know I'm to go there.

This is one of the most beautiful places I've seen anywhere. I've seen the statement in more than one book that right here the scenery is hard to match anywhere. We are near the end of the Gulf of Ismid, right on the waters edge. In fact one of our crowd put on his bathing suit yesterday & dove out of the window into the water. Right across the Gulf is a long line of mountains with little villages tucked in the corners of the valleys. These hills always look a sort of brownish or purple color, & the water is a deep blue-green.

In the mornings we are up at six and see the sun rise over Sultan Dagh -- otherwise known as Mt. Olympus here. It is still snow capped, & clouds usually float half way down its slopes -- making a beautiful sight. The Turks have funny little boats with lateen sails out in the bay, fishing or trading, & they help to make a great little picture. If you get ahold of Schreiner's book on "Berlin to Bagdad" the chapter on Armenia describes this very section very well. We can see the German "Goeben" from here -- the battleship that was in so many scraps for the Turks. It is down at the end of the bay at Ismid, also a Russian man of war, several German U-boats (one which has sunk over thirty ships during the war) & a British battleship. The British are assembling a fleet here, & say it is to be ready for the Turks if they start anything when peace is signed -- and most of them do expect something.

We finished loading the boat for the Caucasus yesterday and in the afternoon took a trip to Ismid. The crowd had three box cars, so lots of us rode on the roof in a hail of cinders. The country is very pretty & seems to be well cultivated -- loads of cherry trees, farms, & flocks of sheep. Ismid is a fairly large town. I bought some fish hooks, & took a stroll around, or rather up the town. It is stuck on a hill, & from the top you can get a great view of the harbor & the country. This is on the Bagdad railway & it was right around here that the Germans concentrated lots of Turkish troops. At our station at Derindje there are several wrecked frames of cars & engines which the British bombed. The Armenian section of the town is just a mass of ruins. One Armenian boy said 1200 Armenians were killed ^{or deported} here.

Mail just going out unexpectedly to Const. by Dr. Usher. Love to all from
Stanley

P.S. Have Keen & Co. make me a set of rimmed glasses and mail to me thru A.C.R.N.E. at New York, to Amer. Bible House marked "forward".

Dr. Usher just got a telegram to go to the city, & the sub chaser is goint to take him up, so I'll send this letter on.

Stanley

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Constantinople April 6, 1919
[Sunday]

Dear Dad,

Your letter written on the 28th of Feb. arrived here two days ago, and one from Miriam Grubb & one from Washington yesterday -- both of those mailed on the 23 of Feb. That is the first mail I've had from anywhere since leaving New York. Your letter had a Paris postmark on it & wasn't censored, but the letter from Wash. was censored, & had only the Wash. stamp on it. It was certainly good to get mail, and especially from home. I'm glad the Committee is forwarding cablegrams to you, too. It's too bad Mother's arm doesn't improve more rapidly, but it will certainly come out all right. I was glad to hear all about Jack & Morris coming home -- give them my regards & tell them to roll the old courts good & hard so I can play when I come back.

I haven't written any letters for a couple of weeks -- the last one I wrote was from Derindje, Asia Minor. I'm just up here in Constant. for a few days on business, & go back to Derindje tomorrow morning by sub chaser. We have been working hard down there straightening out the four warehouses -- taking inventories and sorting out, so we can find things when they are needed. That job was finished two days ago, and now the units will be sent out quickly. About 40 left for the Caucasus by way of the Black Sea a couple of weeks ago, under Dr. Usher. A unit goes to Smyrna probably tomorrow, one to Syria this week, & I don't know what next. One of our fellows leaves for Bulgaria this week for a little relief work for a few weeks. I had a chance to go to Smyrna but turned it down as it was not lab work. I expect to go out any time as laboratory worker & general "machine" work. We have set up an "instruction" school to show each lab man how to run electric light

plants, ice machines, gasoline motors, delousers, motorcycles, trucks, tractors, etc., so I'm learning all these and showing others how to run the ice machine, chlorinators, etc. We have a "staff" of three instructors, & I'm one of them for awhile. The tractors are already at work around Derindje, plowing & harrowing big sections so the natives can farm. We are also sending small relief parties on short trips to the villages nearby. Right across the gulf about a mile away are two or three deserted towns to which the Armenians are returning. 12,000 were deported from one of the towns, leaving only 15 old people in the place. We sent flour & foodstuffs over last week. All the men working for us are Armenians who had been deported. They are still afraid of the Turks & won't go out to plow. About 30 Armenians were massacred by the Turks near Aleppo a few weeks ago.

The work keeps us very busy, but we get good food & plenty of sleep, & have some time for recreation. The girls fixed up a library or club room last week secretly & surprised us all by inviting us to tea one afternoon. It is a really beautiful room -- a section of the first floor of one of the grain elevators, decorated up with ivy & fixed up so you'd think you were in the mountain cabin of some wealthy New Yorker. This building is filled with Turkish war material, & the first two floors contain about a million empty sandbags which they say were intended for stopping up the Suez canal. The girls got the Turkish sentries to move the bags out of one section & we use that for our club house. The sandbags make fine table covers & cushions when embroidered & some very artistic lampshades were made from them, too, for the electric lights. German wicker shell cases are used for plants. We have a piano too, donated by one of the British battleships in the gulf.

Once in a while we go fishing in the evening, but haven't caught anything. Some of the fellows have been out after wild boar, but no luck yet. One day when no one was armed they saw 5 wild boars. The commander won't allow any parties to go out unless under a guard, on account of bandits in the hills. I got a fine shotgun very cheap a couple of days ago for ducks & quail, & expect to make good use of it, as there are loads of ducks around.

Today two other fellows & I had a great trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. We got a boat at 9.30, stopped at about twenty towns on the way up & arrived at Yellimand (?) at 12.30. From there we walked up a mountain and a British officer let us go up to the fortifications guarding the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus. The scene was simply grand. Indian troops are on duty there, but no one was guarding the forts on the top, so we roamed around the tunnels & dugouts & inspected the big Turk mortars, shells, etc., & had dinner on an ammunition wagon. I suppose this place had been bombarded by the Russians a good many times. We were talking to some of the Indian troops, & they were very much surprised to hear we were Americans. They have wicked looking knives, & demonstrated how they used them on Turks & Germans. Had some Turk coffee & returned at 6 P.M. The round trip cost something like 15 cents. The last few days we have been inspecting the city -- & by now have seen everything -- old Roman cisterns underground, the old Genoese tower, mosques with the Mohammedans at prayer -- & the bazars, which are awfully interesting. An American woman would go nutty there -- it is such fun bargaining. We have discovered that the price of a thing is always twice or three times what they expect to get, so we usually bargain 10 minutes, walk out of the

store two or three times, & finally get for one lira what the Armenian or Turk wanted to sell for three liras.

Our trip to the city wasn't for pleasure, but due to the death of one of our party. Peltier, who enlisted the same time I did at Rockefeller Inst., & was one of our best lab men died as the result of an accident & we buried him in Constantinople last Thursday. He found his train -- down near Konia -- leaving with all his baggage on board, so ran & tried to board it, but slipped & the wheel struck both shins, without running over them. Both legs were broken & one badly torn. He was traveling alone but the British took him to a hospital & notified our men. He had the best of treatment but gangrene set in & one leg had to be amputated, & he died in a few days. It was a terrible thing, but was apparently unavoidable. We had a funeral service on the pier at Derindje, brought the body up on a submarine chaser, & buried in the Protestant cemetery in Pera. Fridy & I were sent along as escorts. The British troops all along the line paid special courtesies to the body & turned out a guard at every station. Everybody was terribly sorry about the whole thing.

I just reread your letter, & think perhaps you didn't get the letter I mailed just before the Leviathan left Hoboken. I got the hayfever medicine & the bathing suit just before we sailed. Haven't had a chance to go to Tarsus yet. We get our washing done at Derindje by Armenian women, but no ironing.

Armenian refugees are coming in right along now. A lot passed our house last night. (I am living in Dr. Peet's house, & am writing in his study). must close now. The last time I wrote I asked to have someone send me an extra pair of glasses -- metal rimmed, & some films. I am getting my broken pair repaired here in Pera. Give my love to all the family, the Adamses, Grandma,

etc., & Scow. Hope everybody is well & happy. I'm getting some muscle on & a coat of tan.

In addressing, be sure to put on A.C.R.N.E. Love to all from

Stanley

*

To James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Derindje, Asia Minor.
April 12, 1919.
Saturday

Dear Mother,

Hope this habit of writing letters so often (?) won't get too hard a hold on me. Seems to me I wrote one last Sunday from Constantinople, after receiving three from America, but there is always a little news to write about. Fridy and I came back to Derindje last Monday and were glad to get back to good American company and cooking again, and back to work. Since then I've been assembling sterilizers for various units, running farm tractors, putting sewing machines together, etc., etc. This is all to fill in time till I am sent out to a hospital. Dr. Richards told me yesterday that I was to go to Aleppo next week in place of Peltier, who died. He wants me to stop at Adana and set up their sterilizers first, then go on to Aleppo, where the central laboratory is to be located, & take their lab equipment along. I probably won't go till near the end of the month, as I want to learn the tractor & auto business first, & how to run the x-ray outfit. There is a terrible lot of work to be done that mechanics should be doing.

We have been having some fun & excitement in our spare time, too. This afternoon, being Saturday was declared a half holiday, so a crowd of us went down to Ismid in a box car. It is a very old city, & was once the capital of the Turks, they say, before Constantinople was taken.¹ The women bought all kinds of souvenirs like old brass candlesticks & coffeegrinders, while four of us went in search of submarines. We had heard there were two German subs in the harbour near a Russian battleship, so we got some Britishers to take us out in a launch. They landed us on the subs, which were not under guard, & we spent the afternoon investigating their

internal organs, looking thru the periscopes & monkeying around the torpedoes. One of the two was the UB42, which sunk 32 ships & one submarine during the war. The other was a mine laying submarine. Then we went on board the Russian ship.-- the "Volgo" & were all over it -- climbed the masts, were in the gun turrets, & everywhere -- of course we collected a few souvenirs -- machine gun bullets, etc. Later a sailor took us down in the submarine again and showed us how to fire torpedoes. There were four big ones still on board. Thru the periscope we could see the "Goeben", the big Turk battleship that was in so many scraps. One of the periscopes magnified so strongly that you could see the Turkish sailors on the Goeben.

Tonight before dark some of us walked up the Gulf to an old ruined palace that Abdul Hamid used to use for a summer house. The country is beautiful here now. By the way, mistletoe grows on the trees here, with berries as big as small cherries. There are loads of wild flowers -- roses, poppies, lilac, etc.

Must close & write some more letters. Everything is going along well -- most of the units are at their stations or on the way -- Marsovan, Adana, Aleppo, Beirut, the Caucasus, & Smyrna with others preparing for Mardin, Caesarea & Sivas. Quite a little relief work is being done in this neighborhood too. Hope everyone at home is well & happy. I am feeling fine. Got my glasses fixed in Constant. Have a dark room here & am developing for the crowd in the evenings. Am enclosing a picture of the garbage collector in Salonika.² If this photo goes thru all right I'll send more. Let me know. Loads of love to all from Stanley.

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Derindje, Asia Minor.
April 21, 1919.
Monday

Dear Stuart,

Just heard someone was leaving here tonight for America & would take mail, so I'll jot down a few notes before he goes. I wrote a few days ago, after I came back from Constant., but apparently letters don't reach their destination in the same order they are mailed.

Most of the people left here at Derindje went to Constant. for Easter, but the few of us who stayed here had a wonderful time -- swimming, picnics, hunting, boating, etc. It was a grand vacation -- for two days -- and now we are back at work. I give up telling where I'm to go because people change their minds too often. In the last three days I've been assigned to Ismid for plowing with a tractor -- to Aleppo in the lab -- and to Adana to set up sterilizers, and tonight they say "Stay here for a while". I'll get out before long, tho. Practically all the units are in their fields now except Caesarea, Sivas, & Harpoot. Another ship is to arrive this week from America, & probably has my chemical apparatus on board. Just now a big Roumanian ship is loading flour & milk here for Roumania. They say conditions are bad there. Of course that is from Hoover supplies, which are here too. We just heard tonight about the terrible state of affairs in Odessa. Here at Derindje we are beginning to have the comforts of home -- laundry, store, post office, fire company, ice machine, delousers & other such things we all have at home. But we can't get a decent bath or hair cut here. We cut each others hair & go to Constant. & take real Turkish baths -- they are great fun.

Two of our party went to Tarsus & I gave them a letter for Mr. Melkongan. I'm going to try & get down there soon.

This last week end I had the best time I believe I ever had. If you see Dr. Smith tell him that "Pennsylvania" went "hunting wild boar in Asia Minor." Dunaway (who taught in the Wharton school last year,) Magee (law school) & I packed up and camped over across the Gulf of Ismid in the mountains, surrounded by bandits, wild boar & jackals. The whole trip was chock full of interesting things first a journey on the Bagdad railway to Ismid -- then a sail across the Gulf in an old Turkish casque with those funny lateen sails -- sailing right by the cruiser "Goeben." The boatmen warned us about bandits & said we would never come back but we hiked about 8 miles into the mountains, gunned for grail, hawks, eagles, etc. & finally made a shelter & laid in wait by a watering place for Mr. Boar. But instead of the moonlight night we had a big rainstorm, so didn't see any boar. We didn't get wet, & the next day was fine. Had breakfast by the brook -- then struck back for the bay. We stopped a queer old stage coach and the driver thought we were holding him up, so we climbed in and had a ride the whole way to the boats at Bardyae, -- then rowed six miles home. A lot of porpoises were jumping around us so Dunaway & Magee popped away at them while I managed the boat -- but couldn't hit them. We have Turkish & Austrian rifles & ammunition. The commander got a lot for protecting the camp, & we have drills, target practice, etc. Also have machine guns, & line made of barbed wire. At night the jackals make an awful racket around the camp. Nightingales are plentiful too and sing for us at night. Everybody thinks this is a wonderful country -- and people who have been around a good bit say it is the

prettiest place they know of anywhere. Must close now & go to a meeting. Hope everybody is well. I'm feeling fine. Remember me to Jack & Morris & the whole crowd. Hope the dyes are still improving. Love to all from

Stanley.

*

To Stuart Kerr
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Belemedick, on the Bagdad R. R.
May 8, 1919.

Dear Family,

You'd laugh if you could see me now. I'm lying on a pile of boxes within two feet of the roof of a box car, stranded near the mouth of the big tunnel thru the Taurus Mts., near Bosanti. It just seems as if I'd been living in a fairy-tale this last week, & now it's getting even more interesting than fairy tales. If I get started writing all about it, this letter will be a regular book, but you don't need to read it all.

First I'll tell you where I am, & next how it happened. A British "tommy", who was just telling all about his experiences in Palestine, says the village near us is Belemedick, and that we are near the big tunnel the Germans built thru the Taurus. But you won't find these places on the map, as they were all built within the last four years. The Germans just finished the tunnel & the railway to Aleppo & had run two trains thru when the Armistice was signed and the British took over. So now we are in a narrow gorge with mountains on all four sides, & no way out except by the tunnel or a climb "over the top", which isn't any cinch, as all four of them are snow capped & one of them in the clouds. This is how it happened. A party of us were en route to Aleppo and this morning the British R.J.O. at this station decided there were too many cars on the train, so cut it in two, leaving three of our baggage cars here. Dr. Lambled who is in charge of our little party therefore told Snyder & me to stay with the cars, & threw off blankets & food for a few days. Our car has not more than three square feet of floor space, so we are sleeping on top the boxes. The "tommy" told us we would be lucky

if we get out of here before three days. The next train comes thru on the 10th but may not be able to take us along. So we are hoboes for the present & are going to have a grand time climbing one of these snow capped mountains.

The last time I wrote home I expected to go to the Caucasus, but the Commissioners decided that although the need there was great, it was unwise to send reinforcements. So instead of the Caucasus I climbed on a tractor and drove it with a plow to a farm at the end of the Gulf of Ismid. It was an all day trip, & quite exciting, as the road took us over fords and thru funny little towns, where the tractor was a sort of circus parade. A native mechanic went along, and the Turkish government sent a Turk soldier, too, as guard. We plowed a few days, sleeping at Ismid with an Armenian family. It was lots of fun, & even the Turkish soldier had a good time. He would help run the plow while I ran the tractor, or else amuse himself shooting at fish in a brook. Then one evening I had a telegram from Derindje saying I was to leave for Aleppo, so a truck came & took me back to the warehouses. We left Derindje Saturday night a little after Midnight -- 13 of us -- in two box cars marked "Hommes 40". I don't see how 40 men ever slept in one car. Only four of us were men, so it was quite a mathematical problem to provide sleeping quarters, but it was finally solved with curtains. We had cots & all the discomforts of home. Besides the two sleeping cars there were four baggage cars, a kitchen car and a flat car with the delouser on it, which we used as a sort of observation car. I could write a whole chapter on "Seeing Turkey from a Delouser." It was lots of fun. When we woke, Sunday morning, the train was passing thru big mulberry plantations where they produce milk. Then we passed Biledchek, the "Belokoma" of the Byzantians. The country

is beautiful. I never saw so many wild flowers. There are just millions of red poppies everywhere -- wild yellow roses & hundreds of things none of us knew. At Eskichahir the train stopped three hours, so we did the town. Saw a couple of mosques, and watched some men carving meerschaum-- this is the center of the meerschaum district.¹ Later in the evening we passed thru the region where the Phrygians used to live -- and saw lots of their old cave dwellings, cut right out of the rock.

Monday morning we were going thru a flat country -- on top the Anatolian plateau, and saw our first mirages. Lakes seemed to be ahead of us all the time, but we couldn't get to them.

At Konia I think the Britishers put one over on us. They said we couldn't go on for two days, so we had to hang around till Wednesday. From something one of them said we think they were so rejoiced to see some American girls that they kept us there. They certainly stuck to the girls. The first evening they had a party -- had an Italian orchestra, eats, etc. An Italian troopship had landed about a thousand Italians at Derindje a few weeks ago, & they are all in Konia now, so their commander was at the party, & came to dinner in our box car the next day. For supper we had chicken and English officers. We did some sightseeing here, too. Konia is the same as Iconium in the Bible. It is a queer old city. A few of us went thru the mosque of the Dervishes -- the one here is the head of the Dervishes.² It was wonderful -- beautiful rugs & inlaid work, old tombs, etc. We all had to take our shoes off outside but we didn't care how many holes we had in our stockings. The Armenian who was our guide told us all his experiences, showed us a street paved with stone taken from an Armenian church the Turks destroyed, prisons where he had been kept, told us how he

escaped, etc. We went thru the bazaar & got a few souvenirs. I found an old brass pestle in a junk shop -- perhaps old Geber used it when he was a chemist around here. Two of our fellows "pinched" carburetors from wrecked German cars here for souvenirs. You see German trucks & war material wrecked all around.

On Wednesday we got off again & reached Eregli in the afternoon -- took a walk thru the town -- had a soda -- the first in Turkey. Eregli is the ancient Herakleia, whatever that is. Leaving Eregli we had a wonderful trip up into the Taurus range. They put two engines on and kept going up grade till we were nearly a mile above sea level, at Ullu Kushla. That is where the units for Sivas and Caesarea get off to strike off across the country by trucks. From there a few of us rode on the delouser and passed thru the most wonderful kind of scenery by moonlight -- great snow covered mountains ahead of us, and thru canyons and great gorges where we almost had to straddle the river below us. I don't see how they ever put the tracks where they did. In some places the cliffs actually hung over the rails. Some spots were worth coming to Turkey for. We all think we are fortunate to be here, especially now when conditions are so unusual. It is lots more interesting traveling this way -- sort of camp-like, than it would be if we had all sorts of comforts. As it is we have fine beds and good meals. An Armenian is with us as cook, and we think we are traveling "de luxe" even if it is in box cars. We don't forget that we are here for relief work, & not for a good time, & are anxious to get into the real work, but believe in making good use of our traveling, too. Practically ever unit is in the field now & we are among the last to leave Derindje. It has been an enormous job to get the various units off as fast as they did. A boat was at Derindje when we left to take

a unit to Trebizmel, & the Sivas & Caesarea units left probably a few days after we did. Well, you just can't help enjoying this whole trip, even if it is relief work. I wouldn't have missed last night's ride for anything, and they say that the next three hrs. ride is the best yet -- three enormous canyons. This morning two others & myself rode on the "cow-catcher" of the locomotive thru the tunnels & canyons between Bozanti & here. We spent the night at Bozanti. The valley we are in now is so narrow that the sun set at four oclock. Tomorrow Snyder & I take some pictures. The Britishers here said they would lead us again, as there are bear & wild dogs here. We are only a few miles from the Cilician Gates -- the great pass thru the Taurus to Tarsus. The armies of Xerxes & Darius & Alexander all passed thru here, and they say many big battles were fought here to defend the pass.

One of the most interesting things about our stay in Turkey has been the foreign armies here. The British are all awfully friendly & will do anything for us. They make a great time even over some of the old crabs who are with us. The "tommies" like to tell about their battles, and one today certainly fed us up on the Palestine campaign under Allenby. It was awfully interesting and funny too the way he told it. Here at this little town are alot of Hindoo troops. The funniest looking soldiers I've seen are the Britishers who wear cork helmets and short Khaki BVD's. When you see an officer with his Sam Brown belt and all, on, & then the lower half, you think he forgot a very essential part of his uniform. At Konia the Italian troops and some Highlanders were very interesting. This morning we saw troops from Baluchistan. Somebody had a wedding around here this P.M. & it looked like part of Barnum & Bailey's. I suppose they were Gypsies or something funny. There

are so many camels & funny people around it feels like a circus tent most of the time. I can't get up an inspiration to write any more -- I've sort of all expired over wonderful scenes. Its too dark to continue. Oh I forgot to say I'd received six letters at once -- one from Dad written to Hotel Albert, & one from the family to 1 Mad. Ave. It is a red letter day when a letter comes, believe me. I certainly was glad to get them, & hope to get more soon. I'll look them over and answer them if they need 'special' answering -- later. I'm glad Mrs. Headly is working on mother & hope she has that arm working O.K. soon. Hope also that Stuart's dyes are O.K. I'll enclose another picture or two. If you get them I'll send a lot, so let me know.

Snyder's setting supper for us two hoboes & I've a candle now so here goes till supper is ready. We had "bully beef" & canned corn, bread & butter & coffee for dinner -- cooked over a little fire with rain. There is a regular chorus of frogs & crickets from the Tchakyt River near us, so we will have an orchestra with our meal. ¹⁶ Supper's served, so bye bye. Love to all -- Mother Dad Stuart & Marion -- Scow -- the Adamases, and all the crowd,

Stanley

May 9, 1919.

Still in the box car. Just cooked our supper & washed the dishes, so might as well write about what happened today. Snyder and I hiked to the top of one of the mountains today -- or as near the top as you can get without ropes. I have more respect for mountain climbers, now. The one we tackled is a huge limestone cliff, the top somewhere between a mile and a mile & a half above sea level. It rained and hailed about every half hour so we had to crawl in caves or put up a poncho for a shelter, but finally got as high as

we could. Even then there was a straight bare cliff towering over us. You get a wonderful view of the mountains from the top, which made it worth while climbing as far as we did. We found several caves and in one we got a lot of stalactites and stalagmites. Some animals apparently lived there but we didn't see them. Coming home in the evening we used the bed of a dried up stream for our path and had a mighty swift descent. In one place we slid down a smooth 30 ft. rock where there had been a waterfall. The whole slope was about 60° so you can imagine what a job we had. Got some fine pictures, had plenty of exercise, & a good dinner under our poncho while it hailed. Tomorrow we are supposed to go on to Adana. If we stay there long I'll run down to Tarsus & see Mr. Melkongan.

The village people are having some sort of a "party" tonight. We can hear a drum and some mighty weird music. This is a real interesting place. They are building a bridge over the Tshakyt River here, & are still working on the big tunnel. Crossing over the River today I nearly had a spill. We crossed on a small plank bridge & one plank floated away as I stepped on it, so I just missed a ducking. Well, must close & go to bed now. I'll mail this with the British R.J.O. in the morning. Love to all, from
Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Turkey¹
May 25, 1919.

Dear Mother,

This is a fine Sunday morning in Aleppo, and just right for writing letters. One came two days ago for me from the family -- written on March 13, containing letters from you & Marion & Dad. It is always a great occasion here when mail comes from America. I can't keep track of the number of the letters I write, but I wrote one home from Beledick, and I think one from Meiden-Ekbese. In case I didn't write from the last place, I'll just say that Snyder & I had a fine trip from Beledick thru the Taurus tunnels on the front of the engine, and down to Adana, where we caught up with the rest of our party, and left early the next morning for Aleppo. At about 3 P.M. we discovered one of our cars was missing, so I was put off with my suitcase at Airan (translated it means "Buttermilk") to go back & look for it. The British officer there in charge of the Hindoo troops gave me a bed and some Hindoo blankets (oriental odors) and treated me like a prince. We went mule back over the mountains waiting for the next train. But the next morning the train brought the missing car along, so I jumped on an empty flat car and went as far as the train did -- to a little town (?) called Meiden-Ekbese -- composed of one house -- the station. A British officer & his batman took me in & fed me for two days till the next train came along. He was a Scot & told me some wild stories of his war experiences in France & Palestine. The train came along in time to save me from a young massacre -- as the Kurds in the hills sent word down that afternoon that if the Turk station master hadn't pulled out that evening they were coming down to cut his throat. The two Britishers were getting their firearms in working order, but had only 16 cartridges. I don't

know whether I missed anything or not. The train brought me to Aleppo about midnight, & I had a fine (?) time driving around the city looking for the A.C.R.N.E., but finally found the Red Cross. I've been living in a big British Army tent since then, eat at the Red Cross, & work in the laboratory across the street. At last I have a job that is more or less permanent, & it feels good to be in a place where you can see actual relief work going on. Aleppo is on the edge of the desert, & most of the refugees come thru here, so there is a tremendous work to be done. At present the A.C.R.N.E. & the Red Cross are working together, but soon the A.C.R.N.E. is to take over all the relief work in Turkey. Just now we have in Aleppo a big orphanage with about 1200 orphans in it, two hospitals on the way, a big barracks for the refugees as they come in -- an employment bureau, industrial department to make work for the people, a refuge home for the girls taken from Turkish & Arab homes, etc, etc. They are all given clothing & blankets & a small allowance. One of our women has about a hundred Armenian women making mattresses & clothing, a lot of men are employed building roads & sewers, & they are trying to start some sort of industry to employ the refugees. One department has the job of getting Armenian girls out of the hareems & that proves to be very exciting. The Aleppo district includes Marash, Mardin, Adana, Aintab, & northern Syria in general, so there are hospitals & relief units in all these places now. It took along time to get everything on the way on account of transportation & unsettled conditions, but every unit is established now, except Sivas, Caesarea, & Harpoot, which can't be reached until the British extend their military control there. The Sivas & Caesarea units went to the Caucasus temporarily, as conditions there were very bad.

The refugees are still coming in & have terrible tales to tell.

Dr. Lambert says that I am to stay here about two months, & then perhaps will be sent out to take charge of one of the laboratories. When I came here the "laboratory" consisted of three rooms filled with boxes & bales, & one windowsill with a microscope on it. The person in charge (a woman) had to go away for three days, so with the aid of a gang of "hamals" I cleaned out the bales & unpacked the boxes, & now we have everything working, except running water. None of the chemical apparatus is here yet, but has probably come to Derindje from America by this time.

Aleppo is a fine place -- a much more modern city than Constantinople as far as streets & cleanliness is concerned. It dates back over 200 yrs. B.C., & looks it. In the center of the town there is a big mound with a castle on it. We went thru it last week & a Hedjaz (?) soldier showed us the old dungeons & wells. It was built long before the Crusaders were here. I got some old flint arrowheads & a young cannon ball for souvenirs. The bazaars here are great. If you could drop from Darby into the bazaars you'd think you were in a sort of "Arabian Knight" dream. There are miles & miles of little shops about 6 x 10 ft. with the Arabs squatted on the floor, & the most wonderful silks, head-dresses, spices, & everything under the sun. The costumes here are so different from Constantinople, too. Most of the people here are Arabs or Hedjaz (?). The Arabs wear a sort of gown, & the Hedjaz people wear a silk cloth on the head, bound with a peculiar cord. I think that I'll invest in a costume or two. In the bazaars some times you have to crowd against the wall to let a camel train go by, or perhaps a little donkey about 3 ft. high with a Turk or Arab

aboard. This is about the most interesting & oriental place I've seen. It's lots of fun bargaining for anything. They don't expect to sell at the first price, so it is quite a game knocking down the prices. The little Turkish I can talk is enough to bargain with. Let me know what sort of things you want. Rugs are almost out of the question, as the Germans took all the good ones, & there are lots of fakes here, & everything is expensive. Snyder & I apparently were the first Americans to go thru the old brass section of the bazaar, & had any number of old brass dinner pails, candlesticks etc. offered us, but we didn't see anything really nice. The native silks are good. But if I come home with a lot of junk don't blame me.

Did I tell you that Mr. Emerick died here about three weeks ago? He had just come from Derindje in charge of the unit to Mardin, & died in Aleppo, of Spanish influenza. He had been a missionary or teacher in Mardin before the war. He is buried in Beirut. "All the rest of the party here are well & happy. The organization runs like clock work & no one crabbing, the way some did at Derindje. We get fine meals, cooked by natives. There is plenty of food here, fresh vegetables, meat, fruits & nuts. Everything is cooked & served as nicely as in a New York hotel.

Next Sunday I may go over to the Euphrates where the British were excavating an old Hittite city. We would go Sat. night & come back Monday morning. No more news that I can think of. We had a very nice time last night. Major Trowbridge & his wife invited us to a little party at their home. It is really the home of a native Armenian who was deported, & asked the Major to live in it. The house is furnished with wonderful rugs & furniture. The Major was telling of an experience he had not long ago. He was riding

along a road and saw the glint of a rifle in the bushes, so stopped & said: "Saide" several times. When a person doesn't answer this salutation it means he is not a friend. So Trowbridge unhitched his shotgun, & then the man in the bushes called out in Arabic, "I'm not after you. Go away." Trowbridge wanted to know what he was doing there, so the bandit said: "Oh, you are one of those Americans that carries a watch worth four shillings. Go on. I'm just waiting for a fat Greek with three hundred pounds." Then he apologized & said he knew it was not the "season" for banditting but he wanted this Greek. So the Major went on & let him alone.

I've been mighty glad I bought that gun in Phila., not because I've had to use it, but there have been lots of times when we might have had to use guns. More than once at Airan when we were going home after supper the British officer would say "Pull out your guns when we go past this place."

Dunnaway & I saw an interesting thing two nights ago. We had gone to bed in the tent, & heard a drum & a lot of shouting away off. We thought it might be the Arabian prince arriving so got dressed & hunted up the noise.³ It led us out beyond the edge of the town, & finally we found a crowd of natives having a dance on the edge of a Turkish graveyard. They had drums & all carried torches & were singing something weird. The shouting we had heard was part of the chorus. I don't know what it was. It may have been a funeral, or perhaps just a native dance. We were on the edge of the graveyard watching it when three Hedjaz soldiers came up behind us & called "Saide". Luckily Dunaway knew what it meant and gave the proper reply, meaning we were friends. So they came up and talked (?) a while, altho we didn't know what they said. They have a picturesque uniform, a helmet with a spike like the

Germans, & under it the silk cloth with tassels hanging down the back.

The Indian lancers are fine looking soldiers, too. They are mounted, & with their turbans, long lances, & great big swords they look rather fierce. There are a lot of British here, too. One of them told me that they are going to mount machine guns in convenient places in the city when the Arabian prince arrives, as they are suspicious of another massacre like the one last February, when the Turks put one over on them. When the British commander ordered the cavalry out, they found the horses were all out being watered, & quite a few Armenians were killed or wounded before the troops arrived.

Must close now & go to dinner.

I'm sorry Marion was sick & missed so much school. Hope everybody is well again and that your arm & neck are loosening up properly. Was it that auto ride that started the trouble? Mrs. Headly will help it a lot.

If you want to send me anything send some Library Digests. Last night two pages of a New York Times two months old was read by everybody present. We don't get any news at all from America. Give my regards to everybody & tell anybody that asks why I don't write that we don't have any time & no decent place to write now, but when things get to be more of a routine there will be more time.

Did I tell you that I met an Armenian (in the French army) who had studied under Mr. Melkonyan at St. Paul's Institute. He said he was still there. Two of our girls, Miss Eldred & Miss Gettings are doing fine work there according to reports. Must close. Loads of love to all the family, from

Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
June 15, 1919.

Dear Stuart,

Looking back over my diary the only thing I can find written up for the last month is the fact that I wrote a letter home on May 25 -- so it is time to start. Perhaps I never acknowledged letters from home -- if not -- I received the letters written Apr. 1, Mar. 27, Apr. 10, & 15th, etc. They usually come in bunches when a courier comes from Constantinople. The package hasn't come yet but we hear they are in Derindje. I'll be glad to get it. Films are expensive here, so if you could send me a dozen rolls later on & charge it to my account at home I'd be much obliged. I've had the job of trying out a Graflex here and have taken a number of pictures but they weren't especially good. I'll get some good ones soon, -- as I'm sort of semi official photographer here, for the sake of publicity. Aleppo is a sort of photographers garden of Eden -- there are such unusual scenes everywhere. The Arabian prince, -- the son of the Shereef of Meca, came to Aleppo a few days ago and there was some time -- parades & street dances, a general holiday, etc. I got a few pictures of the crowd & some of the Arab soldiers doing the goosetstep. The prince called at our headquarters the next day. Last night I happened to go past the station & found the Arab cavalry drawn up there, & someone said the prince had gone. Today is Sunday & quite hot so I'm writing letters. So far the weather has been very pleasant: cool in the evenings & hot in the middle of the day, but no humidity. The glare of the sun is terrible, as everything is white -- white limestone buildings, limestone streets, etc. Our working hours change tomorrow -- breakfast at 6.30, stop work at midday till four

oclock, then work in the evening. I've been very busy lately. After getting the laboratory all set up and working I was given the job of opening a dispensary in an old church, so had a gang of carpenters, whitewashers & scrubbers at work for two weeks. They opened two days ago. Another hospital will open soon at the barracks, where there are six thousand refugees. The laboratory takes care of the work from the dispensary, the barracks, the girls refugee home & all outside cases, besides making media for all the labs within a hundred miles or so. You people at home probably can tell one more about what is being done in other parts of Turkey, as we get practically no news. A letter from the Caucasus a few days ago said that one girl -- Miss Farrington, was responsible for 28,000 orphans. There is some typhus up there. One of our nurses, Miss Winchester died of typhus a few weeks ago^{at Erivan.} In Beirut one of the Red Cross captains went over a cliff in a machine and was killed, & the daughter of the American consul of Constantinople, who was in the car, is reported to have died also. But here in Aleppo there isn't any sort of danger of disease, apparently -- unless it is Aleppo "buttons" or sores.

Don't get the impression that we are suffering hardship. One of the doctors said one day -- "This giving relief is great business." Here is a list of some of our comforts: -- Fine hospital beds to sleep on, under mosquito netting, plenty of good food, well-cooked (altho vegetable marrow & rice & lentil soup & fresh apricots get monotonous when you get them all the time); so many natives around waiting for something to do that you can't brush your own shoes. In fact when you wash your face, if you get soap in your eyes, just leave them shut & hold out your hand -- & a towel drops in them. When you want a bath, go to a bath house. A Turk scrubs & scrubs you then pours boiling water on by the bucketfull --

& if you holler "Chok sijak!" the grunts "Sijak eji" & throws more on.¹ Then you roll up in Turkish towels for half an hour while a boy combs your hair, cuts your nails (& toenails), brings you oranges, etc. The Romans weren't in it when it came to luxuries like these. I moved out of my big tent two days ago &, am living with Dunnaway in a room in a house "down town".

Dunnaway has the interesting job of rescuing fair maids from fierce Arabs, & has quite a collection. They are put in a refuge home, & treated if diseased, as most of them are, & later given employment. For employment the Red Cross & the A.C.R.N.E. have a road building gang of 600, many of them husky women, a sewing department of 180 making mattresses, cloths, etc., a weaving place, knitting & embroidery for girls, lots of carpentering etc., etc.

I haven't heard from Melkonyan yet. Fridy went to Tarsus from Adana on a motorcycle one day, but was there on business. On the way he had a funny accident. He was going about 40/per when a boy tried to lead a little donkey across the road. Fridy hit the donkey broadside, & when he looked around found himself in a ditch, the donkey across the road on his back, & the machine making circles around the road. Fridy stopped the machine & bawled the boy out in good American, & the boy turned the donkey over & packed it up, got on & rode off. The handlebars & headlight of the cycle were slightly bent.

About a week later in Adana a boy ran in front of the same cycle & the side car knocked him down. Fridy turned the machine around & started back to see if he had hurt the kid, but the kid was so scared he thought the machine was after him again & beat it as hard as he could go.

Will try & read over the letters from home & answer all

questions in a few days. Would like to see you all. I'm glad Mrs. Headly is making things loosen up in Mother's arm. Hope Marion isn't studying too hard & Dad working too hard. How is the dye business in Lancaster? I bought some silk for anybody that wants it for shirts or skirts. Anything anybody wants? Loads of love to all. I'm perfectly well & hope the whole family is.

Regards to the Adams & Darby in general

Stanley

*

To Stuart Kerr
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

questions in a few days. Would like to see you all. I'm glad Mrs. Headly is making things loosen up in Mother's arm. Hope Marion isn't studying too hard & Dad working too hard. How is the dye business in Lancaster? I bought some silk for anybody that wants it for shirts or skirts. Anything anybody wants? Loads of love to all. I'm perfectly well & hope the whole family is. Regards to the Adams & Darby in general
Stanley

*

To Stuart Kerr
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

P.S. Later: -- Went to the British Y.M.C.A. for church & heard a Rev. Boyd of New Jersey, preach. Do you know him? He seems to be with the British forces.

Aleppo, Syria
June 22, 1919.

Dear Family,

Just had dinner and have found a real cool spot to write. It is a hot day, but so little humidity that I don't mind it. I wrote last week. Hope you get my letters all right. This week hasn't been very exciting here, but wasn't at all monotonous. The lab work is progressing very well & keeps one fairly busy, and there is enough other work to keep a fellow going all the time. Just imagine me rescuing Armenian girls from Arab homes, for example. I helped get a couple a few days ago, & found it a rather interesting job. The relief work is a sort of routine now and everyone has a definite job. They are starting various forms of industrial relief now, -- weaving, road making, embroidery, & many others. I haven't heard what is going on in other parts of Turkey. We get practically no news at all.

This morning being Sunday, a few of us went to the "great mosque" -- called the Mosque of Zacharius. Of course we had to take off our shoes, but it was worth the trouble. Zacharius is supposed to be buried there, and his coffin has a nice little room to itself, with beautiful rugs, and inlaid walls. We strolled around the old city walls, and got into the fortifications in one place. There are a lot of old carvings & inscriptions places which are supposed to be Hittite. Yesterday evening a British officer and I took a carriage out into the country with our shotguns, expecting to bring back a lot of pigeons, but we saw

only a few and got only one. We had a good time and saw some interesting things -- the natives thrashing wheat by hand. They first make a big pile of the wheat and then drive around the pile with a sort of disk harrow to cut up the straw, then throw that up in the air, so the wind separates the grain & the "chaff".

This afternoon one or two of us are going to call on Mr. & Mrs. Jackson, the American consul & his wife. I met them a few evenings ago at a party given by the British officers. It was quite a fancy affair -- at least for Aleppo. Several British generals were there and some of the native Syrian men & women. We don't see much of the native women as they stay at home all the time, but this affair allowed us to get a look at some of them. They try to be real Frenchy in dress and manners but don't have much "pep". I wanted to climb a minaret a few days ago to get a picture of the city, but the old Arab said I couldn't go up, because if I did I would see the Arab women without their veils in the house below. I told him that I didn't mind, as that was a common sight in America, but he said these weren't American girls. So I didn't get up the minaret. No more news, so must close. I've written so few letters lately that nobody will want to write to me. Hope you are all well. I'm in good shape -- no hayfever, cold or anything. Am getting fat on rice, yaourt, apricots, dates, etc. No place to swim, & no bathtub are my only worries. Love to all the house. Am enclosing a couple of pictures.

Stanley

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
June 29, 1919.

Dear Mother,

Today is a scorcher, but I guess I can write a short letter. All the Americans say they never felt such heat, but this house is quite cool. Just now I'm living in the house of Dr. Altoonian, the Armenian representative at the peace conference. He wanted the Americans to occupy it while he was away, and as the Major who was staying here went away, Dunnaway & I were fortunate enough to get here. It is a wonderful old house, full of old Persian & Turkish rugs, & all the comforts you could want, including a bath tub. Its the first I've seen in Turkey. Major Trowbridge just came back a few hours ago so Dunnaway & I will move out again. The Major has been away for a couple of weeks to Der Elzor on the Euphrates trying to take Armenian girls from Arabs, but with rather disappointing results. Only one of the 30 was willing to come, the rest all said they wished to remain Moslems. Most of them were only about eleven or twelve yrs. old when taken and now don't want to leave their children & Mohammedan friends. The major discovered one little boy in a dirty Arab village and brought him home & he turned out to be the brother of one of the servants in his house. He is down stairs, now & says the Arabs are better than the Armenians. Here in Aleppo Dunnaway has the same trouble, but he takes the girls whether they like it or not, & after a few days in the Refuge Home they are very happy. I've been with him on a few of his rescue parties & think he has the most interesting job here. He also runs an employment bureau, a relief bureau for distributing money where needed, & is now starting a few industries on the side, such as lace making, etc.

Our dispensary is running full blast, & very soon two more

hospitals will open here in Aleppo. The lab work is increasing all the time, and it begins to look as if I might be kept here in Aleppo some time.

Things are moving pretty fast all the time. Two or three days ago the British had a battle with the Kurds near Urfa, & the Kurds had about 300 casualties. A cannon has been booming for over an hour from the hill here in Aleppo, but I guess it is the Arabs celebrating the Feast of Rammedon.¹ The British uncovered another plot to resume Massacres at Adana recently, & are on the watch all over. Major Trowbridge, who just came back from Der Elzor says skulls & bones were seen everywhere. Some caves and old buildings were heaped with bones. The native who helps me in the lab is one of twenty who survived our of 4000 deported from Aintab to Der Elzor. He told me one very interesting thing. The men of Zeitoun banded together, about thrity of them, and managed to keep together in the mountains all during the war, fighting the Turks, & killed great numbers of them. I have a picture of the leader of the band & will enclose it if I can find it. Two of their band were killed and in revenge the rest of them wiped out a Turk village.

One of our men came down from Derindge & brought some news. Dr. Usher & Dr. Husch are returning to U.S. on account of over work. Practically everybody has left Derindje except a small staff to take care of the warehouses. A great many more went to the Caucasus to help out there. The unit to Harpoot finally got there after much difficulty.

The report about the daughter of the American consul at Constant being killed at Beirut was wrong, but she was badly injured, & also the other girls. I guess that is about all the news. I wish you would send me a copy of that paper put out by the A C R N E

committee in New York. We don't know a thing about what is going on in other parts of Turkey nor in the U.S. I heard there had been a transatlantic flight, also that peace was signed.

I got a bunch of letters two days ago including one from Marion, one from Mother, & one from Dad from Warnersville, & a card from Stuart from Lancaster. I was glad to get them, & especially to hear that you & Dad took a little vacation. Also had a letter from Elliott, in which he told me to address him at Darby from now on. Also one from Harold Voelhel which I'll answer as soon as possible. I guess people think I might write one in a while, but it is really hard to get time to write. Also had a letter from Aunt Martha. The package hasn't come yet, but is at Derindje, I hear. Eighty or ninety carloads of supplies are on the way from Derindje to Aleppo, mostly clothing, hospital supplies, etc. Refugees are still piling in so fast that it doesn't take long to give out all the blankets & clothes in sight.

Must close now. Hope all are well & happy at home. I was O.K. up to two days ago, when something I ate gave my stomach an awful kick, but it's all right now & I'll go back to work tomorrow. This native food is enough to get anybody's goat. For about a month it is all right, then you get sick of the sight of rice & vegetable marrow. We are plotting to either kill our cook or fire the housekeeper. Everybody seems to be getting fat just the same.

Glad to hear the two courts will be used this summer. Wish I could have a set myself. Love to all the family, Scow, & the Adamses,

from

Stanley

P.S. Was interested to hear about Dorizas being in Turkey. He

will probably be in Aleppo soon, & Dunnaway & I will give him a Pennsylvania party.

A Miss Schultz in our part knows Mabel Kirkpatrick & asks to be remembered to her. She is at Marasek, I think.

P.S. next day The cannonade was due to celebration of peace. To-day sounds like the Fourth of July.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
July 6, 1919.

Dear Dad,

It is 11 A.M. Sunday morning and I just got up -- in fact I'm just recovering from the glorious "Fourth", which we celebrated here in regular American style. Personally, I don't expect to ever spend a more unusual "Fourth" again. It's quite a story and I may run out of stationery but here goes.

As I've told you before, John Dunnaway takes care of the repatriation" work for Armenians. Well, on July 4th he came to my house at 5 A.M., woke me and said -- "We're going by auto to an Arab village for some Armenian girls. Want to go along?" Of course I got dressed in a hustle and was on the Reo truck when it started off -- Dunnaway, Miss Shabe (A Red Cross nurse, born in Syria, & therefore our interpreter) a man named Fleming, who writes for Harpers Magazine, the Armenian guide who had told about the presence of the four Armenian girls in the village, two Arab soldiers as our guard, & I -- and our driver -- a Mennonite from Iowa -- named Graber.

The Armenian guide was a carriage driver or "arabadchi". On one of his trips thru the village the Armenian girls held there had slipped word to him of their presence & asked for help to get away. The man told us the village was about half an hour's auto ride, over a good road. As we found out later, he was a natural born liar -- in fact Fleming says The Bible should have said -- All men are liars, especially the Armenians.

This was my first sight of the country around Aleppo. As soon as we got outside the city we were practically in a desert -- broad stretches of level land with out a tree or bush in sight, only a

dry grass and sand. The only land marks were occasional Arab villages -- the craziest looking affairs -- big groups of cone-shaped mud & straw huts -- reminding you of an enormous group of big bee-hives. The natives apparently had seen few autos so we made quite a sensation going thru. Finally we came in sight of a big lake -- or rather what looked like a lake -- it was dried up & the salt which had been deposited shone so in the sun it looked like water -- the Arabs call it the Salt Lake. Our guide kept saying the village was just a little farther on. Finally the road got so bad we had to walk ahead of the machine & throw rocks aside. After about ten miles of this we stopped for water at the tent of a Bedouin, who told us we were on the wrong road. The Bedouin was a picturesque fellow & very obliging -- he insisted on feeding us buttermilk, etc. Well, we retraced our steps at least ten miles & then by inquiring every time we passed an Arab on his camel or donkey we finally got started in the right direction. This time we got down on the edge of the lake & found the salt made a fine road. We had passed camel trains & big caravans headed for Aleppo up to now, & now not a soul anywhere. After a drive of sixty-miles -- (instead of our "half-hours journey" we came in sight of our village -- "Jabal Ali" -- another of these collections of cone shaped mud houses, with one big black tent like those of the Bedouins. We stopped the machine in front of what was apparently the home of the Sheikh & then the fun started. The whole village was soon around us. The guide led the way to the big tent -- which seemed to be a sort of hareem¹ -- (as someone explained later) and pointed to two of the women & said those were the Armenians. One big Arab woman hustled him out of the tent so fast & with so much eloquence he didn't get a chance to protest.

She started the excitement, & everybody started in to cuss the whole crowd of us. The two Arab soldiers began to show a big "yellow streak". They took Dunaway & Miss Shabe aside & said we would all be massacred if we attempted to take the girls. After much powpowing with the crowd it turned out the Sheikh was in another village & no one else would even listen to an argument -- all they would say was -- "The Sheik is away, you must not take the girls." The two Arab soldiers refused to do a thing. Finally we decided on a little strategy. We were to get in the machine as tho about to go, but were going to make a dash for the tent, make the guide show us the girls, put them in the car & beat it. We had noticed that altho every man in the village had a cartridge belt, not a rifle was in sight. We were all armed -- three rifles, & each one had a revolver. Well, we started the machine, swung it around quickly & made a dash for the tent. Immediately there was a commotion & rifles began to pour out of the huts, & the Arabs got behind huts & walls. When we got to the tent the two soldiers & the Armenian guide were almost in tears and held on to us so we couldn't get out. As the crowd ran up, the soldiers explained in Arabic to the villagers that we merely wanted a drink. The guide absolutely refused to get out and point out the two girls to us -- so in disgust we gave up. Miss Shabe is full of pep & she certainly did abuse those two soldiers & the guide. Finally an old Arab agreed to go with us the the next village where the sheik was. He knew the sheik was in Aleppo. He too was a liar. He said it was half an hour's horseback ride across the desert. There was no road, so we drove right over the plain till we came to the salt lake & then used the salt deposit for a boulevard. The Arab's "half hour by horse" proved to be thirty miles across desert. We ate lunch on a little knoll -- without a drop of water -- & started again. When we finally arrived --

the "village" proved to be a Bedouin camp -- about a hundred enormous tents made of camel's hair, dyed black. The Bedouins were very friendly & brought out bowls of filthy looking water, which was good because it was wet. They were very much interested when we gave the engine a drink of water, too. We took their photos, & finally when they said the sheikh was in Aleppo we set out for home, disgusted with ourselves for going on this wild goose chase, & more disgusted with our guide & the two Arabs for being such cowards. They insisted however that we would have been wiped off the map if we had taken the girls. Miss Shabe made a few remarks to them in Arabic that she wouldn't translate, but which they seemed to appreciate (?). Graber was now worried about our supply of gasoline. The ground was rough and we had no idea where we were. We changed tires three times, but had no trouble with the engine -- a brand new Rev which had just come from Derindje.

We were now on the opposite side of the salt lake so kept skirting the salty shores till we saw another cone village in the distance. Once in the village we found the road to Aleppo -- 12 hrs. away by horse -- the Arabs said.

It was late in the afternoon so Graber made the dust fly as we hit it up along the road. Once we saw an enormous column of dust which ended at the ground in a funnel-shaped whirl -- a sort of young cyclone. At sunset the engine gave one last gasp as the gasoline gave out. In the distance we could just make out the outlines of the citadel in Aleppo -- the old castle on a big mound in the center of the city -- so we figured we were at least 8 miles away. Later we found it was about 15. About a mile away was another of these cone villages. Dunaway & I walked over hoping to find gasoline. A big Arab on the edge of the village invited

us into his enclosure, & after much sign-language & a little of our very bad Turkish he produced a can of kerosene, which we bought -- hoping that the engine might be hot enough to run on kerosene. We had to pay 2 mejidichs or about \$1.25 for a gallon. Dunaway took the kerosene, & I was to wait at the village: If he fired two shots, it meant that the engine was running. One shot meant, "hire a horse". The Arab climbed on top of his ^{come} house to listen, after bringing me a rug to set on. Half an hour passed, and not a sound. The car top could still be seen, so I tried some more Turkish & finally the old man saddled up a donkey & I rode over to the car. We hadn't heard the shot owing to the wind. As it was, the kerosene wouldn't work very well, & Dunaway had forgotten the signal anyway & fired two shots instead of one. Graber jumped on the donkey & started for Aleppo in spite of the protests of the soldiers who said there were many robbers. Graber, being a Mennonite wouldn't take a revolver. It was just about dark. The Arab brought up water in a goatskin, two enormous dishes of a sort of rice pudding which was delicious, and some native cheese & bread. The bread was a sort of thinly rolled dough which they bake on stones ^{like a pancake.} The procedure is to make a funnel of the thin "bread" & use that as a spoon for the rice pudding.

Waiting for Graber to return with another car we had our Fourth of July sports to keep warm -- broad jumps, hundred yard dashes, etc. etc. -- then Miss Shabe gave us a lesson in astronomy -- which she seems to know very well & at last we put the auto seat cushions on the ground & tried to sleep while the Arab soldiers did sentry duty. About midnight I woke. Fleming was awake, too. He was to leave Aleppo on the train that pulled out at 6 A.M., so was worried. We figured that Graber was two hours overdue and had either lost his way or had been waylaid by bandits. We decided to walk in, &

woke our Armenian guide. He absolutely refused to budge. -- said the road was full of robbers & that our side arms wouldn't help any. One of the soldiers finally went with us. After we had gone half a mile we saw the lights of an auto in the distance -- and very soon were picked up by Graber returning in another car with gasoline.

It had taken him four hours to reach Aleppo. The donkey threw him over its head once, but the fall was so short it didn't hurt. He created quite a sensation riding thru the city on a donkey, as his clothes were like the British officers & they usually drive around in carriages or Fords.

We finally landed in Aleppo about 2 A.M. The Arab came with us so he could take his donkey home, & yesterday Dunaway saw him riding away with a broad grin on his face -- & probably a lira in his pocket. He wouldn't take a piastre² for the food.

I couldn't wake anybody at my house, & finally got so much attention from two night cops that I gave up, & slept in an empty tent near the Red Cross.

Today we heard this news: -- A courier from the village had come immediately to Aleppo to tell his sheikh about our visit, & apparently also said that they would have killed us had we taken the girls, for the sheikh went to General McAndrews, said he was sorry the Americans had not received better attention at his village & that we had been threatened. In fact he was so scared that he would be punished that he promised to send in not only the four women we went for, but more whom he had in the harems, & in fact two arrived at the Red Cross this morning, as I just heard.

As a result of our trip -- which we thought had been very expensive & a failure, -- in the future we will be able to get girls from villages by notifying the British, who will put the sheikh

of the village under bond to produce them. So the trip was worth the trouble, & the results better than if we had taken the girls. Some Fourth of July! I got some dandy photos, which I'll send later -- showing some of these villages, the Bedouin tents, and the mob at the village arguing with Miss Shabe. I'd give a lot for a picture of Graber on the donkey.

I just had dinner & found the long expected package from America -- many many thanks for the candy & films & handkerchiefs. Everybody here is passing candy around so we're having a grand feed. Can you send more films later? Also if you could send some pieces of linen & the proper thread for embroidery I could have the Armenian girls do the work. They have very poor materials to work with. Also magazines of any kind are in terrible demand here. A Sunday newspaper two months old is soon worn to a frazzle. Do you get the "Acorne" -- which is our newspaper published in Constantinople? I just saw the first three copies. It tells about what is being done at various stations here.

Wm. J. Ellis came thru here last week & I had the job of escorting him around. I took photos for him with the Graflex & gave him the negatives, so when you see his account of Aleppo, the illustrations are mine. After he had been here two days he said "Is your father Rev. Kerr?" I said "Yes", & he said "why didn't you tell me?" He said that it was a slap at you not to have told him, because he considered you very much with mentioning. I had told him that I was at the meeting he addressed in Darby before leaving for the near East, & he remembered it very well. His son is with him. From here he went yesterday to Adana, & is going to the Caucasus before going home. A Mr. Jackson Fleming is here too. he writes for Harpers, so you might keep your eye open for his articles.

Lambert seems to want to keep me here in Aleppo, as business is picking up along Lab lines. Our hospital dispensary refuge homes, orphanages, employment bureaus, etc. etc. are all working full blast. The Armenians ought to be able to help themselves now that we have them started. Thanks again for the package. Loads of love to all from Stanley.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
July 7, 1919.

Dear Mother,

Just a little addition to yesterday's letter: -- This morning a sack of mail arrived from Constant. with three letters for me, & a package containing 5 films & a battery. The battery was worn out before it got here, so don't try to send another -- but thanks just the same & thanks very much for the films. The letters were from Dad, Mother & Marion, one dated May 12 & one May 27th -- all very much enjoyed. Tell me more about the big parade. I think the New York office has a nerve holding magazines back. Why send them thru No. 1 Madison Ave?

I am not reckless here, so don't worry about me being in danger. The natives here are scared of bandits all the time.

A little sequel of our Fourth of July trip may interest you. The Arab chief apologizes profusely for keeping Armenians & is sending them in. Capt. Paul (of the British Liason Office) told Dunaway that if the sheikh didn't keep his word he would send an armored car & 12 soldiers to the village for the girls.

More lab supplies arrived today from Derindje with my chemical apparatus, so I'll be able to do a little more work along my own line. Tomorrow I expect to move from the Base Lab to the lab at the Barracks Hospital, at least temporarily.

I heard today that the report that Dr. Usher had returned to America on account of bad health was not true. He has gone to Paris to see about a scheme for repatriating Armenians in the Caucasus. We are ahead of him, as that is being done right along here.

My lab work here is more or less routine now, examining blood for malaria, relapsing fever, etc. & examining other specimens for

dysentery, ova of parasites, gonococci, testing water, etc. if an epidemic of cholera or typhus should set in the lab would be invaluable, but at present there is not enough work to kill anybody. Hope you don't think we spend all our time hunting wild bones & sightseeing. Once in a while we "relieve the Armenians." Since you got one Photo all right I'll send more.

Loads of love to all from Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Turkey.
July 18, 1919.

Dear Family,

Business has sprung up so fast lately that I haven't had a chance to scribble a note for some time. I seem to have at least three jobs now -- base laboratory in the afternoons, and at the lab in the old Turkish Barracks (where we have our hospital) in the morning -- and in my spare moments the exciting business of rescuing Armenian girls from Arab harems. The lab work at the barracks is very interesting, as we have so many cases of tropical diseases that can be diagnosed by laboratory examination of the blood. There is a great deal of malaria, some relapsing fever, & many cases of intestinal parasites -- in fact that trouble occurs in about 90% of all the cases we examine. So far in Aleppo there has been no cholera & typhus -- most everybody is immune on account of so many epidemics recently. Our two dispensaries & the hospital are doing a rushing business -- so are the orphanages, employment bureaus, industrial concerns etc. Did you know we run a weaving factory here? Also about 400 women are employed making clothing, mattresses, etc for the hospital & refugees, & quite a little embroidery, lace, etc.

Last Sunday I was lucky enough to be included in a small rescue party going to the Arab village of Bab after one or two Armenian girls who were being kept in Arab harems. Bab is one of the most notorious villages on account of the fanaticism of the Mohamedans there. They tortured a great many Armenians during the deportations & are said to care less about their deeds than any other place -- in fact our interpreter said he didn't have any fear about rescuing girls in any village -- except Bab.

We started from headquarters in Aleppo at 6.30 A.M. -- Dunnaway, Miss Shabe, & I, & picked up the Arab interpreter & an Arab policeman. The interpreter was really the representative of the British, & had authority to act for Captain Paul. We were using a light Reo truck, & found the road quite good, and so came in sight of the village about ten oclock. It was a typical Arab town of about 2,000 -- & the cleanest one I've seen. There were the usual coneshaped mud houses, with quite a few square-one storied houses & the whitest white wash I've ever seen. Our truck made quite a sensation going thru the bazaar, & by the time we stopped in front of the Serai -- or police station -- there were about a hundred Arab kids around us. It took five "cops" -- all day -- to keep them away. By the way an Arab "cop" is a peculiar individual. He carries an old rifle, usually minus the rear sight, & unloaded -- (his coat has perhaps two German army buttons, an Austrian & a few British or Turkish for the rest, & either a "Gott mit uns" belt or a Star & crescent one.) -- and he carries a whip with a loaded handel.

(I forgot to say something that's quite a joke on the Arabs.) About ten miles out of Aleppo we passed a donkey, a camel, & three men. Of course one was walking, & asked for a lift, as there wasn't room on either the donkey or camel. We let him in and found him an awfully nice old man. Our gendarms and interpreter talked away with him for a while & then both laughed & said "This fellow will pay for his ride. He has three Armenian girls himself." They got the names of the girls & the names of a lot of Arabs in Bab who had Armenians in their homes; so when Dunnaway went to the police station in Bab he told the Governor he had come for these and all others in the village. The Arab interpreter was a very keen fellow

and, it turned out later, absolutely bluffed the Governor and the captain of the police into releasing all Armenians girls we could find, as he had special orders only for two or three. He & Dunnaway & I each went separately with an Arab soldier thru the village, "canvassing" almost every house in a street for girls. The news of course spread fast, & hardly anybody was home, but we soon got a new hold. We got the girls kept by the police clerk and one of the soldiers. Each of these men tried to bribe the Arab interpreter by giving the names of ten other ^{girls} for the privilege of keeping theirs. The interpreter got the names all right but didn't give up the girls. Before an hour was over we had fifteen girls, most of them under thirteen ^{years old.} The Arabs told them the Americans were stealing them & of course the girls were making a terrible howl about the affair. The younger ones had been so young when the Arabs took them that it was hard to make them know they were Armenians. If they carried on when the Arabs stole them as much as they did last Sunday there must have been a terrible racket in Asiar. Well to make a long story short, we got the names of fifty or more girls & found we would have to return another day. Dunnaway went to another village with the car, got two Armenian beauties (except for the tatooing the Arabs made on their lips) & finally we piled the girls in the truck -- in spite of much protesting -- and found that there was not room enough. At least five must be left, so the interpreter, the policeman & I stayed in Bab, with three of the older girls we had taken. It was three oclock when the car left Bab for Aleppo.

After fooling around awhile it suddenly dawned on me that we could take more than three girls back, so we went on another scouting party & in an hour had another carload of girls waiting in the courtyard of the Serai.¹ This time the older girls quieted the

younger ones & we had quite a happy family of fifteen. To pass the time I climbed the "citadel" or hill just outside the town. The Arabs always seem to build their towns at the foot of a steep hill. Up on top I found a small cannon -- used I suppose to warn the village in case of attack. (The photos I took turned out quite good & if I print tonight I'll enclose them.)

We didn't expect the car back till eight oclock so I had a chance to tour the town -- made about five dollars trading Egyptian paper money for Turkish silver, (as the rate of exchange here was much better than in Aleppo) -- Also spent an hour trying to learn a game called "Tavla" -- something like checkers -- but the Arabs were so polite that I couldn't watch the game for having to salaam ² & drink coffee with every new course. This was at a sort of open air "game room". The coffee was very good -- in spite of having had a fly removed with an old match stuck by my Arab host.

In the afternoon we had "rescued" a girl who now wanted us to go and get her baby, so after dark the interoreter & I went baby hunting by moonlight. No one was home, so we even searched the house under the protection of a soldier (with no cartridges in his gun.) (We had our own "pee shooters" tucked out of sight so felt safe enough.)

The car hadn't come back at 9.30. One of the officers had been very courteous to me and sent a soldier out for food. He brought back cucumbers, canteloupes, cheese & those pancake affairs they call bread. Our big family dined and then we prepared to spend the night in the courtyard. They provided the girls with two army overcoats each & brought the interpreter & me each a bed. After dark the interpreter was approached ^{by Arabs} three times with offers of big money for permission to take back their girls (The Arabs are almost

as bad liars as the Armenians & all insisted the girls were Kurds or Greeks or anything but what we came for. But the interpreter was honest. We sent a soldier to watch the house where the baby ought to be, & then went to sleep in the courtyard.

It must have been 1 A.M. when Dunnaway woke me. The car had just returned -- delayed on account of tire trouble going to Aleppo and losing the way returning to Bab. We woke the Governor, interviewed him (in his pajamas) about certain marriage laws & finally drove away from the city with the truck jammed full of girls.

It was a wonderful moonlight night -- and the trip home was great. The girls had never been in an auto before & so were tickled to death. We passed about a dozen caravans of camels & donkeys -- the Arabs like to travel by night when it is cool. It was like taking a kid from the country to New York -- especially when we got to Aleppo -- the girls all thought a two or three story house was a skyscraper. At 2 A.M. we were stranded in the desert with a flat tire. The rim wouldn't budge -- so we sang "Till the Sands of the Desert grow cold" & then it came off. It was broad day light when we pulled into Aleppo & deposited the girls in a courtyard -- everybody happy. Dunnaway says we got 25 girls not counting babies, & there were quite a few of them.

While I am writing this letter Dunnaway is away at Bab again after more girls. (Must close now, but will not mail this till he returns.)

Later: --

(Dunnaway returned with another car full of girls. He had more difficulty, as the Arabs disappeared when they heard the automobile. The next time he is going to send the Arab interpreter by horse and follow with a machine. Well, it certainly is good sport anyhow.)

General McAndrews died last night. He is the commander of all the British forces in north Syria -- and was in the front line of the troops all the way up from Damascus till they captured Aleppo. His funeral took place today & was very impressive. A gun carriage bore the casket with the general's cap & sword on top -- then came the general's horse led by an Indian -- followed by the staff officers, a brigade of Indian lancers on horse, & the "Shereefian" army, or Arab cavalry & infantry. I got some photos with Dr. Lambert's Graflex & have sent copies to the Public Ledger, with the request that if they don't use them, to send them on to Darby.

/20/19

(Sunday morning. Will finish this letter before lunch. Nothing new -- except I had a swim yesterday. A boy told us he knew where there was a swimming hole & we were mighty skeptical, but he led us to it. The water wasn't what you would call clean, but it was wet & fairly deep, and long. You wouldn't look at it even in Darby but you would here.

I'm getting to be a regular nurse or doctor now & feel like a malaria specialist. Dr. Lambert has told me how to diagnose & tried it so I have to make my rounds with thermometer & pills. -- doctors are so scarce they have to use us too. Tomorrow morning at 6.30 I'm to give ether for a couple of operations -- one on an eye, the other a mastoid -- from now on that is one of my duties at the eye hospital -- then I go out to the Barracks Hosp. Lab. & in the afternoon to Base Laboratory. Spare moments doctoring malaria patients, rescuing Armenian girls, writing letters, & once in a while something to eat.

Hope everybody at home is well. Is Mother's shoulder still improving? Hope it will soon be as good as ever. Tell Harold

Voclkel I'll write soon, but there is nothing doing here in Aleppo. Send more Literary Digests please. Give my regards to the C.E. society.

I forgot to say that the Amer. Peace Commission is here in Aleppo. Mike Dorizas ate with us at the Red Cross. I gave him the newspaper clipping about himself that you had sent me & he was very much pleased. He is a fine fellow. He & Dunnaway & I were all teaching at Penn at the same time, it seems. All sorts of Arab sheiks in full dress were in to see the Peace commission yesterday. Someone described the Peace Commission as the American Army in Turkey one Captain, a sergeant (Mike D.), a buckprivate, & a Y.M.C.A. man.

What's the sentiment in America about the A.C.R.N.E.? Lots of the A.C.R.N.E. here think the Armenians should soon take care of themselves. Is there any criticism of the management, etc.? Tell me all about it. We don't get any news at all here about anything. Is Wilson still President? Love from Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
July 31, 1919.

Dear Dad: --

Sorry I didn't get a chance to write several days ago, but as usual have been very busy. My work is getting too big now to handle -- and here in Aleppo conditions are good compared to the Caucasus. Up there the orphans get so little to eat they are actually starving in the orphanages. Food can't be obtained. Dr. Lambert gave a little talk a few evenings ago in Aleppo to the A.C.R.N.E. personnel & showed us that if it were not for the relief work we were doing here conditions would be just as bad in Aleppo as in the Caucasus. Some of the Americans had the idea we were not needed here -- but the truth is that the relief work here was handled so well by the British Army before we came that conditions never have been very bad. Besides, there have been no big epidemics here lately. Four cases of cholera were reported here today -- the first so far. Two of our women in The Caucasus have typhus -- Mrs. Higdon & Miss Anthony. They write from Fiftis & Erivan that in some places one nurse has to tend to over 700 cases -- that only the worst get any attention -- and that in some places men come every morning to carry out the dead. Miss Fairington has something like 20,000 orphans to look after. Here in Aleppo things are tame compared to that, but people who come thru from Beirut & Cairo say the A.C.R.N.E. is doing a tremendous work even here. I've told you before what is going on here -- our industrial work is being increased. A rug weaving factory is being established at the barracks, where I work. The Barracks is so large that 6,000 in it doesn't make any impression of crowding. Our hospital is growing. The lab is in my care now, as Miss Hill has been doing other work, & I have to do in one

day what five or six men would do at "Walter Reed." -- Besides the lab work I have a number of malaria patients to look after in the city, & tomorrow I'm to open a clinic for treatment of syphilis with salvaion. The native doctors have never used the preparation, but always used neo-salvaion so my job is to demonstrate the preparation of the drug & the technique of giving it in the veins.

Rescuing Armenian girls in spare moments still relieves the monotony. Last week Dunnaway insisted that I go with him on a girl hunt, & I didn't need any coaxing. I wrote before about our trip to Bab when we got two carloads, with prospects of many more. So off we went at 5 A.M. just Dunnaway & I, with one gendarme & an interpreter. We aren't very popular ourselves at Bab so went fully armed. Our Reo pulled up at the Serai in Bab before the governor was up, but we woke him, read him the order of the Arab Prince -- that all Armenians be released -- and asked him to have all Arabs who kept Armenians come to the Serai. He agreed -- sent gendarmes out to notify the Arabs, & set 2 P.M. as the time for the meeting. In order to waste no time, we started out for a small Arab tribe about 10 miles from Bab in order to get a girl we knew of there. The Governor of Bab came along for the ride. The road was bad -- in fact the bridges were built mostly for donkeys, so we crossed streams thru the water.

We got the girl without any special fuss & as it was still very early went on from village to village. The next stop we made was at a real Bedouin Arab village -- in the desert -- just a small tribe, a few mud cone-shaped houses and some black "Bedouin" tents. They were very courteous & hospitable -- perhaps because the Governor was along. First we were led into the "barnal hall"

or tribal house -- seated on soft rugs & cushions -- salaamed etc & then explained our errands. No fuss at all -- & soon three little girls were brought. They invited us to dinner. Dunaway told the interpreter to say no, we had no time, but the interpreter said "They will be insulted. They have already killed a lamb & are making coffee." It was only 9.30, so we compromised by going on to the next village, & promised to be back in time for dinner.

The next village was a repetition of the other visit -- with some side shows. While we were sitting on the tribal house drinking the bitter Arab coffee the gendarme collected the girls -- found one hidden in a well -- an Arab kid had shown him where the men had hidden her. While we were waiting, one of the young men of the tribe took me by the wrist, led me behind a house, made me sit on a saddle -- then started a dance. I never enjoyed a show more than that one. One old fellow played a flute made of reeds, the crowd kept time with their hands & feet & two young men did a sword dance -- very picturesque & wonderful. Then about a dozen did a peculiar dance together -- where they rub shoulders -- finally a typical dance of this country, not very good. About this time Dunaway found me -- thought I'd been murdered, & we went back to the other village for dinner, taking four more girls with us.

Dinner was unique to say the least. The whole tribe assembled to watch us eat. All the men sat around the room smoking -- the girls we had rescued were in a corner & all the village women & children outside cooked the meal. Of course we sat on the floor, on cushions. A cloth was spread on the floor & we gathered around it -- the Gov. of Bab, Dunaway, our interpreter, the chauffeur & I. First course -- buttermilk -- one bowl of it, passed around

from one to the other. -- the Gov. first then Dunnaway & I, so we only had one set of germs ahead of us. The same bowl went all around the room. Then Arab coffee -- one cup -- each person getting in it about a tablespoonful of the strongest bitterest coffee -- no sugar or milk. They boil it three times, letting it stand half an hour between each boil. I'll enclose a picture of them making it -- over a fire of camel's dung.

Then came the main dinner. An enormous platter at least 3 ft. in diameter -- was set in the middle of the cloth -- & heaped a foot & a half high with delicious boiled lamb & what looked like rice, but was whole wheat prepared so that you wouldn't know it from rice. Three of us were given wooden spoons. The rest had their fingers. Three bowls of a very good stew were brought in, too, -- a mixture of onions, tomatoes, etc., & we each had a few "sheets" of bread -- like dough rolled thin -- but very good.

The food was fine, but the method of eating was the best. We found it easier to eat the meat with our fingers than with spoons. The others all ate the wheat and everything by the handful. The old sheik served us himself, & to be polite picked out a handful of choice pieces of meat & threw them over to the Governor. Our chauffeur ate the most and so the sheik patted him on the back & gave him two more big handfuls of lamb. I think the chauffeur ate all four legs of that lamb. Then came cucumbers, & finally the finger bowl. We were in real style. An Arab poured water over our hands from a pitcher -- & the feast was over. The big platter was moved over to the other men -- same spoons, unwashed. Then the girls ate. After about thirty had eaten there was enough left to feed a village out of that one dish.

To pay for the meal we gave the village children a ride in the

auto & they had the time of their lives -- the first machine they had ever seen.

Our interpreter told us that all these tribes fight constantly with each other -- and there were enough rifles & old swords around to make that seem true.

Well, we finally got back to Bab at 2 P.M. with eight girls, and found that the gendarmes at Bab had fallen down on their job of collecting the guilty men. Dunaway told me to go on to three other villages while he tended to matters at Bab, so the interpreter, chauffeur & I spent the afternoon in a variety of adventures. At the first village we had the name of a man who had Armenian girls. He told me he had none. -- Later he said they had been there but had gone. After being polite a while I told him he was not telling the truth. He said "Search the house." We did, & found one girl hiding behind a door, & so took her. The girls have been traded & stolen so much they don't trust us at first and I can imagine how they must have been dragged out from behind doors before. It is always necessary for us to take them forcibly -- kicking screaming & crying -- but when they find we aren't deporting them again they are ashamed of the scenes they made. In the village we got another girl, after the gypsy woman who had her -- had almost walloped our gendarme.

At the next village there were no Armenians. At the third we visited we had a really heart breaking time. The story we got there is worth repeating, I think. We went first to the house of the "muchta" or chief.¹ He was a fine old man. After sitting down & having coffee we told him we had come for Armenian girls. He said he had five Armenians in his house -- they were in his family -- When we said we wanted them he told why he had them. There were

three boys & two girls in the family. He had known the family when they lived in Aintab, where they owned houses & farms. When the Turks deported them he went out of his way to find them -- the mother & father had been killed, so he took all five into his own house. The governor of Bab (not the present one) saw the two girls & demanded them, but the muchta & his brother defended them. The brother showed me four bullet wounds he had in the abdomen & legs as a result.

To confirm what he had said the old man sent for the boys & girls & questioned them so we could hear. They all loved the old man & it seemed a shame to take them away, but to make an exception would be fatal, especially as this was the chief of the village. The old fellow consented & told the boys & girls to go -- and then the tears started. The whole village came to say goodbye and I never heard such weeping. Boys would come & shake hands solemnly with the Armenian boys & then would turn away & burst into tears. The old muchta & his brother were both "all in" & the girls couldn't have felt worse when the Turks deported them. It was so painful & heartrending that soon our chauffeur & gendarme had tears in their eyes -- which is going some for hardboiled men that they are. We knew that the boys & girls would be much better off in Aintab, so insisted on taking them. The old man came along with the girls to Bab to help comfort them. When the machine left the village the whole population & the contents of the Reo all wailed "Goodbye". It was terrible. The girls didn't unveil till they got to Aleppo.

While we were gone Dunaway got nine more in Bab, so in all we had twenty five -- enough for two truck loads. Twelve were left in the Serai under guard & the rest of us started home -- the old

man insisting on coming along with his five adopted children. He cried the whole way in -- quietly -- until we got a puncture -- just at sunset -- so he got out, spread his coat on the ground & prayed to Allah for some time. He really was a peach, & we all felt sorry for him. The girls were all happy by this time & enjoyed the auto ride -- especially after we turned on the headlights. It was a beautiful night. A band of armed men passed us once while we were stalled with another flat tire -- our gendarme & interpreter insisted they were highwaymen & I don't have any doubt about it myself, but seeing our rifles they let us alone. The night before a man & his donkey had been killed near this same place. The dead donkey was still there.

The truck load of girls was finally deposited in the courtyard of the Employment Bureaus, & provided with food & blankets. I took a photo the next morning of the group & will enclose it if I can print tomorrow, noon. Dunaway & Dr. Lambert went after the other twelve the next afternoon. The girls were put in the Rescue Home here until they can be sent to their former homes. The little ones can't remember anything but their life in the Arab villages. I saw them on Sunday and they are all happy & want to go on to Aintab or Ismid or wherever they lived before.

Apparently the Aleppo district is the only one which has succeeded in repatriating Armenians on even a small scale. The other recovered cities have only a few, but many Americans are escaping from the Turks & Arabs without assistance.

At the Barracks yesterday I saw a group of boys & girls in costumes worn by Arab tribes, so I asked where they came from, & they told me they had escaped from the Arabs at Der Elzor near the Euphrates & had gone to Aleppo by donkey. I have their picture.

The girl who helps in the lab told me two days ago that her sisters were still prisoners at Der Elzor. She had escaped with her daughter when she heard the British captured Bagdad, & rode to the British lines on a donkey, then worked in their hospitals.

The little girl who waits on the table at the A.C.R.N.E. dining room told me her father, mother & sisters were all killed, but one brother whom they had left as dead had apparently recovered, as she had just heard from him. She is a very pretty girl & I asked how she had escaped. She said "My mother was very pretty, so she and I painted our faces with mud & dirt, but later they killed her." This girls name means "Sunshine," so everybody calls her that.

Any Armenian can tell you the most horrible stories.

Dunaway went this afternoon to the Aleppo house of Mutchum Bey -- the Arab chief of Jabal Ali, where we went on the fourth of July & were unsuccessful in getting the girls. The chief had said a few days later he didn't care about the British or anybody else, so the British arrested him at Damascus a few days ago on a technical charge of traveling without passport. So today Dunaway went to his house in Aleppo, where he keeps an Armenian girl. The chief's clerk was very courteous & gave him coffee, then said "Here in Aleppo we give you coffee. But out in the desert we will talk to you with rifles. If Mutchum Bey is not sent back to Aleppo & freed by the British in five days, there will be a real massacre". As Mutchum Bey is the most important of the tribal chiefs near Aleppo there may be something in what the Arab said, but we would all like to see them start something. At any rate Dunaway isn't a very popular man among the Arabs & Turks.

The British hung five Turks here in Aleppo yesterday. They

He was in jail, so wasn't there.

had committed horrible atrocities during the massacres, & hanging was too good for them.

Two Americans came thru here this week -- A Major ? & a Sergeant Larry Browne, in the Intelligence service. Browne said to me "Is there anybody here from Phila?" I said "Ever hear of Darby?" He turned up his nose and laughed, and asked if I knew Geo. Ott or the Shinns. He asked to have his regards sent to Geo. Ott with the message that he had just been in every country in Europe & was on his way across the Sahara, then to South America. -- He is a C.H.S. man & played either football or baseball with Ott.

(Found it.)

Did I acknowledge a letter I got last week from Stuart? [^]
Was very interesting, & told me lots of news.)

I was very glad to get one from home this morning written on June 29. I was very sorry to hear of Ralston Willis's death. What was the cause? Glad the Bible school is getting started so well. This last letter got here in one month. They are usually 2 months on account of going thru the A.C.R.N.E. in Constantinople. If you sent thru Cairo, or just addressed "S.E. Kerr, A.C.R.N.E., Aleppo, Turkey" they would come quicker, but if I should be moved to another city it would complicate matters, so keep the same address. The glasses haven't come yet. By whom did you send them? By the way don't send magazines if you have to pay first class rates for them. I have had only the one package of Literary Digests, so, since the others have not come, don't send more, but thanks just the same. Mother asks what girls are in Aleppo. We have almost 50 Americans here in All -- among the girls are Miss Van Dyke, who seems to be fairly human after all; Miss Justina Hill -- my lab side-kick and a real girl -- from Smith College, her friend Elma Guest is running an orphanage. Dr. Hall^{Red Cross} (female) is running the barracks hospital. Miss MacNeill runs a sewing establishment with 250 women employed

Miss Clara Gallant, Miss Shabe, Miss Teal, are nurses. Miss Mildred James is ass't treasurer. Miss Eugenia Valentine & I work together in the Base Lab if she doesn't have a date with a British officer or a headache. Dr. Rosenberg (female) is the general subject of discussion when we crab about meals rooms, etc. In other words she is the chief of house committee. We have organized an "Anti-crabbers Association" the most exclusive in Syria. Rules forbid crabbing except at weekly meetings. Miss Hill was the founder, & was unanimously elected the Crusty Crustacean. Every week someone (outside the society) is voted to be the subject of our inward contempt for one week. Isn't that a very worth while society?(?) We always have eats if we can rustle them. Our menu is rather monotonous -- some sort of native squash is camouflaged so that we don't know whether it is fish, pudding, pancakes or what, but we have it all the time -- eggs, chlorinated water, rice or spaghetti, once in a while some really good meats & potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers chlorinated tea -- figs or pomegranates -- both of them much better to look at than eat. Figs are horrible when ripe & fresh -- improve with age. Yaourt otherwise called Lebon, or matzoun, airan, or ordinary thick buttermilk or sour milk is a "steady", & very good & nourishing.

Am glad to hear you are all planning vacations. Be sure & rest good. Hope the dye business is improving and also the teaching business. Hope Marion writes her impressions of Washington, Walter Reed, etc. About that letter you wanted me to write, Mother, I'm no good at writing "moving" heartrending letters & don't intend to try. Read some letter of mine to the Ladies Missionary Society that will give them all a good shock, & tell them to give their money to the mission boards. Enough has been given for relief,

at least from the Aleppo standpoint. But the people in the Caucasus are really suffering, & there will be hard times this winter. We are at the tail end of war relief & at the beginning of the reconstruction period here. Lots to be done yet. Must close. Loads of love to all the house -- & to the house of Adamses -- and friends.

Stanley

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

ALEPPO. SYRIA
AUGUST FOURTH NINETEEN NINETEEN

Dear Folks

Leave it to the two Penn men in the organization to find the easy way to do everything, even writing letters. We have decided that it is a waste of time to write the same things to so many different people, so we have done what other bright people, ahem! sometimes do, formed a syndicate and gone into the business of letter writing on a wholesale plan. So if this lacks some of the personal flavor, it will be better than no letter at all, at least this is our hope? So here goes. Stanley Kerr on the dictating end, and John Dunaway at the machine.

To start in with we are the two most pronounced and incurable photo bugs in the organization. At some meeting or other one good careful Scotch woman inquired how the younger and more frivolous members of the party ever managed to spend twenty five dollars a month, which you will perhaps recall is the salary we receive. Well at the time I told her that I am investing in Real Estate (J.D. is saying this) but as a matter of fact we have spent more money and time taking pictures than in any other way? And of course this country is the picture taker's paradise. On every hand something out of the ordinary, something that a year ago we would have thought impossible, presents itself to view. The A C R N E has a Graflex camera in the outfit, and Kerr is the official custodian of it, while Dunaway's standby is a post card size kodak. If you do not receive a lot of pictures in this letter you are not being treated right. There would be more if photo print paper were not so hard to get. Sometimes it can not be secured for love or money, and it always takes a lot of money. And more than half the time it

is no good after it is procured.

We are going to take for granted that you know how we got down here to Aleppo. But to recapitulate, as the orators would say, we crossed to France on the Leviathan, from Brest to Marseilles on the American Hospital train, from Brest to Constantinople on the British Hospital ship, the Gloucester Castle, of the famous Castle line of steamers that formerly plied between England and South Africa. It does not seem fair to dispose of such a trip in so few words for parts of it were wonderful, and all of it unusual to those who had never been out of sight of land in all our lives. The Leviathan, formerly the Fatherland is the biggest ship afloat? Otherwise we can not hand it much. It was raining in Brest, and was very muddy, so we knew we had reached France. We saw coils of American soldiers, all anxious to get home, and all wanting to know how things were back in old Pa. or Ill. or Missouri as the case might be. And all were amazed that any group of people could be so far gone in the head as to leave the United States unless they had to. France had that well manicured look that we had expected. We saw little or no evidence of the war except quantities of soldiers. Every French officer old enough to sprout a beard had a Croix de Guerre. Some of our crowd bought them for a dollar each for souvenirs. The ship stopped at Saloniki for three days. It is far the most picturesque town that we have seen. All the costumes of the world are there as well as all the different peoples of the world. Not so very long ago the town had been more than half destroyed by fire and yet it has twice as many people in it today as ever before. The bugs and vermin had not been destroyed, only concentrated. There was a British General on board, that was most agreeable. If you are up on the war as you

should be, you will remember Gen. Hugh Gough, at one time the most talked of and abused man in the whole war. But we are sure that all the criticism of him was not merited. But we will leave his defense to others. He was very handy to have along for in Saloniki he secured a couple of fine autos and took a party out to Seres, sixty miles or so away, on the Bulgarian frontier. We passed the famous Sturmer valley where for four years and more the Greeks and Bulgarians, with a little help from the other nations, pounded one another and took and retook the valley. Seres was three times bombarded, captured and recaptured, and today is a sorry specimen indeed. One of the first persons to spy us was an American Red Cross man, and I am very sorry that I can not remember his name. Constantinople was disappointing. It is too large for description in anything less than a book, and for such a description look in Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad. It was written forty years or so ago, but it is still as true to life as when it was written. The only word that fits the case at all is dirt, spelled so with capitals DIRT. But at a distance it looks a good deal like a city, surely plenty of people. But it seems to take a long time to get to Aleppo.

The warehouses of the A C R N E were located forty five mile away from Constantinople at Derindje, on the Gulf of Ismid. There were a good many interesting things connected with the place. In the harbor were some rather interesting ships, the old Goeben, which had had such an eventful career, and which was still flying the Turkish flag. There were some captured German submarines which we went through, and swiped a few things just to keep our hand in. One of these boats had accounted for eighty allied ships during the war. Then there was a Russian battleship which the British had possession of. There was not a removable object left on board.

We know for we tried all afternoon to find something which could^{be} be
 pried loose, but to no purpose. It seems to us that we stayed in
 Derindje a long time. The cargo of supplies was in an awful mess,
 and it took a long time to straighten it out. Lack of foresight
 and lack of head work on the part of the management. Imagine eight-
 een thousand tons of goods in boxes and bales all piled in indis-
 criminate on twelve floors of these immense warehouses, and what
 would happen if you wanted a certain box containing say surgical
 instruments and you not only did not know how the box looked on the
 outside, but you had no idea under the sun where the box was at!

But the units finally got away, slowly, but too fast really
 for the conditions that were met with in the interior. Life was
 never very orderly here in the East, and at the present time no one
 knows where he is at, in government and authority, except that where
 the British Army is there is some semblance of order and security.
 We do not mean to intimate that there were any wars going on, but
 every thing seemed paralyzed and slow in a way that had not dreamed
 about. The Turks were still very much in evidence around Derindje
 and Constant. They seemed meek enough, but a surprising number were
 armed. We never strolled far away without carrying cannons of one
 sort or another but there was no trouble. The only things that
 needs be said about the people in that part of the world that does
 not seem true down here is that down here they carry loads on the
 backs of donkeys and camels, and around Const. men are the beasts
 of burden and carry enormous loads on their backs.

Travelling in Turkey has its disadvantages. Every once in a
 while we would stop on a siding all night while half the train would
 be pulled to the top of a hill. Once we stopped out in the midst
 of a never ending plain while the engine went to the next town for

water. Fuel is very scarce, and the engines all seem to have the asthma or some other wheeze of the lungs. The road beds are very well made and in good repair. The first thing noticed is that the ties are of iron. We travelled in style and some comfort though in spite of all the difficulties. There were five persons to each box car. (Cars about half as big as in America, but each marked, "eight horses or forty men" We put up our beds and were at home for the eight days of the journey. There was a cook car where we had good American grub, almost ruined and always beyond recognition after passing through the hands of the native cooks. The tunnels through the Taurus mountains are the most extensive system in the whole world, so we are told, and the canyons and other things that go with mountains make a most beautiful piece of scenery. These tunnels were completed during the war by the Germans, largely with the help of British prisoners of war, whose graves dot the hillside and give evidence of the way they were treated. Some of the Syrian party went on to Beirut, and stayed there. J.D. went on to Beirut but came back the next week because the work there is not heavy and the personnel large in comparison with this field.

We hope that the color of this stationery does not give you the "willies." Like everything else in this queer country it is loud in color, and yet here no color sound or smell is even considered loud or even unusual. If you could just drop in here from America this morning you would think you were in the land of Alladin. Men wear skirts with baggy trousers underneath, though they sometime leave off the skirts. Always there is the bright sash, some of them very expensive, and all sorts of interesting headgears from the ever present red fez to the brilliant silk kafirs with tassels

and the enormous camel hair rope that keeps it on the head. If any of the men in our party were to appear on the street with an American girl's kimono, a bed room cap, pink satin slippers, he would not be noticed or create comment on the street. Just dress up in civilized American clothes and walk through the bazar and every shop keeper takes you for a victim and thinks he is going to sell some silks or rugs at five times their real value. The shop keepers however do not find the Americans such easy marks as they once thought, and some of our party really get the better of the natives when it comes to bargaining. Bargaining is a fine art here. The first price you are safe in assuming is three times the one really expected for the article. It is great fun to Jew an Arab down to one third of his first price, but even then he gets much the better of the bargain. Of course we all speak Arabic and Turkish to say nothing of Armenian fluently. Malcom, queiskotere, finish are the three words one hears the most, the latter the English vocabulary of almost every native.¹

But there isn't much time for bazaaring here in Turkey these days. Just listen to what is being done here in Aleppo, and remember that relief work is so well organized here in Aleppo that one doesn't notice much distress, while in other parts of the country there is a great deal of suffering from disease, lack of food and clothes and no work. Conditions are extremely bad in northern Armenia and the Caucasus, from the reports we hear.

Aleppo is sort of clearing station for returning refugees. It is on the edge of the desert, and nearly all the deported Armenians passed thru here on their way to exile. The few who return come here first for relief -- then gradually return to their former homes, in ruins now. So here in Aleppo our organization runs an enormous military barracks formerly the Turkish Barracks. Here

over 6000 refugees are housed, given blankets and rations and a job. The children are put in a school, and the women either knitt or go out for work. We have here a 150 bed hospital. Here is where Kerr hangs out his shingle-"Laboratory"-and terrorizes the patients with a big needle, with which he bleeds them to look for the elusive malaria bug.

Dunaway amuses himself wrecking Arab hareems, and as a result is probably the most popular(?) American among the nativemen. He has to hang a small cannon over one shoulder to keep the crowd back when he goes girl hunting. It really is a shame the way he breaks up happy family life. Once in a while Kerr shows a little compassion on his fellow alumnus and helps in the dirty work. Last week WE had a great time and one day rescued 25 Armenian girls from Turkish and Arab hareems. When the Armenians were deported the Arabs raided the caravans and stole the women girls and often the babies. The men had for the most part been killed before they got the Arabs. Some took these poor people out of pity. We had such an interesting trip that we can not help but tell you all about it.

First of all a little preamble. These girl hunts are not like our wild bear hunt near Bardizak, where the best policy is to still hunt in the moon light, if it does not rain. Girl hunting is a science. Some one tells where he thinks the girl is Authority is then secured from the British and Arab governments, and off we go with a light Reo truck, with interpreters, gendarmes, and all of us well armed.

We left Aleppo at five A.M. for the town of Bab, about thirty miles away, thrity miles of desert, passed long caravans of don-keys and camels, through two Arab villages of cone shaped mud

houses, looking for all the world like enormouse bee farms Bab itself is a little more modern, and has in addition to the cone shaped houses, some square flat roofed mud houses, gener ally white washed a brilliant white, if white could be so spoken of. The Arab Governor was not yet out of bed when we arrived at the Serai. But we had been there before for women and girls, and had caused so much excitement that he was not long in appearing on the scene. We had taken in all thirty six girls from this village before this. This time our method was a little different. John D. asked the governor to produce the men who had girls in their homes After a short pow wow the gov. se sent out the gendarmes with instructions to have all known holders of female real estate to appear at two p.m. Since there was no need to waste all morning waiting so off we went on a scouting trip to the small Arab tribes in the desert surrounding Bab. The Gov. went along for the ride, but turned out to be very useful, since the Arab sheiks were all subject to him, and as a result our party received every courtesy and attention possible. As we came close to the first of the small villages the inhabitants naturally surrounded us to see their first automobile. We had the name of one girl in this village. The governor sent for the Mukda of the village, and demanded that she be produced. Her owner was sent for. He begged for time, but wesaid nothing doing, but get busy at once. Our private cop went for her while the Mukda served coffee and had his first photo taken. We left with such suddenness that one of the gendarmes left us head over heels, but fortunately was not hurt. There was no road, merely a camel path across the hills and valleys and amongst the stones and scrub grass. The next stop was at the tribal house of the head of a small tribe, where we received the kind of hospitality that you only read about in the United States, but which the Arabs can do

to perfection. The best of everything was ours. First of all the old chief led us into the tribal house where we sat on the floor on soft cushions and rugs, while the Arabs outside prepared coffee, brought us hand made cigarettes. After a time the interpreter explained our errand, and to be sure our own importance and authority did not suffer any in his explanation. His argument was so convincing that without any protest the girls were sent for, and soon five had been collected. The old chief explained that he would be forever ashamed if we left his village without first eating with him. We compromised by taking him with us to the next village, of which he was also one of the head men, where the same ritual was gone through as before, and three women secured. In the second village we had the usual coffee and conversation. Here one of the Arab men hid a girl in a well, but one of the little boys gave it away on him, and she was brought along with the rest. While Dunaway was in taking part in the conversation, coffee, etc, Kerr was taking in the village, followed by the usual crowd of natives. He was led behind the house, and given a seat of honor on a camel saddle, while some native dances were pulled off for his benefit. One old man played near music on a near flute, while the rest kept time by clapping their hands on their knees, while two young men with long curls did a unique sword dance, introducing some fancy steps and fencing poses. Another group of men later did the regular eastern muscle dance, described so eloquently by the barker in the circus, "she dances not with the feet alone, but with her whole body!" After taking some pictures, we went back to the other village and had a regular feast, done up in the regular Arabian Delmonico style. A sheep had been killed especially for us, and the native women prepared it outdoors over a fire of camel dung.

We sat on the floor in the tribal house, while the whole village gathered to see us eat. The men sat around the well and smoked their nargalis, while the old chief himself did us the honor to wait on the table to see that it was done correctly and that no soup was spilled down our backs. Of course in these villages there are no such things as bacteria. So there is the common drinking cup for the coffee and the one bowl for the sour milk. The first course, one bowl of sour milk, passed around the ring, beginning with the governor. Next course, Arab coffee, one table spoonful of the bitterest concoction in the world, not even excluding Child's restaurants. Next a cloth was spread two feet high with wheat boiled and prepared like rice only better to the taste, and this pyramid covered with delicious hunks of broiled lamb. The Governor and the Americans were honored with immense wooden spoons, but the others ate catch as catch can. We all fell too, and of the crowd the jew chauffeur did the honors of the occasion with his truly remarkable influence over food. One feature of the affair was the old chief's attention to the governor, whose appetite was poor due perhaps to the auto ride. The old man would pick out the choicest morsels of lamb and pitch them across the ring to the governor who of course had to make good even though he was sick at his tummy. The chauffeur was also patted on the back in appreciation of his work in the gastronomic line. There was also four bowls of tomato stew, which Kerr and Dunaway were fortunate enough to share one. The last course cucumbers, pared to order while we waited, and we wound it all up by washing our hands, though we thought the Moslems washed before they ate. After we were through the Armenian

the job so Dunaway stayed to hasten action while Kerr took the car and went after more girls in the surrounding villages. One girl was dragged from behind a door, and five children were taken amidst the tears of the whole village. These children were brothers and sisters, and apparently were loved by the whole village. Their story is worth repeating. The old chief of this tribe had somehow known these children and their parents when they lived in Aintab before the massacres. When they were deported, the old Arab rescued the five children, but could not prevent the slaughter of the father and mother. He took the boys and two girls to his own house and treated them as his own children. The Turk who was governor of Bab at the time saw the girls and demanded them from the old chief. In protecting them the chief received four bullets in his thigh and abdomen. He showed Kerr the wounds, and said: "After I have protected these children for four years are you going to take them away?" It does seem unfair to the old sheikh, but of course the best thing for the children was to take them and send them back to Aintab, where they owned land and houses. It was a heart-braking task tearing the boys and girls away from their Arab home, and there was much wailing and tears. The whole village came to say goodbye, and even our hardboiled driver and the gendarme were affected. The old chief insisted on coming clear into Aleppo in our crowded car with his "children", and cried the whole way in.

Returning to Bab with eight Armenian children Kerr found Dunaway waiting with nine new additions, making a total haul of 25 for the day. The Reo had a capacity of about 14, so half of our family was left in the police station for the night with the promise that the car would return the following day for them, and finally with a full load we headed home. All day there had been no sign of

engine or tire trouble, but going home we had two punctures. The old chief at these occasions prayed to Allah while we changed tires. He sure was a peach and we all felt sorry for him. It was a beautiful night and the girls soon stopped crying over this new "deportation" and began to enjoy the ride immensely. Several of them were so young they could remember nothing of their former homes and didn't even know they were Armenians. These are the kind of orphans that will have to be cared for permanently. The others are sent on to their old homes as soon as it is certain they will be cared for there.

The car went for the rest of the girls the next day, and all were deposited finally in the A.C.R.N.E. Refuge home, where in one day they were as happy as they could be.

A great many Armenians are escaping from the Arab villages without assistance. A few days ago fifteen boys and three girls arrived in Aleppo on donkeys from Der-El-Zor near the Euphrates -- too far away for us to touch. Kerr took their picture in desert costume at the barracks.

This blasted letter has taken all morning to be written using the Hunt and One-finger system, on an Underwood. Dinner is ready, so let me stop for nourishment.

Nassaleymi.

We were going to discuss the political situation after dinner, but it is too hot so you are spared. Dunaway's temperature rose one degree while abusing this typewriter so Kerr put him to bed and now officially brings this lengthy epistle to an abrupt finish.

TANAM.

SEKerr

To the family of James R. Kerr

Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria
Aug. 19, 1919.

Dear Stuart,

I'm writing this letter in the lab -- 6 P.M. while waiting for my still to make enough water for tomorrow's salvarsan injections. My fountain pen is dry so I'm writing with Loeffler's methylene blue. Hope it doesn't fade out before this letter gets home. I had a letter from you a few days ago and was very glad to get it and to hear the news about the Ford. Hope it is better than the one that takes me to the barracks every day. The barracks is about two miles out of town and I'm lucky if we get there without a flat tire. Every inner tube on it has six or seven patches. Today we bumped into a donkey but no damage was done either to the Ford or the donkey. How is the dye business? Aleppo is still pretty well loaded up with German dyes. This town seems to be a sort of commercial center. It is the "hub" of the caravan routes from India & China, and Egypt, Persia, etc. A Britisher lectured here at the Y.M.C.A. a few nights ago on "Mesopotamia, the Key to the Future" and showed how important Aleppo was commercially. He also made some remarks about America that we all were mad about, especially as he had just had dinner with us. Several Indian officers got up and left when he said the Indian nation loved the British. The British officers didn't seem to think he had been very diplomatic.

Another fellow and I had the pleasure a few days ago of telling a New York preacher here we would punch his face if he didn't apologize to a certain English officer and to one of our girls. He is a big bluff and sure did crawl. Perhaps Dad may have heard of him -- Dr. Daum is his name. He wants to go around and see the

country and let the rest do the work, and makes nasty remarks about the rest, so we fixed him. As the British say, we got his "wind up" all right.

The lab work is very interesting. Here is a sample of days work -- examination of about five specimens of feces for amoeba, ova of worms, etc. -- about five or ten routine urine exams, several sputums for T.B., about 6 to 10 bloods for malaria or relapsing fever, throat smears for diphtheria or Vincent's angina, smears for gonococci, etc. Besides this I have to prepare Dakins solution & Fischers solution every day, and get everything sterilized for operations with the lab autoclave, and once a week give the salvarsan injections, which means considerable work. We are just having running water put in the lab so soon I'll be able to do blood analyses for urea, nonprotein nitrogen, etc. Wish I had a few chemicals that I don't have -- like pure picric acid, lots of sulphuric acid, pot. bichromate, bromine, etc. All our bromine evaporated on the way over. If you are in the Phila. book store sometime see if they could send me Hawkes Physiological Chemistry.

If the shipping price is very high don't bother, but if the book could be sent I'd be tickled to death. You might ask about it, and if you do buy it, take it out of my bank account. Lambert kept saying one was coming, but it didn't. Some of our supplies just arrived two days ago.

Am going to develop pictures tonight. The last batch I did were quite good -- I'll enclose a few. The U.P.K. pictures haven't been good because I haven't yet got it slowed down enough -- the light is so brilliant you can hardly help over exposing. On Thursday morning I'm to photograph the governor of North Syria with all his troops drawn up for the occasion. Sunday morning I took a few

photos on the citadel -- the big castle in the center of the city. A cannon was being fired from the old wall and I tried to snap it, but jumped so when it went off I don't know whether the gun got in the picture or not.

I've been out camel riding several times lately in the evenings and it certainly is fine. One evening a party of us went out by moonlight thru a section of the country to the south, where there are big orchards of figs and pomegranates & pistachios. They are very picturesque -- lots of old time irrigation wheels, funny shacks, etc. Racing on camels sure is great sport. The motion when walking is almost exactly like being in a row boat with a big steamer passing. Two women who went along had a funny experience -- both of them were too old for camel rides anyway. One of them let go of her lead rope, so the next woman in line thought she must get off to get it. She tried to slide over the side of the camel, but her dress caught on the pomel and she hung in mid air. The first woman lost her head, and slid off her camel, rolled underneath, & kept hollering "I'm coming". She finally boosted her friend back on the camel, got the ropes and on again. Some women! We had a fine 15 mile jaunt and got back at midnight.

Dunaway came back from Marash today and said he and I were invited to go up there in September for a few days vacation to go hunting for wild boar, quail, rabbits, etc. One of the doctors there caught a young wild boar. If Doctor Lambert will let me take the time off I'll certainly go. It is too dark to write anymore so must close. Wish you were over here to help in the work, which is really very interesting and to enjoy the country. It certainly is unusual and there isn't anything monotonous about it. There is always just enough danger and excitement in almost any trip you

make to make it interesting. Love to all the family and friends.
Had a fine letter from Elliott from Brest. Will write to him
soon. Give my regards to Jack Bounds when you see him.

Stanley

*

To Stuart Kerr
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria
Aug. 24, 1919.

Dear Mother,

Some mail came a few days ago from Constant. and I got my share all right -- a letter from home, three others, four literary digests & three Penn Gazettes -- for all of which I thank you very much. The Literary Digests have a waiting list already, and Dunaway wants to see the Penn magazines. Was glad to hear all the home news. I had a letter from Elliott from Brest & he enclosed a lot of pictures which had been sent him from Darby. It was great to see the tennis court, etc. and some real white people again. Also had a laboratory letter from Walter Reed with notes from several of my friends -- they mentioned Marion having given my address. The Lt. who took my place was at Rockefeller with me and is going to Penn this fall, he says. His name is Henningson, a U. of Wisconsin graduate. I'm glad Marion enjoyed her stay in Washington. I've seen the camp where she stayed.

I decided last night there wasn't anything to write home about unless I did something first, so this morning I did it -- not exciting, but very interesting, and amusing. The work at the Barracks has been increasing by jumps, and my lab mate -- Miss Hill -- leaves for Harpoot this week so I've been rushed to a frazzle -- so decided to take a long hike this A.M. as we have Sundays off. Only three people showed up for breakfast but I persuaded one of them -- Miss Wickett -- called "O. So Wicked" -- to come along. We didn't know where we were going but hiked along the road towards Aintab, past several Indian camps, the old German barracks, and past a quarry where the British are getting stone for monuments to Allenby, etc. Several caravans passed us and finally Miss Wickett had a brilliant idea -- "Why not ride?" The camels are always tied

in a long string.--the neck of one, fastened by a rope to the saddle ahead -- so a friendly passerby understood our intentions, cut the rope of the last two camels and tried to make them kneel. Miss Wicket's did but mine wouldn't, so I climbed up by way of the neck and off we went. The leader of the caravan didn't miss his two camels for some time -- then saw us following in the rear -- but a little "baksheesh"¹ made him all right. After a half hour's jaunt we saw an Arab village about a mile to the left of the road, so jumped off, and walked over, our caravan going on. It was one of those villages of cone shaped huts. We didn't know what we were getting into, but marched up to the village, the whole population appearing on the roofs. They probably thought we were after Armenian girls. I had the Graflex along and that saved the day. They all wanted their pictures taken and I think I got some "beauts". The Arab women outside Aleppo don't veil, and here they had on all sorts of bracelets, half a dozen necklaces each and brilliant colored waists and trousers. If the pictures turn out good I'll send copies home. I also got photos of the women washing the grain, sifting out dirt, and one of two men separating the chaff from the wheat by throwing it into the wind. The camera amused them immensely, and every time after I had taken a picture, the one who had been taken would come up to look in the finder to see his picture.

These people were very friendly -- wanted to know if Miss Wicket was my wife -- and policy was to say yes -- they admired her dress, wrist watch, etc. just as much as we admired their picturesque costumes. By pointing to our mouths we invited ourselves to dinner. An old woman led us into a small house -- one room -- but very clean. On the wall were pictures of Enver Pasha and Talaat

3

Pasha -- also native woven tapestries, a fine rifle, etc. The dirt floor was covered with a sort of mat of dry grass, and they gave us cushions to sit on -- then came a little luncheon. -- We were on the floor of course, so they placed a mat of woven straw before us and on it a big brass bowl of delicious watermelon, and native bread which was really fine -- It looked like pretzels -- but apparently was merely the wheat ground between stones, salt added, and then baked. The whole gang sat and watched us eat -- even a donkey poked his nose in the door to see what was going on. After devouring about half of the melon and wondering where to put the seeds -- a man brought a bowl of water -- imagine finger bowls in an Arab hut! Then the men grabbed what was left, & threw handfuls of seeds across the room at the bowl. Finger bowls are rather essential when you eat with your fingers.

The meal over we departed -- leaving some "baksheesh" behind and a nice old Arab made us come & visit his house -- where we saw a fine old rug -- and then we tramped the whole way back to Aleppo -- about 5 miles -- but very hot and very dusty. All the camels & donkeys going toward Aleppo were loaded down with charcoal, wool, etc. from the country -- so nothing to do but walk -- but it was a fine trip anyway.

Sundays here are usually very hot and tedious unless we take a hike. In the evening there are services at the Y.M.C.A., to which we always go. A Wesleyan named Fiddick preaches and he is a crackerjack. The service is for British tommies, but we butt in. The British boys certainly sing well. There are no missionaries in Aleppo as far as I can see -- too many in Beirut, they say. Dr. Shepard, the son of the missionary who died here, came recently and is in Aintab now. He appears to be a fine man.

The lab work is very interesting. Since Miss Hill is leaving I employed a native who says he knows all the sciences, but confessed he hadn't studied chemistry, astronomy & a few others. He would make a fine Charlie Chaplin, & actually runs in circles around the lab trying to be of help. His biggest fault is he wants to practise his English and talks a blue streak. He can do T. B. examinations & urinalysis so is quite a help. We have one case of typhus in the hospital. I bled him, & am going to do a series of analyses on him if I can get my ^{chem.} Δ apparatus started. Dr. Hall, the only surgeon & real ^{Amer.} Δ doctor in Aleppo is going back to America soon, so there will be changes soon. She gives me more trouble than work anyhow -- sends for me when she is operating, to make kidney function tests, etc., & interrupts the lab work. But I feel that the work I'm doing is really worth while for the Armenians, as they get little enough medical attention.

The preacher who made himself obnoxious some time ago & had a call from Winnet and me is being nasty again, so the heavy artillery may start up this week. He is awfully disagreeable to one of the Smith college girls who is acting as nurse in his orphanage, simply because he dislikes her -- she is very conscientious about the orphans, while he seems to have come over on a joy ride. We promised to punch him & expect to do it.

The Armenians are in constant fear of another massacre & reports -- usually false -- come of massacres in Harpoot, Sivas, & Caesarea. They say the Armenians have all left Sivas. Friday had been set for a massacre here in Aleppo, the Armenians say, & most of them kept indoors -- but nothing happened, except a British aeroplane hovered over the city most of the day, which made us think the British were taking no chances. We have a machine gun

mounted at the Barracks covering the approach, & a husky squad of Hindoos on duty with it, besides about 50 Hindoo cavalrymen, or "lancers" stationed in the barracks court. The British learned the lesson of watchfulness in Cairo, where they lost a lot when the 'Gypo's turned on them, so they are taking no chances here.

Dunaway continues to gather in Armenian girls. He is in Bab again today. Lately he visited the Kurds & got 24 from them, near Katmay.

Must close now. Loads of love to all from Stanley.

P.S. Do you want me to bring back any of the embroidery lace or drawn work done by refugees? If any of the Darbyites want any, let me know. We are selling it, and at good profit in ord

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
Sept. 7, 1919.

Dear Dad,

I've started this letter twice and hope to finish this time without interruptions. No mail has come for me for several weeks, probably on account of the courier service being discontinued, but I hope to get some soon. You might as well address me direct to Aleppo now, care of A.C.R.N.E. as mail comes quicker thru Cairo. My glasses never came. Why not ask the N.Y. office by whom they sent them, and then I'll write to that person here in Turkey.

I suppose you are all back from vacation today and are having a grand reunion. Some of our personell are taking short vacations before settling down to the fall & winter work. Dunaway & Magee : I are going hunting for a few days near Marash on Sept. 15 -- hope to get some boar, gazelles, & smallgame.

The work is going along fine here in Aleppo. Do you get the A.C.R.N.E. new bulletins? We get a weekly paper called the "Acorne" which never says much about Aleppo, but from what other places district are reporting, the Aleppo seems to be doing a big piece of relief work. My work is very interesting -- I spend practically all my time now in the barracks hospital laboratory and have it all to myself now as Miss Hill has gone to Harpoot. It keeps me on the move looking for malaria, T.B. etc. I have a fine little lab, equipped with most everything I need. It looks, however, as if I would be saying goodbye to it before long. Dr. Lambert has sent for Miss Peers from Marash (she is a lab worker) & says he wants to send me to Marash soon, & then to other stations for some special work; I don't know what he has in mind.

I will try to remember to enclose some pictures in this

P.S. I'm n
keeping a di
ary anymore
so if you
will keep al
my letters
they will do
instead.

letter. There have been so many "publicity" men coming thru here lately that we are sick of them now -- It seems as if more men are coming around to inspect things than there are workers. Some people have a continual joyride around the country "inspecting" & criticizing. I get my share of the bother and have to supply the publicity men with photos of the work. I like to take pictures but not to develop them for other people all the time.

Last week end I had a very interesting trip to Jerablus, near the ancient Hittite city of Charamasa(?) on the Euphrates. Miss Hill was going to Harpoot via Mardin, so Miss Wickett, Miss Guest & I accompanied her as far as Jerablus on the train, leaving Saturday & coming back Monday morning. We had a great time. Lt. Dalton, a British Signal officer entertained us at the Brigade staff officers mess. I slept in his tent. The whole lot of officers treated us royally -- had two swims in the Euphrates, beat a British Lt. three love sets on an asphalt tennis court, enjoyed a cricket match between two regiments -- a British & an Indian team -- and best of all saw the excavations & the ruins of the old Hittite city -- Sunday Miss Wickett & I walked over the long German bridge across the Euphrates into Mesopotamia, roamed around the trenches & barbed wire on the bank of the river -- and had a fine time all round. The old city is at least 7,000 yrs. old & shows at least four periods of civilization -- the old Hittite, the Assyrian, the Roman, & I think finally Greek. You can see "layers" of the town, one above the other, where they have excavated. One temple is uncovered, & fine bass reliefs and carvings in perfect conditions are seen all around. I took a number of photos with the W.P.K. which turned out fairly well. The old city is built on the banks of the river. From a part of the temple on a hill you

can see the funny rafts floating downstream towards Mosul & Bagdad. I saw at least a dozen big rafts of brush & reels floating down with no one on board -- the passengers swimming alongside. The Indian troops bathing in the river, camels and goats on the banks, & gardens in the mudbank islands made a very picturesque scene. The Germans built a very fine bridge over the river, completed just in time for the British to take it over -- now guarded by Indian troops. There are several thousand Indians at Jerablus. It was interesting to see them at bayonet drill in the mornings, & doing guard duty around the camp. They certainly are perfect soldiers. The caste system seems to exist even in the army. A Hindoo soldier brushed up the tent in the morning. Dalton said he was the next to lowest caste -- sweepers -- his father had been a sweeper, & this man's family could never be anything else. The British officers have all the comforts of life -- tea in bed at 6 A.M. -- a swim in the Euphrates before breakfast -- then breakfast, dinner, & supper -- fine tennis courts, horses & camels, cricket, soccer, etc, etc. We dined on the fat of the land -- roast kid, Indian curry, etc. One of the officers there who was especially nice to us was named Mc Nally -- born in Armagh in Ireland, says he knew lots of Kerr's there. He has been in the army forty two years. Grandma would be interested to know about him. Just as we left on Monday he put a little procupine in our car so I kept it and named it Jerry (after Jerablus). He slept in a Turk's fez all afternoon all the way up to Aleppo & in my room that night. He spent most of the night rattling his quills & running around the room. The next night a Britisher was going home to Blighty by way of Cairo -- & had a big sendoff, so we put Jerry in his bed in the train. I don't know what happened when the

officer went to bed. Jerry's quills weren't very sharp, but they aren't exactly comfortable. Leaving Jerablus a man climbed into our car & introduced himself as Sherwood Eddy, just coming to Aleppo from India. I took him around that night to show him the Armenian relief work & he was much impressed, especially as the British had told him all Armenians were thieves & liars. We really had an unusual inspection of the barracks by lantern light, & saw all the refugees asleep in the big parade ground. I had never seen it at night before. Paper is finished. Love to all -- from Stanley.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria
Sept. 28, 1919

Dear Marion,

Your letter came a few days ago and as usual I was glad to have some mail -- especially since it came from home. Glad you had a good time at the shore. I've just had a week off myself and had a fine vacation. I haven't had a chance to write for three weeks as Sunday is the only time I have time to write, and even Sundays have been busy lately. Two weeks ago Dunaway and I went on another girl hunt thru the Arab villages between Aleppo and Achterin (about half way between Aleppo and the Euphrates River). We finished up practically every village within a radius of 50 miles of Aleppo -- so that now over 450 girls have been rescued. This last trip was rather disappointing as we only got six girls, but at least we found that many towns had no girls in them. Even when we did get one, it was only after the Arabs had lied & lied and we had finally put them under arrest -- they usually tell the truth then. At one village they brought a girl they said was not an Armenian but a "Kurbat". They had bought her for a bag of wheat from some tribe of Kurbats passing by who wanted food. We didn't know whether Kurbats were Moslems or not but took the girl. She was glad enough to leave. The trip was just as interesting as the others we have taken but no use going into details -- except that every detail is so unusual & oriental that it is like a continual circus. We had a meal at one village in the house of the sheikh, where the donkeys occupied the next room, and put their heads over the rail to watch us eat. Here, we didn't even have wooden spoons, & had to use our hands for everything. Major Arnold, the director of the A.C.R.N.E. in Turkey decided to allow the

personell 2 days a month vacation since so many were losing health on account of no rests. This 2 days can be saved up for a longer vacation, so Magee & Dunaway & I -- the Penn trio finally got off for a week's hunting trip in the mountains near Marash. Magee came up from Beirut & the three of us went up in a truck taking supplies to Aintab and Marash. The trip takes a whole day -- 140 miles by auto. We had dinner at Aintab and got into Marash after dark. I shot a big eagle along the road -- it had a wingspread of six feet. I'm enclosing a picture of it. We sure had a variety of artillery -- a 20 gauge double barreled shot gun, a Russian army rifle and a big calibre Turkish rifle about 30 years old, a pistol each and then in Marash we got a good Turkish army rifle and a 12 gauge shot gun. Dr. Wilson of Marash went with us the next day to our camp in the mountains and believe me it was some journey.¹ We got four donkeys and two horses -- packed our blankets food and ammunition on the donkeys and then climbed on top of that -- the S.P.C.A. should have been there. Dr. Wilson rode one of the horses but the other had such clumsy feet nobody would ride it except the guide. We took an Armenian boy along -- named "Hike" for guide & cook. The place we had picked on for a camp was a big spring in the mountains 15 miles from Marash, near a little village called Kissaflea. We forded the Ak Su (or White River) and got to the spring long after dark. The trails were so bad it was quite a trick to stay on the donkey. Magee got off once to rest himself and just then a bee stung his donkey on a rear part. The donkey kicked himself free of all packs and dashed over the edge of a steep hill, frying pan, coffee pot and everything flying off his back. We don't know yet how the donkey kept its feet on the rocks but we found it later a few miles on up the trail. Magee

congratulated himself that he wasn't on board when the bee did his trick.

The villagers at Kissaflea wanted us to stay there over night, but we went on to the spring & camped there for the night. We visited Kissaflea a few days later & took some photos which I'm enclosing. It was practically destroyed by the Turks during the deportations as most of the people were Armenians, so we found them busy rebuilding the houses -- women were making bricks of mud without straw, & the houses were quite picturesque when finished with a thatched roof.

After our first night at camp we discovered a little thatched-roof shanty in the mountains -- near the spring, and made this our headquarters -- sleeping quarters on the straw roof -- kitchen on the rocks outside. Here we stayed for four days and loafed to our hearts content. The partridges in the vineyards up the hills woke us in the morning, so every morning before sunrise and every evening at sunset we went out and killed enough to feed us -- and had enough extra to send some into Marash for Mrs. Wilson. They were just like the Carolinian partridge, except they start up without the whirr. The vineyards were full of them -- eating grapes. By the way, the only grapes that grow here are the big oval hard variety -- I think we call them Maloga grapes at home -- just solid meat -- big as plums without exaggeration. We had grapes & figs and pomegranates & crab apples & quinces growing all around us so didn't starve -- and the villagers from Kissaflea brought eggs every day. These people grow grapes on hills you can hardly stand on. Dunaway fell out of a vineyard one evening when he was stalking a partridge and landed in the one below without serious damage. My favorite trick was to shoot the partridges that Magee started

up -- his gun didn't fire half the time, and the flock seemed to always fly over in front of me so it was easy work for me.

Hike proved that he was neither a good cook nor an interpreter. We discovered that if he understood what we said he always said "Ooohhh" -- I can't spell it -- but he could wash dishes all right.

One of the famous Armenians from Zeitoon visited us one morning armed to the teeth.² He was one of the thirty Armenians who hid in the mountains there during the war and raided the Turks every few days. They killed over a thousand Turk soldiers who were hunting them. The sheikh of the village offered to get up a party to hunt wild boar -- and promised to bring all the men of the village to drive the boar down into the ravines where we could shoot them. But Doc Wilson went back to Marash and they lost interest in the hunt, as he was of course the popular man on account of being their doctor. They brought sick people to our camp every day for medicine.

We wanted to be back in Marash in time to get the truck back to Aleppo by Wednesday, so Hike told the donkey driver to come for us early Monday morning. He came early enough -- two oclock in the morning. We cooked eggs & partridge by lantern light & were off while it was still pitch dark. We couldn't even see the path but the donkeys could. By dawn we were halfway home -- saw Mercury rise -- then the sun. At the Ak Su we shot enough big fish Dunnaway fell off his donkey three times for several meals. When we reached Marash they told us that the truck had just left a few hours before. We hung around for two days, then asked the British for transportation. The officer said he had two Ford patrols leaving Thursday for Aleppo & we could go on one of them. So on Thursday we went -- but at Aintab the Tommy who drove and who also stuttered terribly -- managed to tell us that

he didn't intend to go to Aleppo -- but was going right back again. Magee & Dunaway went to see Dr. Shepherd and he let us take a Reo truck from Aintab to Aleppo -- we made great time, & finally caught up with a heavy truck which had left Aintab in the morning -- but was now stalled. We couldn't help them so took off some of their materials & passengers & went on to Aleppo.

Miss Peers, from Marash had been doing my lab work while I was away & seems to be hanging on to my job -- so until she leaves I am in charge of the medical supplies for North Syria, & have all the vaccinating to do for Aleppo. I vaccinated 100 on Friday & have 5000 to do for both cholera & small pox at the Barracks beginning tomorrow. The medical supply department only needs about an hour a day, as it merely means packing up drugs & instruments when a request comes for them.

When I came back to Aleppo from Marash I found that Miss Van Dyke, the daughter of Henry Van Dyke had moved my things from my room & had moved in -- without asking. She didn't get away with it, however. I gave her 24 hrs. notice that I wanted the room & at the end of the 24 hrs. I placed her stuff in the hall & moved back in. She arrived on the scene just as I finished & was furious -- I guess she had a great time finding her corset, etc. because I couldn't find hooks in the hall to hang them on. She's a big snob if you want my private opinion about her. Hope her father writes a poem about it.

Since Miss Peers is here I may be sent out to Marash again for a little work in the lab. Don't know yet. Marash is doing a big piece of relief work -- they have five orphanages all filled -- I think a thousand orphans in all -- also a fine hospital, a children's hospital, dispensary, etc. The German missionaries

started nearly all of it before the A.C.R.N.E. arrived, & they just left Marash for Germany a week ago. Everyone, even the American missionaries at Marash speak highly of the work of the German missionaries. Miss Hardy & Miss Blakely were at Aintab & Marash during the deportations & told of the great suffering, massacres, etc. Marash, they said, didn't suffer nearly as much as other cities. About half of the Armenian population is back again. At Aintab too there is a lot of relief work going on -- big orphanages, schools, industrial work, etc. The industrial end is mostly rug making and cloth manufacture -- which means a lot of side lines, as they always start with the wool just as it comes from the sheep. It must be "fluffed", washed, spun into yarn, twisted, died, woven, etc. & so makes plenty of work. Lots of Armenians are employed preparing food for the winter -- drying tomatoe pulp, peppers, figs, grapes, pomegranates, making flour, preparing lentils, etc. We all are eating native food entirely, saving what canned goods we have for the winter.

Marash is a very old city -- at least 6000 yrs. old. It was one of the big Hittite cities -- has a big citadel just like Aleppo (so does Aintab) -- and the most remarkable thing about the place is the water supply. The city is built on a slope and water from an underground mountain stream flows everywhere down the gutters of the streets, thru pipes into the houses and out into the "waste" stream, so that every house and corner has streams of ice cold water flowing constantly -- you can't turn it off. In Aleppo we have to send a truck three miles away for our drinking water -- twice a day. And then it is chlorinated so much you can't drink it.

We have been quite balled up lately here in Aleppo by moving. The British wanted our headquarters for a club house, & Gen.

Harbing gave 12 hrs. notice to move all our offices. We all consider it an insult. The British in Beirut have been just as inconsiderate about the American Red Cross. I hope they move out soon, but some armed force had better replace them, or the interior won't be safe to live in. It is generally believed that the Turks would finish off the Armenians if they had the chance. We heard rumors that all British would be gone by Nov. 1. There are about 700 in Marash, with Ford cars equipped for machine guns (just like the one that brought us from Marash to Aintab) and at Aintab there are about 10 armoured cars, which I inspected while Magee & Dunaway got the Reo.

The Arabs & Turks are apparently mobilizing -- no one knows why. Rail communication between Konia & Constant. is off, I hear. Arab artillery moved thru Aleppo last week. We hear lots of rumors but nothing on very good authority.

It is dinner time so must quit. Thank Stuart very much for sending the films -- I got them O.K. Tell him to take out the price of them from my money at home. After Dunaway & I accumulate enough more vacation & money, we are going down to Damascus & take a week looking around. Loads of love to all the tribe from

Stanley

P.S. Am enclosing pictures of vacation in Marash & also of the trip we took on July 4th. Will send more later.

*

To Marion Kerr
Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo Syria
Sept. 29, 1919

Dear Mother,

I don't have time to write a letter but just want to send home this story by Major Trowbridge.¹ He gave the the carbon copy in return for photos I gave him to illustrate it. It will be published soon with my photos.

I was interested in this story, especially, for several reasons. I was to have gone on the trip with Dunaway, but as Dunaway was taken sick Dr. Trowbridge went instead. I saw them bring in Elizabeth in her Mohammedan clothes, & was at the train the morning she and Hagop left Aleppo for their former home. Hagop was quite a friend of mine as I was his "nurse" or "doctor" for a while when he was sick. Elizabeth was a very attractive girl. But what makes the story especially interesting ^{to me} is the fact that Dunaway & I went over the identical trip just two weeks ago and got another girl from the same village -- probably the one Major Trowbridge speaks about leaving there. Our trip differed very little from Trowbridges. We actually managed to squeeze the Reo thru the maze of rocks that made them turn back, and first went to Achterin, after which we had a good road to the village Trowbridge visited. We didn't know he had been there before but can understand now some of the things that happened -- for example it was the only village where we weren't pressed to have coffee & cigarettes -- also the Arabs & Kurds were decidedly unfriendly. Our scheme has been to drink coffee & be sociable first, then get the girls, while the Major preferred to treat them as enemies, as they really are. Otherwise our experiences have been just like his. I took some photos at this village and at Achterin which I am going to send Trowbridge

to illustrate the story. I will enclose some in this letter if I
can print them within the next two days. Lots of love to all from
Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

194

Aleppo
Oct. 4, 1919.

Dear Folks --

I haven't had time to print those pictures, but will send some others I have -- the ones I took the time Miss Wickett & I walked out to an Arab village and had dinner.

I had mail from home two days ago -- a letter (with enclosures of telegrams), a pamphlet and a letter from Harold Voelkel. I had a letter some time ago from Dad at Bocabec. Also the package of linen to be embroidered. I had a table center made by the "industrial home" here on a piece of linen a girl gave me, but the drawn work is rather sloppy.

I just reread a letter of Mother's from Cape May (telling how bad Marion & Ida were, etc). It contains many questions which I'll answer briefly.

Dunaway is about 30 yrs. old, graduate of Park (Seminary?) teacher of economics at Penn, Chataqua manger, etc.

Yes, the business of rescuing girls is somewhat risky, but that's why it is interesting.

Beautiful Armenian girls are scarce as hen's teeth & good-looking ones were stolen by Kurds, Turks & Arabs. The only good-looking ones I've seen are the ones we have taken from the Arabs. Am enclosing photos of a few.

Am still studying Turkish, but only a little.

No precious stones here, but there are antique beads to be bought in the bazaar. I have a string of them. Have visited several homes. The pottery is rather crude.

Water isn't very plentiful. The cistern water is all impure & contaminated, but there is a city supply of good drinking water

-- not in the houses, but from spigots on street corners. We chlorinate ours. That's one of my jobs.

We get plenty of meat. Goats and sheep are very plentiful, cows not so much. But we get eggs, beef, canned salmon, goat meat too, I suppose, and sometimes chicken. Potatoes, rice, cucumbers, peppers, string beans, vegetable marrow, lentils, tomatoes, for vegetables -- and fresh fruit such as big Malaga grapes, water-melon, figs, pomegranates, pistachio nuts, etc. No danger of starving here. In the Caucasus food is scarce.

Don't know where Miss Henry is -- somewhere in the Caucasus.

Never got my glasses. Find out who took them from N.Y. to Constant.

Don't send me any clothing. I have plenty for cold weather. A few pairs of thin summer socks would be welcome, tho.

Just had to move again yesterday to another house, Expect to go to Marash in a few days to set up some hospital apparatus. Best regards to Elliott -- Love to all the family.

from

Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Turkey.
Oct. 21, 1919.

Dear Mother,

For a wonder I have nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon so will write a letter and then loaf. I've had a couple of letters from home in the last week and was very glad to hear from home. Some Literary Digests came, too, & nearly everybody here has read them. So you have another cat! A remark you made in one of your letters was rather significant -- I was about Scow having been killed while you were away -- then you asked "Do you ever see pet cats in Aleppo?" I read that passage to some of our crowd one evening & you should have heard the howl. -- It just happens that diplomatic relations between the British & Americans in Aleppo were strained -- to say the least -- on account of a pet cat I saw in Aleppo. In fact I was responsible for the death of Col. Bells cat here & haven't heard the last of it yet. Here's how it happened. Col. Bell's little girl's little cat came into the lab one day & chased the guinea pigs around until some one came to the rescue. I told Pichon -- my little Armenian boy -- that the cat was doomed to die if it chased the guinea pigs any more. A few weeks later I entered the lab & found one pig dead & the other scared stiff. Pichon said "Cat -- him kill pig." I said "Well why didn't you kill the cat?" He said -- "Him die -- one hour. Face finished." Sure enough, in an hour Col. Bell's orderly appeared at the door & was about to thrash the kid when I butted in. (The Bells live over the lab). The orderly promised trouble when the Colonel returned, & sure enough trouble arrived. Bell ordered the kid sent to the Arab police to be thrashed with the regular Arab thrashing -- which isn't any joke. He telephoned to American headquarters

announcing that he had done this, so I went to him & told him I'd see to it that the kid wasn't touched. The chief of detectives of the Arab government is a friend of mine & promised that Bell wouldn't accomplish anything thru the police, & then Dunaway told his friend the British administrator of the Arab gov't. about the affair, so in a few days the story of Bell's cat was all over town & Bell got so sick of being kidded about his old cat he hasn't mentioned it since, but his wife still tells anybody about it who will listen. Pichon is famous as the boy who killed the Colonel's cat.

Aside from that I haven't seen very many pet cats except one that sings -- or used to sing outside my bedroom everynight in the tree, until I tried to see how good a shot I was in the dark. Another cat went to cat heaven. The Arabs keep cats in the shops -- they help to keep the dust of the loaves of bread, etc.

Nothing terribly exciting has happened lately. A wedding in the City provided about six parades & dances. The political situation is interesting. The British are sending all Armenian refugees from places west of Marash to Adana which is making great congestion there & slackening the work here. Several reasons are being given for this. One is that when the British leave (which is soon) the Arabs will kill the Armenians, so they are sending them out of Arab territory. Altho the Arabs don't love the Armenians, I can't believe the British have such a fine motive behind the move as this. The British hate the Armenians -- all of them do -- and their hatred seems to be without reason & also seems to come from one source. The British also seem to want to put the French in wrong, so a good many have said that the real reason for sending the Armenians to Adana is to make it seem that the French can't handle the job -- merely by sending so many that they can't be cared for. Moreover -- the

British are releasing thousands of Turkish war prisoners & thousand of these are being shipped to Adana. I've seen them going thru every time a train goes thru. This is already causing trouble. Dunaway was in Adana a few days ago & while there witnessed a big scare among the Armenians. Turks or brigands came down on a village near Adana & killed all they could find there -- about 10 people. The report caused great excitement in Adana & hundreds of Armenians rushed to the A.C.R.N.E. hospital for protection -- all shops closed, & three people were killed in the city in the rush -- two Turks & one Armenian. It turned out later that the Turks went on to Dort Jol & killed over a hundred Armenians there & stopped only when British artillery was sent. The Armenians everywhere are scared at the thought of the British leaving. America may be right in not wanting the mandatory, but it is a crime to leave this country without some Allied military control -- and not French control. The Arabs will not have the French & if they come there will be fighting. The last I've heard is that the French troops would not occupy north Syria. I don't have much doubt but that there will be trouble whichever way it goes -- fighting if the French come, & massacres if no Allied troops come. An American occupation would please everybody -- Arabs, Armenians, Turks.

The "bloodless revolution" in Turkey has apparently succeeded. The new party marched into Konia one day, took over the railroad & city government while the British sat by & looked on. They have occupied several other cities & now, I hear, have overthrown the old cabinet at Constantinople & are in power. In north Turkey our A.C.R.N.E. friends write that young Turks are drilling. Many say that the British are releasing these war prisoners from Egypt to help in recruiting for this new army.

Jimmie Magee, our Penn friend from Beirut who went hunting in

Marash with Dunaway & me just wrote up here telling of his trials & troubles. There is a feud on between the Druses & Christians in his district. First a Druse is killed, then a Christian, then another Druse, etc. etc. The Druses are quite a bit ahead. Magee's own messenger was shot & stabbed a few nights ago & died. The Druses fire on French autos passing thru, & as the French use Fords, Magee had to doll his Ford up so it wouldn't be mistaken for a Frenchie. He has big Red Crosses painted on both sides, an American flag at the top, & Arabic inscriptions saying "This is an American auto."

In Aleppo there hasn't been any trouble yet. A good deal of artillery has passed thru here. My lab was robbed a few nights ago by some fool who took the beam from the balance & left platinum riders lie untouched. It was a fine analytical balance, the only one we brought over, but now is useless. They also took a fine set of weights & a rough set, & a small spectroscope. I thought the burglars might find out they didn't get a complete balance, so in case they were coming back for more I slept in the lab with intentions of giving them a few so longs, but Mr. Burglar didn't come back. Last night Dunaway & I slept on over a quarter of million in gold liras. Lambert feared an attempt at robbery, as it was known this money had come, so we were prepared to give burglars lead instead of gold.

Today Dunaway found -- (in Aleppo) the sister of Aurora (author of "Ravished Armenia") & got her story. Apparently the man who is exploiting Aurora is an extraordinary liar because Aurora's story is not true. Aurora's mother was not killed, but died of disease. Several of relatives are alive whom she "saw" killed. Will write more of this when I hear more about it.

Magee wrote from Beirut asking if we could come down for a week. As I told before, we are allowed two days vacation a month, so Dunaway & I have obtained permission to go down if work is not too rushing. We had one week in Marash, & expect to take the other near Beirut. Magee is arranging the trip & is hiring a Ford to take us to Haifa, Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, Damascus & then we'll camp on the sea of Galilee. I don't know whether or not I need to apologize for taking a vacation when on a relief expedition, but we don't think we do. We are working much harder at \$25 a month than many of those who just came over here with all expenses paid & good salary besides. Our "anticrabbing" society just made things so uncomfortable for three non producers of our part -- (all well paid) that two have gone home & the third is being asked to. Those of us who are willing to work aren't letting the other variety have much peace. As a result we can't find anything more to crab about -- except the British attitude towards the Armenians. They practically stopped our rescuing of Armenian girls -- contrary to General Allenby's command. Must stop now. Will enclose some photos. Many of the photos I send I cannot replace, so please keep them unless I send duplicates. Love from Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Turkey.
Oct. 26, 1919

Dear Dad,

Not a bit of news so will just enclose some photos. If you got the story of Trowbridge's rescue of Elizabeth this is the same village in the photos, & the one Dunaway & I went to just before we went to Marash.

This is a rainy Sunday -- the first "rainy day" since I've been in Aleppo. I think we have had three short showers all summer. Apparently there is trouble brewing pretty fast here now. The French have come, & as soon as the British leave there will be a scrap. The Americans are not in any special danger here in Aleppo, but in Aintab & Marash they are, & the Turks are all set for a massacre as soon as the British pull out, while the Arab governor told the American consul here yesterday that he was going to resign as governor the moment the British left & was going to lead his army (which the British have just fully equipped) against the French & against the Arab chiefs who have been friendly with the French. But these two Arab chiefs -- Mutchum Bey & another -- have the best fighting men in north Syria so it will be something of a real war unless the British change their moves. The Armenians of Marash & Aintab are going to leave these towns in large bodies when the British leave. Our transportation department has just moved 450 boy orphans from Aleppo to Aintab, & now it looks as if we might have to bring them all back and the Americans too. One of the big lorries taking the kids to Aintab went over a bank and upset. It was a big White truck, & the strong top saved the kids. Three had broken bones, but no very serious accident.

Please investigate Dr. Daum's record. He claims to be a N.Y.

Presb. preacher but I never saw such a beast. He called me a dirty dog and a liar a few days ago without any provocation -- I'm going to punch him.

S.E. Kerr

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
Nov. 6, 1919

Dear Marion,

Your letter & Mother's & Stuart's, written on Sept. 30 arrived a few days ago in Aintab, where I was working. I was the only one in Aintab to get a letter that day, so of course was the object of much envy. I was glad to hear all about doings in Darby -- about Marion's school, May's wedding, Stuart's new job, etc. You spoke about it getting cold in Darby now and having a fire in the sitting room grate. It's getting cool here too, but there isn't such a thing as a grate or a stove in any of our houses, so we will have to get along on oil stoves and overcoats. Wood is so scarce here that an old wooden box is sufficient capital to start a lumber business. It's a common sight to see a man sitting in the market with a couple of boxes or boards for sale.

I just got back from Aintab this afternoon after working up there for about a week. I was expecting to go to Beirut with Dunaway for a week's vacation before starting on a new job for the winter, but railway conditions were so unsettled due to a strike & to troop movements that we postponed it, and then Lambert gave me another of these "odd jobs" that I'm sick of. I've been doing "odd jobs" for the last two weeks, as the lab work has dropped off almost to nothing, and Dr. Lambert has promised me a real piece of work very soon. Well, this latest job of mine was something the New York office ordered. They sent over thousands of blanks -- one for each orphan -- to be filled out giving the child's name, religion, scars, father's occupation, story -- and photograph, etc. etc. -- and this to be done in triplicate. The idea is to get people at home interested in individual orphans so that they will support them

until they become self supporting. I was a little peeved at the amount of work required, but anyway took the Graflex, the blanks, & all the films I could carry & piled them on our Reo truck bound for Marash with a load of passengers -- all Arcasians -- and the wildest woolliest looking men I've ever seen. They look like Cossacks -- long fur coats, wicked looking daggers, & beautifully carved silver scabbards. They had saddles with them & were going to travel by horse from Marash to Sivas. Of course each one had to pay his fare -- and just to show you how our transportation department earns money, these ten Circassians paid over \$200 for that ride to Marash. We had five flat tires before going a third of the way to Aintab, and reached there just at sunset. I got off here and the truck went on to Marash. On the way from Aleppo we passed Arab cavalry on the road to Katma, where the French are camped. The Arabs hate the French. As we crossed the railroad a train was going by loaded with French Moroccan troops & artillery, headed for Aleppo.

I had a very interesting time at Aintab -- photographed 960 orphans in three days, & got interpreters started on the job of filling out the history sheets, developed films at night, took a lot of photos of general interest around Aintab, etc. etc. and so kept very busy. It was very interesting work, if you could call it work, especially taking photos of the little girls. They certainly are comical. Their chief amusement is saying "Gud mornink" every time an American comes near. Excuse interruption, but an Arab wedding procession is passing -- torches, drum, bag pipe, dancers, & all the rest/.

But the most interesting part of the trip to Aintab was the evacuation of this territory by the British & the coming of the French. On Monday morning at 7.30 there was a review of the 18th

Had dinner the other night with Dr. Shepard and Dr. Merrill

Indian Lancers before the French staff officers who had just come. I arrived a little late but was just in time to see the big line of Indians gallop down the field in one long line abreast, past the reviewing officers. Then they formed across the field and charged in a straight line directly towards the reviewing staff -- and reined in their horses from a gallop to a dead stop not more than 15 paces from the colonel. It certainly was a great sight. The Indians make a fine appearance with their turbans, long lances, etc. Every Indian lancer is armed with a lance, a big sword on one side of his saddle and an Enfield rifle in a holster on the other side.

On Monday night the British troops from Marash arrived at Aintab & camped there over night. The next morning the Marash and Aintab troops broke camp together and started on their long trip to Egypt. The evacuation began at 8 A.M. and by 11 A.M. there wasn't a blooming Tommy or Hindoo to be seen. Their camps were so completely emptied that you wouldn't know there had been a camp there, except for watering troughs & fences.

French troops had arrived a few days before, & on this occasion were drawn up along the roadside outside the city with their band to give the British a proper send off. There were Moroccan cavalry, French-Armenian infantry, & regular Frenchies, and a band. These were on one side of the road, and the reviewing "stand" on the other, where the French colonel, & the British staff officers reviewed the troops as they passed. The Americans were allowed here, too, & the high Turkish officials, & I had the Graflex to take official photos.

It took two hours and a half for all the troops to pass. They went out in regular wartime fashion -- armored cars ahead, next

came the Fords with machine guns, then ambulances, advance guard of Indian lancers, ammunition carts, supply wagons, etc. & finally rear guard. When the Britishers had all passed, the French colonel rode to the head of his own troops, & with a great flourish of his sword marched them into Aintab -- very spectacular on his horse. He has only a few hundred soldiers now, but more are coming -- with artillery & machine guns. I got a number of good photos & will try to print a few tomorrow to enclose with this letter. I just missed getting the Colonel at the head of the French. The day before that Gen. Weir had me photo the combined French and British staff officers with the Turkish officials. I enclose that too. If the Ledger wants to use these photos let them have them. I have the negatives and can print more.

Well, the very next day after the British left, the Turks in Aintab began to distribute Mausser rifles. The Armenians are very uneasy. The French troops are composed partly of Armenians who had enlisted with the French, so the Turks hate them especially. In Marash a few days ago a French-American soldier was shot in the back while going thru the Bazaar, and a little later a Turk was shot. Dr. Wilson operated on the soldier but he died.

The auto that went back to Aleppo from Aintab the day before I came back (yesterday) was fired on three times. Capt. Elder says the bullets were close, but none hit the car. I came back today but had no trouble. Between Aintab & Killis¹ we passed the British troops on the march. They stretched for over ten miles along the road, and it took us 50 minutes from the time we passed the rear guard till we came to the first armored car at the head of the column. We passed more French troops coming towards Aintab. The British say it will take them 26 days to march to Beirut, &

then they must go on down to Egypt. Just outside of Aleppo about four miles we passed a new monument the English have erected marking the site of the last engagement of the war in Turkey -- when the 15th Cavalry defeated the Turks & captured Aleppo.

I must close now & go to bed, as I am leaving again tomorrow. When I got back this afternoon Dr. Lambert told me Dunaway had gone to Beirut on A.C.R.N.E. business and that this would be the best time for us to take our week off & see a little of south Syria. So I am leaving Aleppo tomorrow night and will meet Dunaway & Magee at Ryak Saturday morning if everything goes well. I'll have to travel on a troop train. According to Magee's plans we will go from Ryak to Damascus, & will hire a Ford and tour the country -- Tiberias, Nazareth, Haifa, Sidon, Beirut, etc. Will write you all about it later. This will finish my "joyriding" until the spring, when my contract is up. Then we are planning to float down the Tigris from Diarbeker to Bagdad on a raft. If I have any money in the bank you had better send it to me in the shape of a draft on a New York bank. They sell better than anything else here. I want it so that I can have it just before coming home, when I'll probably want to do a little extra sightseeing. However, if you think I had better leave that in the bank and not do so much running around, all right. But if it is to be sent at all it should get here first of February, & it takes much longer not later than the than ordinary letters to get here.

In answer to some of your questions: -- I don't need any wool socks, handkerchieves, cocoa, or anything. Have lots of the above. Tell Stuart not to bother sending the chemicals. The kind of fancywork done most by the Armenians is drawn work bureau & table covers, centerpieces, lace doilies & sets for tea tables. Don't

send stamped linen. The work is done mostly on voile, not on
 linen. I don't know whether I can send any home thru the mail yet.
 Have bought some. They also make collar & cuff sets, bags, pajamas,
 handkerchieves. I'm enclosing a sample of work. A girl whom
 I cured of malaria did this on a handkerchief you sent me.
 Too bad to do such nice work on a handkerchief. It is Aintab work.

*

To Marion Kerr
 Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
 Property of Susan E. Kerr

Sorry to stop so abruptly but this is my last
 sheet of paper--- so will say Goodbye. Love to
 all the family from

Damascus, Syria.
Nov. 10. 1919.

Dear Mother,

Please excuse pencil & stationery, but this is the best that can be had in this hotel. As you see, my address is now Damascus. Tomorrow it will be Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, & the next day Nazareth. I finally got off on my week's "joyride," & certainly had my share of tribulation for two days. To begin with, I was inoculated against bubonic plague before leaving Aleppo, as there is plague in Beirut, & the nextday had fever & chills & headache, got no sleep on the train as I only had half a bench to lie on. Second -- the train goes from Aleppo to Ryak, where you change for Beirut. Dunaway & Magee were to meet me at Ryak, but if not I was to go on to Beirut. They weren't there, & my train had come so late that the Beirut train had gone. However, I caught a freight train bound for Beirut, but the engineer or somebody changed his mind & the train went only to Zahleh, (Station Malallacha) where I slept overnight -- in the "hotel" in a room with 3 Arabs, who insisted on examining all my garments, shaving set, etc. I slept on my gun that night. The next morning, Sunday, the Arabs made me eat with them -- honey & native bread like thinly rolled dough, very good, fritters? & wheat cakes. No train till noon. At ten oclock I saw Dunaway & Magee & two nurses pass the hotel in a Reo bound for Ryak, but couldn't attract their attention. At noon, just as my train pulled into the station Dunaway jumped off and saw me. They had been chasing from Beirut to Ryak & back looking for me. The auto arrived a few minutes later & we proceeded to Damascus -- a ride of about 50 miles from Zahleh over a rather poor road, & up grade till we reached the top of the Lebanon's, the road winding

in S shaped curves the whole way up & down. We drove into Damascus just before dark. The entrance to the city is as beautiful a one as I have ever seen -- thru groves of pomegranates, along one of the rivers Naaman said were so much cleaner than the Jordan -- past fine park-like gardens. The city itself is the most modern one I've seen in the east -- street cars, fine buildings, electric lights, a few really good hotels, & the best bazaars in the east. Besides this they have some public spirit & have a few public parks & squares. One is named Columbus circle -- it certainly looks like it.

Our party consists of Jimmy Magee (chauffeur), John Dunaway, Miss Frost & Miss Twidale (two Amer. Red Cross nurses from Sidon) (A.C.R.N.E. workers from the Pres. Hosp. in N.Y.) myself, & Yusif a native boy to take care of the car. We hired the Reo from the A.C.R.N.E. at Beirut.

This morning we did up the town -- first the great mosque of Omayyade -- a wonderful place -- much more interesting than St. Sophie in Constant. They showed us John the Baptists tomb here. Arabs were praying & reading their Korans. The tomb of Saladin is just outside, so we went in. From here we walked down "the Street called Straight" to the home of Aranaïs, which has been converted into a church. I had always thought that Aranaïs was one of the patron saints of this country -- now I know it. Next came the brass factory where they make the most wonderful inlaid brass & woodwork I ever hope to see -- but terribly expensive. I would have sent some home, but they said there was 35% duty besides cost. I got several small articles & will bring them home. We are going out again this P.M. to the Bazaars -- they are wonderful -- silks, brass, old daggers & armor, everything to get the tourist. Must stop & go with the others. Will write again soon.

Love from

Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Darby, Pennsylvania

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Rayak, Syria
Nov. 16, 1919.

Dear Marian,

I'm so balled up I forget how to spell your name -- Here I am again -- stranded at Rayak. They have the rottenest railway system in Turkey -- specially designed for the discomfort of passengers. Trains from Aleppo always just miss connections with the Beirut train at Rayak, & yesterday our train from Beirut just missed the Aleppo train, due to the fact that our engine broke going over the cog railway over the Lebanon mountains. So last night I slept on a bench in a car at the station hotel here, & now I'm just waiting for the next train.

I suppose you got the letter I wrote from Damascus talking about our trip that far. Damascus certainly is a sort of paradise. On Thursday morning we left the city in our Reo and crossed over the mountains to the Jordan between the Waters of Meron to the Sea of Galilee, crossed the river & went down the edge of the lake past Capernaum, & Magdala, to Tiberias, where we found a good hotel. It was a blazing hot day, so we hired a rail boat to take us up to Capernaum & back. There was no wind, so our boatiner had to row the whole way. Capernaum is just a mass of ruins. A big synagogue has been uncovered in the excavations but nothing else could be seen. Magdala was the home of Mary Magdalene, not far from Capernaum. Our boat got back after dark, and Magee & I took a swim just as the moon came up over the sea.

The next day we proceeded to Cana, saw two stone jugs ("said" to be those in which the water was turned to wine), & then went on to Nazareth, built right on the side of a hill. Mary's Wall is on the edge of the city, & was crowded with women drawing water, &

carrying jugs on their heads. There are a number of churches here kept by Franciscan monks on the spots claimed to be the scene of the annunciation, Joseph's home, the carpenter shop, etc. The chapels are beautifully decorated. The trip from Nazareth to Haifa was an easy one. We came in sight of Mt. Carmel and the Mediterranean, early in the afternoon and got our first puncture right in the shadow of Mt. Carmel, near the place where Elija's sacrifice was burned up.

The only interesting thing about Haifa is its beautiful situation -- at the foot of Mt. Carmel and on the edge of the coast. We spent the night here & the next day planned to reach Beirut. This last part was the speediest & almost the most interesting. This section was the ancient Phoenicia. From Haifa to Acre there is no road except the shore, which is lined with quicksands and sand-dunes. The British army marched over this route on their advance up to Aleppo, & had laid chicken wire over the worst places. Magee said we didn't dare step in the sand, so he looked over the car thoroly before starting across -- then started off as fast as we could go -- 30-40 miles an hour, the wheels on one side in the water, & the whole car in when the surf came in, so we got sprayed with salt water. Halfway over the engine just naturally stopped. Luckily we were on a firm spot, because by the time Magee found the trouble (sand in the distributor box) we had a flat tire. The next trouble was that we got into some soft sand & couldn't budge the car, but some of the Egyptian Labor Corps came along & helped us out. Got stuck once more but managed to pull out without extra trouble. Finally we were on the good road outside Acre & made good time (good meaning 40 miles an hour.) Acre was a famous fortress in Crusader times, & was the last place the Crusaders yielded to

the Moslems. From Acre to Tyre the road followed the great Roman aqueduct, still in use, the climbed the "ladder of Tyre" or Scala Tyrriorum. The road the whole way to Beirut was just on the edge of the sea coast & the view was great. At Tyre we stopped long enough to see the old town & the remains of the old Phoenician castle, then went on to Sidon. On the road we passed by Serapta -- where Elya was fed on the handful of meal and passed many tombs in the chalk cliffs where the kings of Tyre & Sidon were buried. We investigated these but found nothing except square caverns & some human bones in one.

There is an A.C.R.N.E. medical clinic in Tyre, and in Sidon a hospital & an orphanage. We had dinner at the hospital, where the two nurses work, & left them there. Sidon is about the most unusual city I've seen. It is almost underground, as the streets are built under the houses, with opening between, so it is like walking thru endless subways. There were interesting remains of old Crusader castles & cannon here.

Next stop -- Beirut. Due to two more punctures we arrived after dark, after a very interesting ride past Jonah's tomb (one of them), the cavern from which Alexander's sarcophagus was taken -- and finally thru an enormous olive grove -- the third largest in the world -- about 5 miles long. At Sidon we passed thru enormous orange & apricot orchards, & could pick oranges off the trees. There were lots of date palms loaded with dates just ripe, but they don't taste good.

We stopped in Beirut at the A.C.R.N.E. headquarters till Sat. morning, paid for our car -- \$90 divided among the five of us -- and came on home, but now are stuck in Ryak. At Beirut Miss Moyan, a nurse from Marash was also leaving for Aleppo, so Dunaway

& she & I are together. We are taking \$25,000 in gold to Aleppo & it is heavy. Besides, we hear that the last three trains to Aleppo have been robbed by Bedouins near Homs, so may have some trouble yet. If there are good train connections I'll stop at Baalbek on the way up.

The whole trip has been wonderful. I won't want another day off now till I'm thru with the A.C.R.N.E. If I see Jerusalem at all it will be on my way home. Magee & Dunaway & I are planning on going home by way of Bagdad to Cairo. I think I asked before to have any money that I have in the bank sent to me in the form of a draft on a New York bank. I don't know how much I'll need but to be on the safe side I think I ought to have at least \$150, if I have that much to my name. It's pretty hard to save anything at all of our allowance here.

I suppose there is a teller waiting for me at Aleppo. Hope so. I wanted to send a box of things home for Xmas but am told it may not get there as the mails for packages are not good, & also that the duty on things such as I have is quite heavy. So am afraid all I can send is some more photos. I'll keep all the souvenirs I've bought & bring them home in my trunk.

Dunaway just came in & says he saw one of the British officers from Marash here in the Rayak station. This officer says that on the way down to Aleppo 150 Arabs attacked an Armenian convoy while the Indians from Aintab were not far away (the Indian troops that I passed on the same road). An Indian officer & twenty of his lancers on horseback charged the Arabs, who had a machine gun. The officer & three men were killed & eight wounded. The Indians killed a lot of the Arabs

Eight of the French soldiers in Marash have been killed by snipers in the town. All the British are out of Marash, Aintab & Aleppo now. A British sergeant here in Rayak told me last night that he had been up to Homs the day before with some Indians, looking for the bandits who robbed the train. He came back with the head of the Bedouin chief, 9 prisoners, & a lot of horses the British had stolen from the British.

Must close now as I have no more paper. Also it is dinner time & my train leaves soon. Loads of love to all the house. Hope you are all well & Happy. Will write soon & tell about Baalbak .

Stanley.

*

To Marion Kerr

Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Turkey.
Nov. 23, 1919.

Dear Folks: --

By the time this reaches you it will be time to say "Merry Xmas" -- so I'll say it now and hope it gets there by Dec. 25th. Sorry I can't help fill us the row of stockings and help eat the family Turkey.

You probably got my letters written from Damascus and Beirut before this. I found several waiting for me at Aleppo when I got back. As usual the train from Beirut missed the Aleppo train, so we had to sleep on a bench in the car another night. The trip across the Lebanon Mts. from Beirut to Rayak was wonderful. The engine runs on a cog-rail, narrow gage, & broke down on a steep grade. At one point we passed thru a cloud, & then went above it. The scene towards the Mediterranean is great. Dunaway & I were taking \$25,000 in gold in our trunk to Aleppo, so were not overjoyed when they told us at Rayak that Bedouins had held up the Aleppo train three nights in succession between Baalbek & Homs. However, I stayed overnight at Baalbek & saw the wonderful ruins there, dating from the second century, while Dunaway went on to Aleppo. I'll enclose the pictures I took & some of Dunaways. (The big ones are Dunaways negatives, so don't give them away, but I have negatives for the small ones & can replace them if you want to give them to anyone.) Dunaway reached Aleppo without being robbed, & my trip from Baalbek to Aleppo wasn't at all exciting, except that near Homs rocks were thrown by Arabs at the train. One struck about a foot from my head. A British officer next to me had been on the train a few nights before when the Bedouins got on. The one who boarded his car

however was "finished", as the officer let him have the contents of his automatic. A sergeant from Rayak was sent up in charge of a patrol of Indians & returned with nine prisoners and the head of the Bedouin chief.

When I got back to Aleppo Lambert sent me on up to Aintab on an errand, & I just got back a couple of days ago. Things are fairly quiet there now, & in Marash, but the country is very unsettled & dangerous since the British left. Even here in Aleppo the Arabs are apparently hostile to all foreigners, & the Americans have had a series of unpleasant experiences with them. The very day the British evacuated Aleppo Miss Van Dyke went around to the A.C.R.N.E. medical supply store and found an Arab colonel had broken in and was helping himself, while his orderly was holding a bag for the loot. One of the American boys grabbed the bag & the colonel "beat it". Dr. Lambert decided to move all the supplies to another place, & the Arab officers at the building told him he could remove nothing. Lambert got "peeved" and told them where to get off & went ahead with the moving. The next night a party of Arab soldiers visited our gasoline dump at headquarters & were helping themselves to it when the A.C.R.N.E. boys heard about it. I wish I had been around! Our fellows opened fire on them and wounded one man, who died a few days later. One of our chaps didn't have a gun, so chased the Arabs until he caught one. The Arab drew his bayonet, but Bryan punched him so nice he forgot he had a bayonet. More Arab soldiers came around the next two nights for gasoline & were met each time with bullets, but no more casualties. It looks as if they had been sent from higher up.

The Armenians are mostly all out of Aleppo now -- only 100 left out of the 5000 who used to be at the Barracks, & the Arabs

have taken over the place so we are moving our hospital out. The industrial work such as rug making & cloth weaving has stopped too. Diter, our quartermaster, a Minnesota boy, went with a truck to take the looms out of the cloth factory & found an Arab soldier guarding them. The Arab wouldn't let Diter's men take the stuff, so Diter got peeved also and being a Mennonite didn't strike the sentry, but merely grabbed him by the throat and pinned him against the wall until his truck was loaded. When they came back for a second load the sentry had reinforcements & Diter couldn't get anything. Our consul protested to the Arab military governor, who finally gave permission to move the rest of the looms. One of our interpreters heard the Arab captain bawling out the sentry for letting the Americans get away with that first load, & he said "But there were too many for me." -- Too many being one Mennonite. We have about eight Mennonites in the A.C.R.V.E. & they are about the best & hardest working in the outfit.

Nothing more exciting has happened in Aleppo except that there are young battles fought almost every night if rifle shots mean anything. I suppose if there were a daily paper in Aleppo we would have more news, but as it is all we know is from hearing the shots & seeing the Arab soldiers dash up the dark alleys at night.

Dr. Kennedy came from Alexandretta a few days ago for medical supplies & money for the relief work there. He stayed in my room while here & said he knew the road was dangerous, but had to go back in a carriage -- a two day trip. It was on this road that the Indian troops had a battle with Arabs a couple of weeks ago. Kennedy finally started back, & we heard two days ago that he had

been held up & everything taken -- relief money, medicines, personal stuff & even had received two knife wounds. We haven't had word from Dr. Kennedy himself yet, except a short telegram. He was well armed, so must have been taken by surprise. We may all be on a peace expedition, but all the men of our party are prepared to shoot first, then ask questions.

The appropriations of money have been cut down to such an extent that the Armenians are going to suffer terribly this winter. It isn't their fault that they aren't ready for self support yet. They have been held in refuge camps for so long that they haven't time now to make homes for the winter -- the Turks have their business, homes, stores, everything -- when they do get back to their homes. Even our A.C.R.N.E. orphanages & rescue homes are going to be terrible places to live this winter -- with not enough money to buy food, no heat at all, & the clothing of every orphan being one summer undershirt, one pr. summer drawers, one dress (both boys & girls wear a sort of dress) -- no shoes. For the winter they will be given woolen socks & a sweater. We seem to have plenty of socks & sweaters -- but I don't see how people live in places like Marash without stoves. The houses aren't built for heaters. Out in the villages thousands will die this winter. It can't be prevented. Where the A.C.R.N.E. is working the suffering will be much less, but even there it can't be eliminated.

I had a letter from Mr. Melkongan saying he had received the money you sent. I was certainly glad to get all the mail that came last week -- a letter from Grubbie -- full of pep, & one from Daddy & Marion, & one from Stuart at Lancaster. Stuart must have enjoyed(?) his vacation from the experiences he had on the

trip. I'm much obliged for the films, & have at last got the camera working fine. The lens was much faster than I had imagined, so I continually overexposed my pictures. This printing paper doesn't do it justice, but gives an idea of what the camera does. I want Stuart's Cincinnati address. I'll write to the Harrison Lab crowd soon if I get a chance. It seems as if most of my spare time was taken up with letter writing and picture taking.

At Aintab I photographed 960 orphans and had a record made of each child's name, its parents' names, & a story of each one's experiences during the war. These will be copied and the copies, with photos, sent to America with an appeal for individuals to support or "adopt" orphans. It was lots of fun doing this work as all the kids like to be photoed. At Marash I'm to do the same thing. I forgot to tell you about my new job. Before Dunaway & I went on our little pleasure trip to Damascus I told Dr. Lambert to find something for me to do on my return besides the little "odd jobs" I've been doing for a month or more. So now he is sending me to Marash for the winter. The Director there is leaving, & I believe Dr. Wilson may be director in his place, with me as assistant, so that Wilson can put most of his time on medical work. Wilson is coming down to Aleppo soon and I expect to go back with him the last of the month. The arrangements haven't been completed, so this may not be carried out, but at least I'm to go to Marash. The roads are bad already (the rains have begun) so you may hear very seldom from me during the winter -- perhaps not at all -- as there is no railroad, & our cars may not be able to get thru all winter. So this may be the last letter for several months. I'll write often, but don't know whether they will ever get even to Aleppo. My mail address will still be Aleppo.

I sent some photos home last week in an envelope without a letter. You might see if the Ledger wants to use the photos of the British evacuation. Someone wrote Dunaway they saw an account of our "joint" letter in the Ledger. If you can, mail us a copy. Rec'd the Lit. Digest & the Penn Gazette. Many thanks.

Loads of love to all from

Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aleppo, Syria.
Nov. 29, 1919.

Dear Mother,

One of the fellows just told me he was leaving for America tonight, so I'll write a short letter & let him mail it "over there" if he is sure of going direct. He is one of the Americans who was in the British army in Palestine & joined up with us for a short time. His name is Cohen, & he lives in Jersey.

The courier just arrived from Constantinople a few nights ago with mail -- I got a big letter from Dad with the clipping from the Ledger, & a letter from you & Marion.¹ Of course I was glad to get them all & to hear all the home news. I can't find the letters now so can't answer questions if you asked any. The big envelope with the Ledger article in it had been cut open, but probably nothing was missing. The newspaper article wasn't all there. The page had been cut just below the picture & a lot was missing of the story. That reporter ought to be shot. I hope you tell him what I think of his misrepresenting things so. Tell him if he uses quotation marks to be more careful that he quotes & does not make up the story to suit himself. It was rather embarrassing when I showed the article to others, especially to Dunaway, to have to explain that I hadn't tried to take the credit of Dunaway's work. The reporter even published a photo of Dunaway & Miss Shabe & labeled it Mr. Kerr instead of Dunaway, whose name was certainly written on the back of the photo. What made both of us peeved was that Dunaway had already given this photo to a man from Harpers with permission to use it in his story & copyright it. But I am to blame for that, for not sending word which photos not to give the reporter. In the future I'll mark pictures which are not mine.

All of the 4 x 5 photos & the vest pockets are mine & can be used, but I reserve the right to use them myself, & will not allow papers to copyright articles with my pictures unless they pay for the pictures.

We all enjoyed the story however especially the drawing of the two Americans in a Ford instead of a Reo, & reaching up for the veiled Armenian from a second story house. The Arab villagers don't possess such luxuries as 2nd story houses. The four waitresses nearly fell over when I showed them their picture. It was remarkable to have such fine cuts from vest pocket pictures. Make the reporters pay for pictures which are not of relief work, but of general interest, such as the British leaving Turkey. .

I don't believe you have been getting all my letters. It seems months ago when I wrote about going to Jerablus on the Euphrates. Didn't you get that one?

About my glasses -- Miss Dwight came thru Aleppo a long time ago and I had several long conversations with her but she never mentioned the glasses. I think if you wrote to New York office & quoted this paragraph, telling them that I have never received them & have seen Miss Dwight, it is up to them to make good with either glasses or the price of them. I'm tired of their poor business methods.

Well we had a wonderful Thanksgiving day here -- It was just a coincidence that the Arabs decided to have some "doings", and all day long there were enormous crowds on the streets, parades, speeches, dances, etc. which made it seem more like a holiday (except for the Armenians, who were scared skinny.) But I'll tell about that in a minute. There were quite a number of Americans here from other stations so we had about 32 in all for the day. I had

I hear she is back in
America now.

to work a while in the morning so missed the "donkey ride". We got a lot of donkeys & took the girls out, (some of the "girls" being heavy-weights past the chicken stage. I had no idea they intended to go thru the streets, but heard later that the whole crowd rode down the main street to the American consul's house just as the Arabs were having a parade. The Arabs, it seems, don't understand that Americans all go crazy once in a while, & thought that this was a sort of punishment of the Americans in connection with their demonstrations against all foreign control. Others thought that we were being punished for something else -- as one of the punishments in the east is to make a man ride backwards on a donkey thru the streets -- and some of our people were doing that trick. At any rate it caused considerable unfavorable comment.

Next on the program was lunch, then a baseball game -- thanks to the American Y.M.C.A., which has sent baseball equipment, & other athletic stuff, & a movie outfit to Aleppo. In fact they are opening a Y.M.C.A. here & are going to try & get Moslem & Armenian boys playing together -- perhaps then when they grow up they won't be cutting each other's throats. In the evening a grand Turkey dinner -- real turkey, & mince pie -- the best meal we've had for years it seems. And after dinner movies in our own house, thanks again to the Y.M.C.A. & to our crackerjack mechanical genius Johnnie Elder, who set up an electric light plant (run on a kerosene movie machine all in less than two days.

The Arabs meanwhile were also having a grand time. Early in the morning a herald went thru the streets with a bell, ordering all shops closed for the day & all Armenians to stay indoors. Naturally the Armenians were scared -- but it was a wise move. The Arabs

were preparing a big demonstration -- pro Arab -- & anti everything else. They paraded up & down the streets with a funny "band", shouting "Long live the Arab independence," & calling on Allah. At the corner of our street, not more than 100 ft. from my window an enormous crowd gathered to listen to speeches about the Arabs being able to rule themselves. I'll enclose a negative of this crowd, as I haven't had time to more than develop the film. The next day was quiet, but today the same thing happened, the difference being that today the whole Hedjaz army passed thru the city -- field artillery, machine gun companies, cavalry, & infantry & supply wagons -- every soldier with his pack of blankets, etc. as though they were going somewhere.² Some say they are going south after the French.

The Americans have had no more trouble since Elder shot the Arab soldier, but the ^{Arabs} are awfully insolent. The way they glare at us makes me feel like slamming a few of them.

Reports came in a few days ago of Dr. Kennedy's experience on the way to Alexandretta. I may have written that before -- I forget. Anyhow, Dr. Kennedy was about 2 miles beyond Katma and only a half hours ride from the Khan³ where he was to spend the night. As it was already after sundown the carriage driver was hurrying along and as he rounded a sharp curve in a cut the bandits surprised them. The horses shyed & upset the carriage. Altho there were five bandits, Dr. Kennedy (being an Irish missionary) pulled his revolver & started pulling the trigger, but the darn thing wouldn't work. By this time he was being stabbed, and beaten with rifle butts, one blow knocking his revolver out of his hand. His servant was also stabbed. Two of the men then started taking Dr. Kennedy up a gulley, probably to kill him, but looked back & saw

the other three getting all the loot, so let him go. He lost everything, & hadn't even food left for the rest of his three day journey. Medical supplies, relief money & personal money & clothing were taken. At a French outpost farther on his wounds were dressed, & at Alexandretta he got plenty of attention at his own hospital.

Everything is quiet in Aintab. In the south there is trouble, if reports are correct. Rumors are that bridges have been blown up between Beirut & Damascus, & that the Arabs have captured Gen. Harborg as a hostage in retaliation for the British taking an Arab chieftain. Damascus is said to be unsafe for the British. These rumors may be untrue.

I was expecting to go to Marash several days ago, but will not go until Dec. 1st. The arrangements as they now stand are that Dr. Wilson is to be Director there, with me as treasurer and general manager, since Dr. Wilson wants to spend most of his time in medical work. I don't expect to be out of Marash until after the rains are over -- probably near the end of March. Mails will be very uncertain so you may not hear very often from me.

Our work has been cut down a great deal on account of the big cuts in the appropriations. People at home simply must keep the orphanages going, even if nothing else is done.

I'm awfully sorry I couldn't send Christmas gifts home. A lot of my friends will probably think I might have written at least a letter, but it takes all the time I have to write home once in a while, except that I spend a lot of my spare time making pictures. I'll enclose some more in this letter. The three in brown of the barracks I can't replace, but I have the negatives for all the rest. The set showing the manufacture of boughour are being used for

publication by the A.C.R.N.E. so don't let any reporter use them.⁴
The Ledger might want to use the ones of the Arab army, considering what they are doing now. The numbered pictures show the preparation of the winter food for our orphans in Aintab.

I am also taking a chance on enclosing a little piece of drawn work done by one of the Armenian girls in our industrial establishment. This is supposed to be lined & used for a handkerchief case. This is for you & Mom. Let me know if it gets thru all right -- also the place from which this letter is mailed, if you can read the post marks.

Must close now. Hope you all had a fine Xmas vacation & are well & happy. It's too bad the doctor can't locate the cause of Mother's trouble. Hope they finally succeed. I'll try to write alot of letters tomorrow & make a stab at catching up in my correspondence. Had a letter from Ida today, one from Mr. Peltier in New York, & one from Washington! Dad, they have all been kidding you about that girl in Washington. I have actually forgotten her name. (It's not the one I got a letter from.) Anyhow, since you are all so dippy & must have some gossip there was a nice student nurse at Walter Reed who would have come on this here expedition if she had had a chance, & whom I might have been desperate enough to propose to if she had. But, beings as she couldn't come, I didn't do the trick, & by this time forget who she was. Anything else? Is Stuart married yet? or Jack Bounds? or anybody else? Hope Lillian Heebner got a good hubby. Lots of love to everybody -- Adams family & all our house.

from

Stanley.

P.S. The Constantinople addresss seems to be the safer way to send

mail, (not direct to Aleppo).

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.

Tues. Dec. 16th, 1919.

Dear Dad and Family.

I am gradually working up speed enough on this office typewriter to attempt a letter on it. As you see, I am now in Turkey instead of Syria, and find it quite different place. You don't hear a word of anything except Turkish here, not even Armenian, as all the Armenians speak Turkish too. So I am not sorry I studied Turkish in Aleppo in place of Arabic, altho I picked up enough Arabic to make use of it. Here you can't help talking. I am writing this letter about nine P.M. with a steady rain coming down outside. The rainy season is on, which means it rains about as much as it does in Darby in the dry season. All summer we had about two little sprinkles, and now a good rain every day or so. Somebody crooked my rain coat in Aleppo during the dry season, but I still have a poncho, so won't drown. I think it was my tent mate who took it, as he took everything else when he left for Mardin.

I suppose it will be near the end of January when this letter gets home. I have written very few letters to people lately, and none at all to a lot of my friends, but simply haven't had a chance. Please apologise where it will do any good, and tell the rest I hope they choke if they are mad.

I left Aleppo in quite a hurry, as a telegram came saying an auto bringing Dr. Culler from marash had broken down, so Dr. Lambert and Dr. Wilson and I started out at three oclock on Sunday to meet him, but passed Dr. Culler in another car before we got to Aintab, so stayed there over night and went on to marash the next day. when I got here I found the whole office force had left, since their contracts were up, so I had to take up every thing without

knowing where books were, how much cash should be in the safe, or anything about the work. To make matters worse, Dr. Wilson, the new director succeeding Dr. Culler, was taken very sick with malaria the moment he arrived, which left me director, treasurer, office boy and bookkeeper all at once, so you can see I haven't had much time for hunting wild boar or writing letters. worse yet, i just discovered that the last person who kept the books here was about as good at mathmatics as she was good looking, ---(*). Dr. Wilson has recovered from his malaria enough to operate on people at the hospital, but doesn't seem to have much time for his office duties as director. I have just finished up the job of straightening the accounts and and am going to reward myself by taking a day off hunting wild boar to make up for working every night and sundays. The plains are full of boar. The old chief of Kishaflee, where we went after partridge this summer, was in the office today and said the boar come down every night to the spring where we camped. Dec. 15th Snyder came in last night ^{Dec. 15th} from Aintab in the car bringing up supplies and brought in two jackals he shot on the way up. I saw several the night I came up but we had no rifle. The country is so full of them that you see on an average about nine every trip between here and Aintab. They are attracted by the glare of the headlights and you can see their eyes shining along the road. Snyder was alone, but stopped the car each time he saw one and hit two squarely, just by the light of the head-lights. The skins are pretty good.

The Turks are behaving themselves very well just now, as they probably are beginning to realize that they will never have independence if they don't behave. A lot of French reinforcements arrived yesterday and the opinion is that the Turks here are going

to be punished for the trouble they made a short time ago. There was a little skirmish outside of Marash a few days ago which was kept rather quiet. By the way, we heard a few days ago that the Arabs tried to capture Jerablus from the French a couple of weeks ago but were defeated. Yesterday there was a little excitement. I was in my office, which is on the very edge of the town, when a cannon started booming and shells began to burst within a few hundred yards of my window. I looked out and could see the shells bursting and hear them whistle, but couldn't see the "enemy". The Armenians were scared as usual, until we found the French General was arriving and the artillery was shelling the hill as a salute. The French officers here are very agreeable and come around to visit us quite often. The troops are mostly the Armenian Legion and Morrocans. The Morrocan cavalrymen are about as picturesque as you could imagine- red cloaks, baggy trousers, brown turbans, and brown faces. They remind you of stories of Spanish pirates.

The work among the Armenians here is much more interesting than in Aleppo. In Aleppo they were all refugees passing thru on their way home, but here they are home, if you could call it that. Most of their houses have either been destroyed or have fallen down from neglect. In the villages the conditions are much worse, some of them not a house standing and no tools, wood, or anything to rebuild with. The ACRNE has been supplying all the tools and nails and money available but it hardly makes an impression. The refugees hardly have enough clothing to cover them, no bedding, nothing. It is such a common sight that you don't notice rags, but a third hand suit from America is Fifth Ave. style here. The rags are so awfull they are really comical. One man came in to the office a few days ago wearing not much more than a shiver, and a hunk of

burlap. Our organization runs an industrial department which turns out native style clothing for distribution at a good speed. Instead of making it out of the cloth sent from America, mostly unbleached muslin and cotton flannel, we make our own cloth starting from raw cotton and wool. This gives employment to several hundred women, who do the "combing," spinning, we weaving and sewing, and turn out much more substantial and warmer clothing than our cloth makes. Our American cloth is sold at a price which pays for the entire industrial work, and yet is cheap enough to enable the refugees to buy. Of course the clothing made is given^{only} to people who cannot & none is sold. (for cloth) buy. The policy is always to make those who can pay a little^{to do} so, as this prevents them hogging the share of the poorer ones. Each one is for himself and no one else, and any time a fellow with a pair of pants has a chance to get another pair he grabs them and lets the next beggar go without. A certain amount of abuse of relief can't be helped, I suppose, but it certainly makes you mad when you find a big chap in an orphanage with enough money to board outside while hundreds of little fellows are sleeping in stables in the city. Dr. Wilson gave me permission to root out undesirables from the orphanages, and I know of a few I am going for tomorrow.

Up to the present the ACRNE has been giving out money to about 2000 orphans and widows in Marash whom we couldn't help with employment or otherwise, but now that winter has come we expect to start a sort of soup kitchen or bread line. Probably next week we will have another bakery running to supply about 3000 loaves a day. We already have our own bakery which supplies the orphanages.

Dr. Wilson expected another man from Aleppo to run the office and intended me to help with distribution of clothing and money to the villages, but so far he hasn't come. The ACRNE has just

established an orphanage in Albustan, north of Marash. Mr. Lyman, one of the missionaries here just returned from there and says it is a wonderful place, but undeveloped; fine water power, rich iron mines very near, and the center of the grain district. You can buy all the land you want for a lira (\$5.00) an acre. Perhaps I'll get up there in the spring.

Today we "sicked" the police onto an Armenian who borrowed enough money from the ACRNE to buy a mule, then turned Moslem and refused to pay his debt. Another man borro^wed money at the same time for the same purpose but his mule died before he signed the agreement. Must close now. Just realized I might have been writing on both sides of the paper. The package hasn't come yet, but we hear that they will be delayed coming from Constantinople. Let me know if you get a letter I sent home by a fellow going to America.

I photographed all the orphans of Marash this week for individual photos for their history sheets, which will be used in a campaign in America. Let me know if you see any. This makes 2000 orphans I have photographed, counting the ones I did in Aintab. The stories these little kids can tell about their experiences are awfully interesting and really funny the way they are told. I will copy some and send the stories home. Here is one I just picked at random from the pile on my desk: Namer Vartenoush Seferian, 17yrs. old, now in "Acorne" orphanage marash. (translated by her teacher) "Our family was composed of eleven members, my brother Zenop in America was married and his wife was with us with her two sons. My three sisters and one brother at home were married so they all started with us. First we were exiled to a place called Hasan Og-lod in four months. There Turks made a massacre, They took our properties, we fled back to Yemach. At the war (?) the Turk women

killed with axes my father and mother and also my uncles. When we reached to Kemach Turks threw into river my nephews. An officer took one of my brothers' wives so I fled to Kemach back. There the Kaimacam of Kemach took me and I was a servant io his family as many as four years. Then Russian Army came, so many Armenian widows fled to them . It was announced that none of the Turks would keep Armenians in his house so Kaimakam sent me away and I came to Marash with a Moslem. At the same time my brother's wife fled to Russian Army. After two days of my arrival to Marash I was put by the aid of Armenians to Rescue Home. There I lived nearly eight months, but now I am in Acorne orphanage." (Must quit now as I've run out of paper. Will write again soon if there is any news. Give my love to all the family. Hope you are all well. Have you had any snow? The hills back of my house are covered with snow, but none in Marash. Love to all from Stanley. Am enclosing a few photos.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash , Turkey.
Dec. 28, 1919.

Dear Marion,

This is a rainy Sunday so I'll spend my time writing letters. The rainy season is now on full blast, and it just rains all the time. Once in a while we have a clear day and the sun comes out, but not much. The roads are too bad to try the auto, so we don't get mail any more from Aleppo. I think I mailed a letter home from Aintab, when I was there a couple of weeks ago, and also got one from home from Dad enclosing some clippin from the Ledger. I was glad to hear about Stuart's big hit in Cincinnati. I had a letter from John Martin at the same time, enclosing pictures taken near the tennis court. They certainly were good.

Dr. Wilson telephoned to Aintab yesterday, and was told they hadn't had any cars from Aleppo for ten days, so I guess we are cut off from civilization for the winter, except for the Turkish post, which I don't care to use any more than necessary. I will probably send this letter by the Turkish mail, so please let me know how long it takes to get home. We heard last week that the relief ship which was bringing our Christmas packages sunk. We haven't heard yet any details, except that it was also bringing our winter supplies, auto parts, blankets and old clothes for the Armenians, etc. I hope the ship was insured. If it was you should notify the New York office of the value of the package you sent. Be sure to let me know what was in it anyhow, as that will be as good as getting it. There sure was a disappointed lot of people when we got the news. Armenians come to my office every few days and want to know if there is a package for them from America, and are pretty sad when they hear the boat went down. If there is another opportunity

to send a package just send me a couple of doz vest pocket films, but no clothing or books. We are all very well supplied over here and don't need a thing. And tanks very much for sending me all the things in the box even tho it didn't get here. It certainly is too bad the blankets and clothes for the refugees was lost, for they surely need them.

We had a fine time Christmas. It snowed hard the day before, but melted right away, and the next day was a good sunshiny Christmas. In the afternoon Snyder and Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman (a missionary) and I went hunting "kekleeek" otherwise known as partridge. The hills just back of the house, not more than a mile away, are so full of partridge that you raise flocks of twenty or more on every ridge. But Snyder had a rifle, Mr. Lyman had a 20 guage single barreled gun, and I had my double barreled 20 guage, while Dr. Wilson has the only good gun in the bunch, a 12 guage double-barreled shot gun. He stayed down in the valleys and only saw two birds, while Lyman and I used up all our shell without any effect on the birds. Lyman even stole up behind a flock and blazed away a few yards from them, and the bird he shot at shook its wings and sailed away. The shells were all #8. Needless to say we didn't get a thing. We saw a fox and two jackalls, and had the fox cornered and chased it towards Snyder, who had the rifle, but it disappeared in a cave.

Yesterday afternoon was another clear day, and Saturday, so I went out with an Armenian boy and the dog and brought back three fat kekleeek. I had the good gun this time. I also hit a rabbit and saw it roll over on its back, so I turned to shoot at a partridge, and picked up the partridge first. Then when I went to pick up the rabbit there was nothing but fur. So Mr. Rabbit must have recovered

quickly. We are going to have the kekl for dinner today.

Christmas night all the Americans of Marash, which means the ACRNE personnel and about five missionaries, had dinner at the hospital and invited the French officers stationed in Marash. I am enclosing the menu to show that we can have a swell dinner once in a while ourselves. Afterwards we had some music and a very good time. The French commander has his wife here in Marash too, and they come over quite often to call on Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson. They always bring an interpreter who can talk anything under the sun except English. So the French commander will say something in French, the interpreter will tell it to me in German and I translate it to English; or else the interpreter tells it to Mr. Lyman in Turkish and he puts it into English for the rest of us. This is so much trouble that we often talk Turkish. The commander is leaving Mara tomorrow. More troops are coming all the time. The Turks haven't done much so far, except little attacks on small bodies of French troops outside the city. All the Armenian shops have been closed for about a week on account of fear of massacre. A few days ago the French said they were going to bombard the citadel at two o'clock if the Turks didn't do what they demanded, but the bombardment never came off.

At Aintab I saw a book entitled "Across Asia Minor on Foot". It had a good description of Marash, Aintab, and Aleppo and the road we have to travel coming back and forth. If you can get it in the library I think you would enjoy it. It is by Childs., or Child, and published by an English publisher.

What do you think about me staying here in Turkey until the end of the summer? I suppose if I am willing, I can renew my contract for four or five months, but would do it only on the condition

that they pay me the equivalent of what I could save at home during the summer, so that I could start in college in the fall if I wanted to. They are paying the personnel who came over recently fairly large salaries, but I would be satisfied to get the terms I mentioned. Let me know what you think about it. Dunaway writes me he expects to go home in the middle of January, and won't be able to make the Tigris trip. Others want to take that trip on the way home so I may go anyway, but if not, perhaps I might just as well stay on for a few months.

Living expenses here can't be much higher than at home. It costs about a dollar a day per person here in Marash, including food, fuel, and servants. Mrs. Wilson runs the house I am in, with Dr. Wilson and Mr. S Snyder and I, and it costs about 30 liras a month to run everything. We have four Armenians living in the basement, as they have no home, and they do all the house work and cooking and washing for their board and a small wage. The servant problem here isn't a problem at all. You can get all the servants you want for nothing more than giving them a home and food. Mrs. Wilson asked one of our servants if she would work for five years for her at the same pay, if she took her to America, but the girl said it wasn't enough for America. If we could take enough Armenians over to America they would run the Jews out of business. All the merchant in Marash are down on us because we pay the Armenian spinners and Knitter 25 cents a day in our industrial plant. They say we are ruining their business by paying such high wages. Wash-women in the city get about ten cen a day. In our industrial work here we employ about 500 Armenian women, who start with raw cotton and make 14,000 yards of cloth a month, all by hand, besides sweaters and socks, etc. All this cloth is made into clothing which is given

to the refugees. This supplies about 2,400 garments a month. They also do considerable fancy work, and make Turkish towels, and what they call Marash embroidery on a native weave cloth which makes a very durable and attractive table cover.

Snyder and I have fixed up a dark room and have found out how to change the Graflex into an enlarging Camera, so perhaps I can send you some enlargements from my V.P.K. soon. Snyder is a Mennonite, and the best sort of fellow. He runs the transportation department here, and the Quartermaster Dept. and the Electric light plant. He expects to go to an eastern college when he comes back to the states. I told him he ought to come to Penn. and live in Darby. The Mennonites sent quite a large group of workers in the ACRNE, I think about ten or twelve. They are all about the best workers in the party, and there is nothing narrow about them. No one would know they were Mennonites from dress or anything.

My job as treasurer is nothing to complain about except it keeps me in-doors all the time. I have to keep all the books myself so it keeps me fairly busy. It costs about \$10,000 a month to run this station and give relief to the fifty or more villages around here. In the spring it shouldn't take more than half of that.

Mr. Lyman just came in from church. The rest of us don't go as we can't understand Turkish well enough. He teaches a Bible class, and this morning a converted Moslem was in the class. He was governor of a district near Damascus during the war, and said this morning that he received an order from Constantinople three times to shoot all the Armenians in his district, but didn't do it, but didn't do it. It happened that three of the Armenians in this same Bible class this morning were in that district at the time the orders were issued, so they owed their lives to the Moslem. A converted Moslem

has about as much chance for a long life in this town as a snowball in ----, as Billy Sunday used to say. He will get a knife in the back some day.

No news. Hope your school is progressing in the right direction. Tell Eugene for me that if he doesn't write me at least one letter before I come home I'll lick him. Even now I cuss him: "Develeri ölsoun; bashiya karilar kü! satsiler. "Which is: "May all his camels die, and may his wives throw dust on his bald head."

Dinner is ready and I smell roast kekleek, so

Selamet ile,

*

To Marion Kerr

Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
January 4, 1920.

Dear Mother,

This is another Sunday afternoon, and a fine day. We had so much rain for a while that a short stretch of good weather seems great. It hasn't rained for five days, and the roads are in such good condition that Snyder decided to go to Aintab tomorrow to get our mail, and for reasons I'll tell about later.

Snyder and I are making quite a racket on two typewriters getting letters ready to go tomorrow. I don't know how these letters will go home, but hope they will go in the American Embassy pouch to Paris, and from there home. I wish you would tell me how my letters are postmarked. I have mailed some letters by Turkish post and hope they reach home safely. Letters have come to Marash from America by Turkish post in one month, which is very good. So if you addressed me directly to Marash, Turkey, it would be the quickest way, but since I might move any time, it would be safer to send by the same old method.

Snyder just showed me a letter he had received from a woman, a Syrian, now near Beirut. It happened to be from Leah Barakat. Isn't she the Madame Barakat you know? She has come over from Philadelphia to her native town to help with relief work.

I suppose you got my letter mailed last Sunday, telling about the fine time we had on Christmas. We had just as good a time New Year's eve, and I'll bet we raised as much excitement per person as Philadelphia did. All the ACRNE personnel here came to Mrs. Wilson's house for dinner in the evening. Believe me, it was a real feed. We had a turkey, raised in our own back yard, and all the fixings, mashed potatoes, soup, salads, cream puffs, fruit gelatine,

mince pie, coffee and nuts. Then we played games till twelve o'clock and then--we made all the noise we could on the front porch by beating copper pans, etc. The next day we heard that about a hundred Armenians ran to a house near by saying that Wilso house was surrounded by Turks and we were calling help. They were all afraid to come over and see what was going on, and I suppose agreed to let us die. Our own servants were asleep when we started the racket, and told us the next day that they got up and prepared to be massacred. They ran around down stairs hollering "Aman, Aman."¹ New Years day is observed by the Armenians too so it was a holiday, and Snyder and I went hunting, but didn't get anything, altho each of us saw plenty of partridge and foxes. I got in five shots, two at a jackal and three at a fox, but only succeeded in making the fox run about a mile a minute. A Turk was with us and is going with us sometime on a bear hunt. He was one of Dr. Wilson's patients after all the Moslem doctors had given him up as hopeless, but when Dr. Wilson fixed him up he became so attached to the Doctor he comes around to call every Sunday.

The beginning of the year has been pretty busy for me as I have to make out reports for all the institutions, besides my financial report, and besides starting a new ledger. It is very hard to get money now as the roads are too bad for the merchants to get to Aleppo, and as a result I can't sell drafts as easily in the summer. Snyder is going tomorrow in the car to Aintab, but the Armenians are afraid to go out of town now on account of the troubles recently, so at present I am almost out of funds. I enjoy this work fairly well, but wouldn't like it for a long time. The fact that I can get away once in a while for a hunt makes it much nicer to work here than in a city like Aleppo. Three wagons arrived here last night

from Aleppo with our supplies. The roads are not good enough for aytos. No mail has come for a long time except thru the Turkish post, and none for me.

As long as this letter is going by auto to Aintab, the censor may not cut it to pieces. The French have very kindly offered to send our mail thru their military post. Today, the Armenians and Turks of Marash and vicinity are rather upset. For a couple of weeks the Turks have been killing the Armenians a few at a time, but the Armenians are not content to lose even a few, as this sort of thing usually results in wholesale massacre. While the French are in Marash there is n't any possibility of a general massacre in the city, but the villages will probably suffer greatly during the winter. For example a Moslem a few days ago shot three Armenians on the edge of the town. Six or eight Armenians on the way to Zeitoun were killed near a Turkish gendarme station. A couple of Algerian soldiers were killed near Marash, and the villages are so surrounded by bandits that they don't dare go into their vineyards to work. If they do they don't come back. A report came in not long ago that the Turks were intrenching between here and Is-lahie (on the railroad), so the French sent out troops from Adana, Is-lahie and Marash yesterday with artillery, and yesterday afternoon the sound of the guns could be heard in Marash. The French commander was over while we were eating dinner and said his troops had probably been bombarding the Turkish positions or villages, but the wires were cut so he didn't know definitely. The Turks in Marash are excited about it, and the Armenians are scared. So we are hearing of wars and rumors of wars, which makes things very interesting here. The man who brought the three wagons from Aleppo was coming up from Beirut about a week ago, and when he was passing Baalbek (I sent you some photos I took there) the French and Arab

having a battle. The French won, after about forty French and more Arabs had been killed.

The story is going around that the Bedouins near Der elZor, on the Euphrates captured three British officer and some men, and that the British had come up from Bagdad and wiped the city off the map, killing thousands of Bedouins and Arabs. I hope it is true. Der el Zor is the place the Armenians call the Graveyard of the Armenians, because the biggest massacre occurred there. I forget the figure, but it is around one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand who were killed there.

I can't think of any special news now so will close and wish you a all a happy New Year, even if it is rather late to do it. I am feeling fine and hope everybody at home is well. How is your arm behaving since Dr. Ryan took hold of it ? Hope he fixed it up OK. I don't have any new photos to send, but will enclose some I have here. If I have sent them before pass them on to somebody else. Dunaway is going home soon. I may tell him to go out to see you if he goes thru Philadelphia. If I were in Alepoo I would ask him to take something home for me, but he is going in a few days, and so all I will send him from here is a letter. I may s send this letter to him and ask him to mail it in America.

Goodbye for the present. Lots of love to you Mother and Dad and Mar Marion and all the house. Hope to get a letter when Snyder comes back tomorrow night.

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
January 8, 1920

Dear Stuart,

Snyder is going to Aintab tomorrow, and perhaps on thru to Aleppo the next day, so I'll write a short letter tonight and let him take it along in the morning. That means probably it won't go thru the Turkish censor. I have mailed several letters thru the Turkish post but have no idea how safe it is. Snyder was down to Aintab a few days ago and brought back one letter for me, one Mother wrote Nov. 9, so it took just about two months to get here. The roads had been very bad and our cars were not traveling but for over a week we have had the best sort of weather so the roads are good now. This morning I saw the first ice that I have seen in Marash. It snowed one day quite hard, but hasn't been cold enough so far to make me put on winter underwear. We have terrific winds sometimes here, and last night was about the windiest I have ever seen. Snyder came back with another jackall last night. He had shot two on the way back from Aintab, but one disappeared in the bushes after he hit it. I was after dark so he couldn't find it. They are thick around here. Everytime we go out after partridge we see several foxes or jackalls. I got five shots one afternoon at foxes, but didn't hit any. I use a Turkish army rifle. I had a shotgun which I bought in Constantinople but when I ran out of shells I sold it, at five dollars profit. You could sell any sort of firearm here now at any price since the trouble started. I'm certainly glad I got my Colt in the US. Everybody who has a pistol carries it tucked away somewhere these days, and you can see the point of daggers sticking out from the edge of the Turk coats as they walk about.

This is a sort of thing you find in Bobabec during closed season for game, when everybody shoots all they can get away with. The Turks are killing all the Armenians they can without calling it a general massacre. In Marash the French troops are holding things down pretty well, but every morning reports come in of Armenians killed just out of the city. All the stores have been closed for days, and you couldn't persuade an Armenian to go out after dark for love or money. My interpreter quits work ten minutes before sundown, and our buyer won't go into the market even in broad daylight. Most of the Armenians don't have much spunk anyway. But just now even the Turks are scared as badly as the Armenians and their stores are closed too. The French have got their goat. The Turks have been picking off a French soldier or two right along, one or two in the bazaar shot in the back, and a few Morrocans shot outside of the city. A few days ago they got bold enough to entrench themselves between here and Islahie, to cut off the French communications with the railroad. The French didn't lose any time in making war, and sent three bodies of troops, one from Marash, one from Adana, and the third from Islahie. That afternoon we could hear cannon firing down towards Islahie, and the only news so far is that the French had destroyed several Turk villages and several hundred Turks were killed in the fighting. Then two days ago when I came down for breakfast, a man told me the Turks had killed all the Armenian men in Dungele, a small village near here. The women and children ran to Marash and are living in a church now. The French punished this promptly by bombarding more Turkish towns, and again yesterday afternoon I heard cannon firing in the distance. As a result the Turkish villagers have lost their appetite for killing, altho the Marash Moslems are trying their best

to persuade the villagers to kill the Kishaflee and Fundajak Armenians. The French commander called the Moslem leaders together two days ago to tell them that he would bombard the city here if they started anything. The Turks are armed fairly well, and every night the French patrol gathers in a few. Last night they caught some Turks climbing over a wall with rags soaked in kerosene to set fire to an Armenian school, and in the scuffle that followed one of the Turks had a bayonet shoved clear thru him.

Dr. Wilson has had a couple of wounded French to operate on. Most of the cases are shot from ambush. One Armenian woman was sleeping with a pistol under her pillow a few nights ago, when it went off and hit her in the head. I don't know whether she died or not. In our hospital there is a bandit who had been wounded. When he recovers he is to be sent to Adana to be hanged. So a few nights ago, since he was almost well, his brother came and tried to steal him away, but the French had seen him enter the city with an extra horse and were wise enough to put a guard over the bandit that night, so they caught the brother too.

Dunaway has left for America, but expects to stop in Serbia for two months. I wrote him to be sure and go out to Darby if he came to Phila. Magee is rather peeved that Dunaway spoiled our plan for floating down the Tigris to Bagdad, so he wrote to me a few days ago to see if I would travel home with him stopping in Italy, then going thru Switzerland to Paris and the Western Front, then to London and Liverpool and home. But that looks like too much cash to me. Snyder and I both filled out the necessary blank today to state our willingness to stay on till July, provided the ACRNE wanted us bad enough to pay us what we could earn in the same time at home, so we would have enough cash to start college on again if

necessary. I wrote home asking what you all thought about that, but of course have not had time for an answer, and had to decide today. The ACRNE may not need us, however, in which case we would be getting ready to start for home in less than two months. I have an idea that we will stay at least a month or two longer than that anyhow.

I am going to send in an application to Penn for a scholarship incase I want to finish my Ph.D. Probably I will find it hard enough to find a job anyhow, so might as well brush up on my chemistry. I have started to study French, along with my Turkish.

A dye man was in a few days ago and promised to tell me all ^w he knows about vegetale dyes any time I say. It ought to make a good interesting account even if it is of no commercial value. From the little he did tell me it seemed as interesting as old Geber himself. I hope your dyes are still as good as you made for the Brimmers. I suppose by this time you are making as good a salary as dye. By the time I get home I'll probably be so poor I'll have to be borrowing from you, at least until I get a job.

The Armenians are too scared to travel to Alepoo, and as a result won't buy any of my drafts on Aleppo. I have just 5 liras to last me until Snyder can go to Aleppo and bring gold back. That five liras will last about five minutes tommorow, and then I'll close up shop until more comes. Our appropriation for Marash is plenty big enough to run the orphanages, etc., but hardly touches the orphans and widows in the city and villages.

I got some Literary Digests and a Penn magazine you sent from Cinn. Thanks very much for them. By the news in the papers it looks as tho Armenia should take the mandatory of A

merica. Must

close as space is gone.

Stanley

*

To Stuart Kerr

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Jan. 17, 1920

Dear Mother,

Your letter written Nov. 9, arrived a few days ago. It took just about two months to get here. I suppose Greenbaums have had their firesale and another fire by this time. I haven't seen a real fire for a long time. I forget whether or not I wrote a letter last Sunday, so may be repeating a lot of stale news, in this letter. It is just about sunset now so this will be a short letter. I had a card from Marion and Ida from New York, so I suppose they have been having a gay old time. Today there is snow on the ground, but it isn't cold enough to freeze. Snyder and I went out hunting again yesterday afternoon, (Saturday) and I shot one partridge, altho I saw at least a hundred. It had been snowing up in the mountains and drove the partridge down low, so we began to raise flocks of them just back of the house. They are very wild and fly up before you can get within range. We tramped away up on the mountain where the snow was deep, and found it snowing in Marash when we came down. The partridge were so thick up in the snow that the snow looked like a chicken yard.

As we came home we could see the road that runs from Marash to Islahie. From the mountain you can see it for miles. At one place it was black, so we concluded that more French troops were arriving, and sure enough last night the report came in that four hundred had arrived. On the way, probably just about where we could see them, they were attacked by Turks and lost six men killed, over twenty wounded, and lost a machine gun. We had just about concluded the fighting between the Turks and French was over when last nights report came in. I suppose I wrote last week that there had been

several scraps so far. The Turks massacred all the Armenian men in a village near here, and then entrenched to cut the French from the railroad, but the French bombarded the trenches and Turk villages. The Turks keep to the hills so it is hard for the French to get after them. We have quite a number of wounded French in our hospital, including a couple of cannibals. Some of the Sengalese soldiers are cannibals and have pointed teeth. They are filed to points so they can eat raw meat.

Business is going along in Marash as usual after the period when all the stores were closed on account of the trouble. There is absolutely no danger to Americans in Marash, and even the Armenians are safe enough in the city. A few days ago when the French had to withdraw all their troops from the city to fight the Turks, they took with them several of the most prominent Turks as hostages, so that if the rest of the Turks started anything in Marash while the French were away they could punish the hostages. A Turkish Bey who is quite prominent here is a great friend of Dr. Wilson's because he fixed him up when the Moslem doctors had given him up. He was in to call a few days ago, and Dr. Wilson asked him why the Turks were killing Armenians again. He ^{the Bey} said the Turks could see that the big massacre during the war hadn't accomplished the result intended, namely to put the Armenian race in a position where it could never be a menace to Turkish power, by killing off the men. He said this was the reason the Turks wanted to finish up the job. They think the Armenians are committing a treason by agitating for an independent state.

cart- Aside from this there isn't any special news. Eight wagons ar-
d by a
uard of rived this morning from Aleppo with old clothes, shoes, sweaters,
0
rench etc. for the Armenians. The old shoes are old. You can actually put
oldiers.

your hand thru the holes in the soles. The clothes are better. Miss Dougherty said she thought the Armenian coat of arms should be a nest full of young robbins with their mouths wide open waiting for a big worm to drop in. That is about the best picture you could get of this relief work. These people are certainly in great need, but they certainly are a grasping lot. When we give out clothes a man has to keep the crowd back with a club, and actually has to keep wielding the club on women. The moment the guard turns his back the whole mob rushes the clothes pile. They have no sense of fair play and will "repeat" as often as they can. Of course they are not all like that. But it is amusing to see what hogs they become when there is something for nothing. The men whom we loaned money to six months ago for starting up their industries now refuse to pay up, and jeer at my collector. I sent notices to the churches yesterday to notify all debtors to either pay or at least to come and explain why they couldn't, and if they don't come we are going to send their names to the Turkish police. Dr. Wilson inspected the Turkish prison yesterday and says it is quite a fine place, clean, and apparently well run.

Dr. Lambert sent word to me last week that he wanted me to stay on for a few months, but I refused the offer, and told him I couldn't stay for less than I could earn at home this summer as I must save up enough to get a start on my college expenses this fall. If he accepts my minimum I will stay till the middle of July. I don't feel like a profiteer in making these terms, as the ACRNE is paying all those arriving recently fairly good wages, as they realize this is the only way to get efficient work done. I sent in an application for a fellowship at Penn a few days ago.

Must close now. Mother you asked if the girls here do Madeira

work. They don't, as most of the Armenians do drawn work, and in ^rMarash they do a special kind of embroidery. Yesterday I bought a sweater of Angora wool for you. The wool comes from Angora, and the sweater was Knit by a very fine Armenian girl here in Marash. I also have a couple of table sets for you, done on cloth made in our own industrial dept., and the drawn work done by our employees. I haven't seen many beads that I thought much of, except amber, which are beautiful but expensive.

I shot the wild boar and last Sunday we had roast partridge and boar steak. It is the most delicious meat I ever ate. There are wolves almost a mile back of the house, and I hope to see one close enough to get a shot at them. Hope there are some more letters on the way. It is dark now, so I'll close. Lots of love to all, from

Stanley.

P.S. I had a letter from Eleanor Young, & will answer her as soon as I can to what she asked. Her letter just came a few days ago. Tell her that all the girls I helped rescue are out of my reach now, but I can send her a photo of an orphan girl here in Marash, with a story of her experiences in the war, etc. I'll write to her next week.

Hope Dr. Rhein has your arm in fine shape by this time.

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
January 20, 1920.

Dear Mother,

They say that Christmas comes but once a year, but in this queer country Christmas comes twice and year and Sunday three times a week. The Armenians celebrate Christmas on Jan. 19, the Moslem's Sabbath comes on Friday, and the Jews close their stores on Saturday and hike for the S Synagogue. So on Sunday night when somebody remarked that it was Christm eve again we decided to celebrate. Doc Wilson called a consultation of all the "hired girls" and the Armenian cook and asked them what Armenians liked to eat. The big idea was to have a grand outdoor feed for all the Armenian refugees in the city who had fled from villages near Marash and were camping in the Churches in the city. So while Snyder and I "printed" two hundred tickets, the others arranged the menu, which I'll give at meal time. Early the next morning Sam, the Armenian servant, woke me. (Sam wears a pair of real baggy trousers he made out of a blanket.) He handed me my trousers and we finally extracted the necessary spondulix which the A.C.R.N.E. was to furnish for the feed. Samuel took the donkey and came back half an hour later with a donkey load of enormous pumpkins. Meanwhile Dr. Wilson was hiking around the town giving out tickets to the refugees, Dr. Crathern the Y man was planning for some games, and he and I procured four enormous copper kettles from two of the orphanages. These were placed in a row on stones, fires kindled and water soon began to heat up.

Samuel now appeared with half a dead cow, 250 oranges and ten strings of figs, a kettle of fat, a bag of ekshi, and a sack of boughour which is a preparation of wheat made by parboiling

wheat kernels, then cracking up the kernels. Some of the "guests" appeared soon and set to work preparing the dinner. Some of the women peeled the pumpkins and cut them up, while others cut up the meat and tended to the fires. We had also forgotten the question of dishes, but that was quickly solved by a raid on the pile of empty tin cans, which we prepared by pounding the tops smooth and by a good washing.

By noon time the Armenian women had the big kettles boiling hard. The meat was stewed in the largest for a while, then the chopped pumpkin and ekshi (an herb) added, together with salt. This was to be one dish. In the other kettles the women poured the broken wheat grains or "boulghour" after they had cleaned and sifted it. This swells greatly on boiling and soon there were big copper pans four feet in diameter piled high with steaming wheat; on this was poured the melted fat. The finished product is almost the same as boiled rice mixed with fat.

Our yard by this time was full of Armenians, all of them the most ragged looking lot of people of all Marash. This was the coldest day so far this winter, and yet very few of these people had shoes and many not even stockings. They sat around the fires getting up an appetite and seemed to be having a good time however. We brought out a pair of boxing gloves the YMCA man had with him and tried to get the boys to box but for a while they wouldn't go near them. Then Dr. Crathern persuaded an Armenian boy to box, and the boy went to it and knocked the Doctor's hat off. After this scrap some of the younger boys had a few great fights. They all use their arms like hammers and never punch.

Finally dinner was ready, and after getting the crowd lined up properly, they filed past the bread pile, got a loaf

of bread about the size and shape of a five cent pie, then a tin can full of the beef and squash stew, and another can of the boughour. They had no spoon or forks, but they all had fingers. Some of the people had no tin cans, so we piled the food in big pans, and then six or eight people would sit on the ground around the pan, so all you could see was a circle of ba backs. If you looked over the top the scene was a pile of grub with about ten hands shoveling in. Everybody squatted on the ground, and the scene around the yard was surely comical--about two hundred and seventy-five people dressed in gorgeous colored rags eating with their fingers out of tin cans. They were just as happy as if it was a turkey dinner in a big dining room. They all came back for second helpings, and even then so much was left over that they all were able to carry home a can full, along with their oranges and figs. You should have seen the tumors some of the people had. Some had big swellings in their shirts or belts, due to a can of stew or boughour stowed away for the next day.

The feast was followed by a demonstration of a hand plow, by Mr. Snyder. In the spring a plow is to be given to each village, so the farmers were all interested, as they had never seen anything but the old style "crooked stick" sort of a plow. We had thought it would be fun to get a bag of old shoes and throw them from a window and let the people scramble for them, but a moment was enough to show that this was nothing to play with. Even tho the shoes were not mated and were absolutely not worth sending from America, those people actually fought for them. They all need them so badly it was no joke with them -- so we stopped this metho of distribution at once. Several groups of boys were rolling around on h the ground scrapping for an old shoe for some time. They all took it

150

goodnaturedly and when the crowd got ready to leave they gave three big cheers for the Americans and voted it a good dinner. We had all had as good a time as the refugees, too. I took a number of photos with the A.C?RN.E. Graflex, and will not send this letter till I have developed them.

Snyder planned to go to Aintab this morning, and he and Dr. Crathern got off about seven thirty. Reports came in last night that a wagon train of the French on its way from here to Aintab was attacked by Turks near the Ak Su, all the guard killed and the wagons looted. If this is true the road won't be very safe for autos. Snyder however thinks there is no danger. He took with him the Y.M.C.A. man, (Dr. Crathern, a Congregation minister from Boston) a French lieutenant on his way to France, his orderly, one of our nurses, an Armenian merchant and one of our couriers, who is carrying our mail. I gave him a letter for home, written on Jan. 18. The mails are so uncertain now that I don't know whether my letters reach the US or not. The last letter I had from home was written No. 9th, but there is probably more in Aleppo or Aintab for me, and Snyder may bring them tonight if he has no trouble on the way.

My index finger is pretty well worn down now from pounding this machine so I will quit . Hope everybody at home is well and happy. Wish you could all come over here for a while and go back home with me. Love to all the family, from

Stanley.

P.S. Since the mails are so uncertain, I will send two copies where ever I can, one by Turkish post and the other any other way available. So if you get two letters alike or perhaps only a carbon copy, you will know why.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr

Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Jan. 21, 1920.

Dear Dad,

This is a rather exciting time to write a letter, but as the post is supposed to go tomorrow I must write now. It is now half past two, and since twelve there has been a lively battle in progress here in Marash. Every letter I punch on the typewriter is echoed by rifle shots. There is a machine gun going bop-bop-bop-bop about a hundred feet from me and bombs are exploding all over the city. We had just sat down to dinner when the firing began, and of course nobody spent much time eating but ran for the balcony upstairs to see the battle.

All this is a result of what has been going on for the last few weeks. The Turks have been following a policy of ignoring the French and deliberately disregarding their orders. They have been killing Armenians and French soldiers a few at a time, until lately: then they began ambushing large bodies of French troops. The French finally had a battle with the Turk bandits and wiped out a few of their villages. The Armenian-French soldiers who did this even killed all the cattle and destroyed everything of value. We could hear the cannon firing while this was going on, but it was far enough away that it didn't make much impression on us. But on Monday (Jan. 19) the bandits or whoever they are attacked a French wagon train and its convoy between here and Aintab and killed all the convoy, plundering the wagons. This made us wonder just how safe the road was for our auto, but Snyder refused to be scared and started off yesterday morning for Aintab, taking a Y.M.C.A. man, (Dr. Crathern) a French officer, two Armenians, and one of our nurses, Miss Shultz. They had trouble from the start. First Snyder

lost a chain and spent an hour looking for it, but had to go on without it. Then the car got stuck in the mud, which is a foot thick in places, and succeeded in getting out only after putting blankets down to drive on. By the time they crossed the Ak Su (White River) half way to Aintab it was two oclock. From here the road winds up the mountain on the edge of a cliff. The road was good however and they made good time. In a minute they came to the place where the French wagons had been attacked. Here the wagons were strewn along the road on their sides, dead horses lying around, and one French helmet. As they went on the sound of firing could be heard, but as the road was a continual wind nothing could be seen until suddenly as the car rounded a curve they came in full sight of two platoons of Morrocan cavalry having a running battle with the enemy on the side of the mountain. The Turks were well hidden behind rocks while the Morrocans made a fine target with their red capes and white turbans, sitting on their horses. Snyder didn't lose any time turning around. The battle was only a few hundred yards away and the Morrocans were retreating in the direction of Marash. Dr. Crathern got out to direct the turning of the car, since it was on the edge of a big cliff, then jumped in as the car began to make tracks for Marash. At this moment the Turks opened fire on the car. Dr. Crathern pulled out a silk American flag and began to wave it while Snyder opened out on full speed, down hill. The flag seemed to just start things, for the moment Crathern waved it a regular hail of bullets struck the road all around the car. As the car passed a turn in the road a rifle blazed away at them only a few yards away, the bullet striking one of the four metal spokes of the steering wheel about two inches from Snyders hand and tearing a big hunk of the rim off. The steel

splinters that flew struck Snyder in the face and cut his eyelid in the corner, while Dr. Crathern got splinters in the side of the face. The Car was making between forty and fifty miles an hour by this time and had to dodge the overturned wagons on the road, besides circling sharp curves with a precipice to one side. If a bullet had hit the driver the car would have gone over. Not until they were a mile or more away and out of range did the bullets stop. How the Turks missed them all is more than I can say. The car has several holes in it. The French lieutenant had thrown our nurse on the bottom of the car the moment the firing started and put a bedding roll on top of her, then sat on it.

(Now, Artillery has just started up in the city)

The car got back to Marash after dark, just in time for Snyder and Crathern to join us in a fine dinner in honor of the wedding anniversary of Dr. Mrs. Wilson-- roast goose from our own back yard being the main attraction.

Of course the French were notified of what had happened and reinforcements went out immediately. This morning I telegraphed to Ainteb that we were all safe, and Dr. Crathern telegraphed to Admiral Bristol that the American flag had been fired on. The French general happened to be here in the city, and things began to happen today. The Major told us this morning that since the Turks had shown no willingness to be peaceable the time had come to strike, and they were prepared to strike hard. Dr. Crathern and I took a walk thru the market this morning and found every shop closed except a few Armenian places. It is the turn of the Moslems to be scared now, and they are afraid the French will massacre them. At the mosques and on corners groups of Moslems were gathered discussing affairs. It was just a short time after we got back to the house

that the firing began.

It is hard to say just what is going on, as all we can see is the smoke of the shots. Turks are firing from the minarets of their mosques and from houses, while the French are on the hills, and even in the church belfries, and have machine guns all over the city. The French headquarters is right beside this house with a machine gun in the yard. They have machine guns in the windows of our hospital and one of our orphanages, and in a church belfry. Our house is the highest up the hill of any in the town, so from the balcony of my room you can get the best view of the whole thing. From there we can see the smoke of the bombs or grenades in the city. I suppose the French are throwing grenades into houses where the Turks are firing. So far no bullets have come our way, which is a wonder, as the machine gun is very close.

No one seems to know just who the so-called bandits are, but there is no doubt that there are loads of them, and that they are organized. It is a pretty sure thing that they have plenty of support from leaders of the Turks in Marash, altho the Turkish officials protest that they have no control over it.

We are all agreed that America is a good deal to blame for the trouble here. Not that they started it, but because they have delayed the peace treaty so long and left the fate of Turkey undecided. If America had been willing to take the mandatory of this country there wouldn't have been a particle of trouble. The Turks were practically unanimous in wanting America. But when another army occupied the country the Turks naturally thought they had come to stay, which might be true and they are doing all they can to make things unpleasant for them. The fact that our flag was fired on means nothing, as we were carrying a French officer, and the bandits

would have every reason to believe that we would carry word which would bring reinforcements.

Armenians and Turks both keep asking "Has America decided to take the mandate for T

8.PM. The firing has diminished considerably, and since dark only occasional volleys are heard. The reports that come in are decidedly bad. At first the French officers said that in the fight our auto ran into, about ten cavalrymen were killed, but this evening we heard that practically all had been killed. This is no wonder, as they had to come past the point where the auto met the worst firing. It developed also that this patrol of Morrocans had been sent out to meet a wazon train which was bringing ammunition and supplies to the French in Marash. This convoy of twenty wagons arrived at this same point about an hour later and was ambushed, all the guard being killed and all the supplies and munitions falling into the Turks hands.

The fighting in the city today apparently has been mostly firing from houses. The French have lost a lot of men who are lying dead in the streets, according to reports, while none seems to know how the Turks hav fared. I didn't realize how much resistance the Turks were making until an hour ago, when Snyder came in. You remember he was the one who had such a narrow escape yesterday while driving the car to Aintab. He had another exciting day today. We wanted a pair of field glasses so he ran down to the hospital to borrow a pair belonging to Luther the pharmacist. Arriving near the front gate of the hospital two shots rang out close by --these were meant for him. As he reached the gate he found the French sentry lying there dead in a little pool of blood, right in the gateway. This probably saved Snyder's left, as those inside were

unable to close the gate. If it had been locked a third shot could hardly have missed. Inside the walls of the hospital enclosure the French raised their rifles quickly as he entered but lowered when they recognized a friend.

Within the Hospital itself the Turks had made their marks. The Armenian soldier behind the machine gun on the third floor had tried to drive the Turkish sniper from his position in a house opposite the hospital, but the gun jammed, and the soldier received a bullet thru the chest. He is alive but unconscious. Dr. Elliott, an American woman physician in the ACRNE, stepped out on the front porch to call a nurse indoors, and a bullet cracked the wall beside her. In her bedroom on the third floor another bullet broke her inwall, and before the afternoon was over the transom and the plaster from the walls were scattered over the floor. The whole third story is quite a mess. The patients were all moved below and the beds laid on the floor. Luther looked out of the window of his pharmacy and a bullet sped by. He saw an old Armenian man outside running over to herd in his cows, and saw a Turk shoot from a window. The old man dropped in his tracks. Dr. Wilson decided to stay all night at the hospital, but Snyder climbed over the rear wall of the enclosure and came home by way of a row of trees.

Today several hundred Armenian refugees had come up to the A.C.R.N.E. storehouse to get old clothing. Mrs. Wilson was distributing the garments all morning, and this afternoon the refugees were not allowed to go home as the streets are unsafe. So tonight I went over to the enclosure where there were still 350 poor people with hardly enough clothes on to cover them. We arranged for them to sleep in the basement of the College, and managed to get two hundred loaves of bread for them from our own bakery, so they

will be fairly comfortable tonight. All the blankets in our stores were given out too. Our own house has a number of Armenians for the night, and every person who was not home at noon today had to stay wherever he could find shelter. Miss Blakely and Miss Lied, two of the American missionaries of Marash were out calling this morning and have not returned, but are probably safe.

A group of six prominent Turkish officials of Marash came to see the French commander just after the firing started, so the General received them and after the interview told them to stay. So they are his prisoners, and will be treated as hostages. The group includes the Commander of the Gendarmie, the local governor, the Chief Engineer, and other dignitaries. I was over in the building this afternoon talking to the Major when the Mutesersef (or Turkish governor) went out of the room. He didn't look exactly happy.

I hope this scrap over here gets into the American newspapers. It ought to show the American people that all this war has been of no benefit to the Armenian nation. In spite of all that has been said about the Turk not being fit to rule, and in spite of all that the Turk has done in the past, international politics are still letting the Turk do as he pleases. It looks as tho Armenians were in for another massacre. If the Turks don't begin massacring tonight in the villages around Marash and even in the city itself I am a mighty poor prophet. It is time this League of Nations did something in the way of settling the future of Turkey, and in the opinion of every American here in Marash it couldn't be settled better than by an American mandatory. The American nation was willing to send millions of soldiers to lick the Hun, but seems to kick strenuously at sending enough men to keep order in a country worse than Germany.

Jan. 22:4PM. Today has been so full of excitement that I haven't had time to any writing. Artillery fire a few hundred yards behind the hiu house woke me about seven AM, and by the time I got out on the balcony the battle was on full swing. The French were shelling the hills behind the house, where Snyder and I had gone hunting partridge so often. Apparently the Turks were coming in to the foothills from Albustan and all the surrounding country, for the puffs of smoke up on the hills where the shrapnel was bursting kept moving up hill as the Turks ran for shelter. The shelling was going on on all sides at the mountains. The artillery fire made considerable racket, but the machine guns seemed to make even more din as they popped away at the hills. The Turks in the city were at their work again too firing from the houses.

Last night the Morrocans who had been wounded in the fight where our auto was fired on arrived in Marash with the escort which had been sent out for them early yesterday, before the fight started in the city. Not knowing that Marash was in a state of siege, they started up thru the city with the wounded, and were immediately fired on. I could see the flash of rifle fire in the streets from my balcony. The escort immediately dropped their wounded to fight, and in the dark lost the street where they had left the stretchers. Finally they came to headquarters and reported the case. Lieutenant Coonery, the officer who had gone with Snyder for Aintab the day before, took it upon himself to go out thru the city to look for the wounded, and as he walked around in the dark found about eight Morrocans who had lost their way in the dark and had been hiding. With these he kept up the hunt, but failed to locate his wounded soldiers. Instead he was attacked as he and his eight men returned to the barracks, stepping over dead men everywhere,

460
five of the Morroicans were killed and his own rifle stock was shattered. He finally climbed over our hospital wall to safety.

Today the fight in the city continued much the same as yesterday. The French are certainly on the defensive. From the top of the college today I could see Turks strolling around in the streets with their rifles some of them so close that I took a picture of them.

In the afternoon we kept up a lookout from my balcony, and Mrs. Wilsaught a glimpse of Dr. Wilson, who had been marooned at the hospital since the fight started. We were able to whistle to him and heard his an answer. The hospital is about six hundred yards from here, but a house full of Turk soldiers commands the space between, so we cannot go back and forth.

Off in the low hills on the east of the city, which can be seen from the balcony but not from the French lookouts we could see large bodies of Turks moving around in plain sight, at about two P.M. Thru field glass we could see that they were armed, and in military formation, but in civilian dress. I ran over to report this to the French commander, who immediately came over, the general and three officers. When they saw the Turks the general ordered a small cannon, while an officer calculated the range. In a few minutes a "sixty five" arrived on mule back behind our house. The soldiers soon had it in position. An officer aimed it and gave the order to fire. The shell went swishing over the hilltop, and the Turk lost no time in ducking behind the crest of the hill. But the next ten shots were well placed and must have cleaned out the whole crowd. Snyder and Dr. Crethern and I were naturally on the scene while all this was goin g on, and each got a hot shellcase for souvenirs. We all felt our ears ringing for some time, as we had

been standing a few feet behind the gun. The French officer said it was well we had spoken to him about the position of the Turks.

Dr. Wilson just came in. He climbed over the wall off the hospital compound and reached home safely. Since this leaves no American men in the hospital to stay with Mrs. Power the nurse and Dr. Elliott, I am unanimously elected to go down for the night.

Jan. 23, 1.30 P.M.. Just returned from the hospital and had dinner, so will finish as much of this up to date as I can before going back.

Last night's adventure was rather interesting. I started immediately after what I wrote above. The night was pitch black and raining a little. I had a French soldier detailed to come along to boost me over the wall. The French officer told me however that it was a dangerous job, as the French sentry in the hospital would probably shoot at me as I climbed over the wall. We started out however the thru the gate in our wall nearest the hospital. We hadn't gone more than fifty paces when I saw a form moving a few yards ahead. At this moment the French soldier with me stumbled and fell all over himself, making quite a noise as his rifle struck the stones. I was ready to blaze away at the man ahead with my six shooter, but he challenged us quickly in a low voice in French, so we knew it was all right. In a moment we passed two French soldiers, then crossed a plowed field to an orchard, then reached the rear wall of the hospital compound. It was the first time I had taken a good look at it. Now it looked like an impossibility to scale, as it is a good twelve feet high, and on the top is an overhanging layer of big red tiles. Groping our way along the wall we bumped into a small tree, which saved the day. Climbing this I was able to crawl over on to the tiles, and then hung on a branch and

dropped. About ten tiles fell on top of me and made enough noise to wake the dead. As a matter of fact, I dropped into a little German graveyard, where the Germans had buried their men when they had the hospital during the war. I fully expected the sentinel to shoot, but not a sound. Some sentry. I even yelled for him, and then I walked the whole way around to the front steps without being challenged. As I walked towards the front wall a form moved back into a doorway, so I called "O kim dir?" (Turkish for Who goes there?) It was the French sentry. Ten of them sleeping in a good hiding place instead of guarding. One of them had been killed at the opening of the fight, and was still lying in a big mass of blood by the front gate. As there was no officer they were still obeying their old orders to stay in front of the enclosure. Although I had no right to "butt in", common sense told me that if I could climb over the wall a Turk could do the same, so pretty soon we had sentry at the rear.

Inside the hospital all the patients had all been moved from the third floor to safer places. All were now sleeping in the floors, and every corridor and room was filled with patients and Armenians who had taken shelter in the hospital. The neighbors had bored a hole thru the walls and come in. One wounded Armenian had crawled from where he had fallen to the front gate and knocked. The Turks opened fire but a soldier opened the gate and the man got in safely. The basement and first floor of the hospital were packed with women and children and some men, some little closets six feet by six containing fifteen or twenty people.

After supper the French soldier who had helped me over the wall returned to the hospital. He had gone back immediately after seeing me over, and now came back with a note from Dr. Wilson asking for

tourniquets, gauze instruments, etc. Some wounded had come in. We went to the operating room and lit a candle, but before we could collect everything three shots rang out from the Turkish house across the street, apparently meant for us. We blew out the light and finished the work in the dark..I helped the soldier over the wall with his bundle and then we went to bed. This latter process merely consisted of taking off shoes and puttees and coat and crawling under a blanket on the floor. Needless to say I didn't sleep a wink, due to my uncomfortable bed and to the fact that every time I began to dose a shot would ring out so close that it made one jump even tho almost asleep. This keptup all night.It wasn't much of a task to get up this morning.

Breakfast over I ran across the courtyard to the pharmacy building which faces the street. At the door was the dead sentry. The French soldiers refused to bury him without orders. From a window of the buildin I looked across to the building from which the Turks shot everyone who ventured out-- not more than fifty yards distant. Between this house and me a dead body lay in the street - the deacon of an Armenian church who had run out to bring in his cattle when the fight began. Apparently dogs had partially consumed the body. While at this window I located several houses from which Turks were still firing. From the third floor of the hospital building a group of nurses were watching French shrapnel bursting in the hills back of Marash. It was a pretty sight to see the puffs of smoke form in the snow away up the slope of the mountains. Turks were still up there and could be seen with field glasses running from one shelter to another.

Soon shells began to burst among the Turkish houses behind the hospital. Rifle fire had been hot there all morning. A hundred yards

away French soldiers were firing from a mud house. Just as I looked out the window several shots were fired, and the bullets had a peculiar whistle. In a moment there was a series of explosions in the Turkish house and clouds of smoke burst thru the roof. The French were using rifle grenades, and several had gone thru the open windows and exploded inside. Fighting was on all around the hospital, and from the looks of things the Turks were still strong. The Turkish flag was flying from the walls of the citadel. They always put it up on the Moslem Sabbath, and today is Friday.

Two of the Marash missionaries had been out calling Wednesday morning and were unable to get home when the scrap started. This morning Miss Blakely, one of them was seen in a window not thirty yards from the hospital gate, next door to the Turkish house. I finally decided to make a run from the hospital yard back to the American buildings, in order to get permission to bury the French soldier, and to notify the French commander of the houses from which Turks were firing. Besides, the hospital food supplies were getting low. Climbing over the rear wall with the aid of a ladder I dropped to the ground and made a sprint for the rear of a house a hundred yards away. Stopping for breath only a moment I began a 220 dash up hill and drew several shots from the row of trees below me, but reached the stone wall of the mission compound in safety.

The French officers made notes of my information, and promised not to shell the house where Miss Blakely had been seen. The Commander gave me an order to the guard to bury the dead sentry. While I was in the headquarters room a telephone message was being taken from the Turkish governor, whom the French had released on his promise to persuade the Turks to surrender. His telephone message was that he could not stop the fighting. Going out of this building, which

is part of the American Mission property, I discovered that a change had taken place over night. Instead of walking freely across the compound I was warned to make a quick dash to the wall, as the Turks had come up close during the ^{night} and were just below our buildings. The French were digging loopholes in ~~the mud~~ wall. Crossing over to a little building in this compound which so far we have used for a little hospital for orphanage children I found it was now filled with wounded French. Dr. Wilson was just finishing an operation on a soldier, Snyder giving the ether, altho he had never done such a thing before. I arrived just in time to help carry the poor chap to a bed. From here I went on thru to the college buildings and found the Armenians- about six hundred of them- still huddled in little rooms everywhere. The food supply is so short that these people get only one meal a day. Up on the third floor of the college, the highest point in Marash, the positions of the Turks was plainly visible. Why the French don't make use of this for a lookout is more than I can say. But here one could see the Turks in a trench only a few hundred yards from the French barracks. I will draw a map of the American buildings showing the positions of the enemy, so you can see how the Turks have a ring drawn around these buildings, trenches and snipers in front, any many soldiers in the mountains in the rear, held off by French artillery. I borrowed a big American flag from the mission to put on one of the two buildings where the Wilsons, Snyder and Mr. Lyman and I live. As Snyder and I went back, following the wall for protection, we saw a group of people behind Lyman's house. Ebenezer orphanage is three hundred yards away, across an unprotected gulley. One week ago this was a grove of trees. The Turks cut them all down just a week ago. I have no doubt now that this was done to remove a good defensive position

from the French. Twice since the trouble started I walked across this space to get bread for the refugees in the college compound, not knowing that the Turks had this covered with their rifles. This morning as Snyder and I joined the little group of Armenians we saw across the open space four or five frantic Armenians. We had not seen what just preceded this, but Dr. Crathern and Mrs. Wilson with a pair of field glasses had seen across the city a commotion. The Turks had started to massacre the Armenians in this quarter and they were fleeing in all directions, shrieking so their cries were heard by Dr. Crathern. Thru the glasses the refugees were seen to pass two armed Turks hiding behind a pile of rubbish unmolested. It was half an hour later that I saw four or five of these same Armenians arrive on the slope back of Ebenezer orphanage. Their friends called to them to come on over to our yard. As they started across the open space Turks hidden down in the ravine opened fire. I'll never forget the sight of those poor people, already exhausted by their long run, stumbling along over this space as the bullets struck all around them. The first two had a good start before the firing began, and reached safety. The next was an old man who tried to dodge the bullets by stooping over. He stumbled repeatedly, and I suppose he was wounded, but got over. The next two were an old woman and a boy. The boy was hit and dropped into a ditch below. The woman, half way over, screamed as bullets struck all around her. and then stopped and faced the Turks, crying to them to stop. How they ever missed her I don't know, but all of us were yelling frantically to her to hurry on. She collapsed when she finally got over, grazed in several places and absolutely exhausted. She and the others are in our enclosure now. The boy who was hit waved a rag from where he fell to show he was only wounded,

but noone dared to go to him. Finally he crawled unseen back to the protection of the rear wall of Ebenezer orphanage, and knocked on the gate , but even if those inside could hear him they couldn't go back without coming in full view of the Turks. I finally left this terrible sight as nothing could be done till dark, unless the French could rout out the Turks from their position. The boys brother was one of the first of the five who tried to come over, and now was in the yard watching his helpless brother.

Mr. Lyman and I proceeded to put up the American flag. From the position of the Turks who had just been firing, their next move would be to come over our wall and thru our yard to attack the F The American flag we though might be some protection. I ripped along pole from what used to be the wild boar's pen, and nailed the flag to it. Mr. Lyman was looking for a rope, but we agreed we didn't want to lower it, so nailed it. As I raised the pole with the flag a rifle sang out so close that the Armenian boy helping us made one dive for the stairs. The next m moment a bullet struck a tile over my head and scattered dirt all over us. It was no time to quit, as the flag would have a disgraceful tumble unless the pole were nailed, so Lyman and I ducked and drove the nails with such haste that most of them bent. One more bullet whizzed over our heads before we finished the job, all of the shots coming form a Turkish rifle that must have been less than a hundred yards away.

Since dinner was not ready(and since I had lost my appetite after seeing those Armenians running the gauntlet) I stepped outside the walls of the enclosure again to the back of the house and listened to the firin in the mountains beyond. The Turks in the mountains were keeping up a continual fire judging from the fact that bullets were whining over my head from that direction, while

the French would be firing away from me. As proof that they were Turkish bullets, one came whistling towards me and dropped one yard in front of where I was standing. It had just lost its energy. As I picked it up it was hot from the long journey thru the air. I am keeping it for a souvenir of a Turkish bandit.

The French interpreter says the commander has lost patience with the Turks and will begin to destroy the city at 2.30 with artillery. We are all of the opinion that he might have started long ago shelling more of the houses he knew held Turks. The fact that the Turkish flag is now flying on the citadel and that no one dares venture thru the streets seems to indicate that the Turks no worse off than when the scrap began.

While at the hospital this morning I heard what is probably the true account of the beginning for the battle. The French officers all say that the Turks started the firing and that the French did not know this was coming. Since the French commander had told us that morning that he was going to strike and strike hard we supposed that it was the French who started things moving. But the following gives the story a different aspect. To begin with every Moslem store was closed that morning, as I myself saw when Dr. Crathern and I took a walk thru the market. We had seen Moslems on their way to the mosques, and gendarmes going to the citadel with rifles. The head nurse at our hospital, Miss Matsukian, left the hospital at noon, and had gone about a hundred feet when a Turkish gendarme came along with four veiled Moslem women. He escorted them to a house, then stood in the road and fired his rifle in the air three times. Immediately rifle fire started all over the city as tho this were the signal. Miss Matsukian hurried back to the hospital gate, and the French sentries outside also came in, the last one in being

shot thru the neck- the man now lying just inside the gate.

8.P.M. There have been so many interruptions this afternoon that I just now finished writing the above, which was started after dinner.

So far the city has not been destroyed. The only thing very noticeable in the way of destruction is a big fire in the centre of the city, the result of a French shell. It is quite a spectacular smoky fire however and ought to make the Moslems think.

The wounded boy is safe now. After lying against the wall of Ebenezer orphanage all afternoon he got his opportunity. The French general and colonel came thru our yard this afternoon with half a dozen big black Morrocans who had rifle grenades on the end of their rifles and each carried a sack of them. They climbed over the wall of Mrs. Wilso chicken yard into an Armenian's house. From here they could attack the Turks who had fired on the Armenian refugees in the morning, and who had been sniping the French on the hill above. I went up on a little balcony in Mrs. Wilsons house to watch the fun. This balcony is surrounded with lattice work and makes a fine lookout. In a moment things began to happen. The grenades began to explode among the Turkish mud houses, so close that dirt and small stones were thrown up on the balcony where I stood. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for the wounded boy to make his escape I rolled up a piece of the Sunday New York Times about six months old for a megaphone to call to Frere Alexis in the orphanage to open the gate. But the boy had thought of the same thing, an while I was running down stairs he hopped down along the wall on one leg, in full view of the Turks. They opened fire again. The moment I yelled thru the megaphone for Alexis he answered, and when he heard my "Kapuyu ach"¹ he ran to the gate just in time to

let the wounded boy in, but not before the Turks had fired half a dozen shots. These Turks are pretty poor shots from what I have seen.

However the grenades soon forced the Turks to retire or at least to keep out of sight for a time. We all feel much more comfortable now, especially since the Armenians in the house near the Turks had heard the Turks talking and knew from what they said that their plan was to rush the Armenian house, from there to get into Wilson's yard and house and Mr. Lyman's (where I live). This would give them an excellent point from which to attack the French headquarters. It is a peculiar thing that the French had taken no precautions to prevent this sort of thing, just as they were not prepared for this little war. They apparently thought that if the Turks ever did start anything a few shells thrown into the city would make the Turks surrender. As it is now the French are practically besieged. Their horses and mules have had nothing to eat for three days, and now have eaten all the bark off the trees in the college compound, where they put them for protection. The French soldiers say that they will start tomorrow to eat the flesh of the horses and mules killed by Turkish bullets. I saw from the college window a French soldier out in a field chasing a cow, in full view of the Turkish snipers; of course the cow soon was in the kettle.

We heard today that Turkish cavalry from Albustan, north of here tried to attack from the hills last night, but were driven off with machine gun fire. These forces are still back of us in the hills. Wow! Grenades are bursting rightback of the house. Will finish later.

10.P.M. The French are up to something. I just came down from the balcony where an interesting little manouever could be seen. The

Morrocans were firing rifle grenades in the air so they would drop among the Turkish mud houses. The fuse on the grenades enabled us to follow their course thru the air, and more than once we had to duck to avoid flying dirt. But while this was going on, French troops were passing up the slope of the hill to positions they could not reach if the Turks should discover them. I could hear them moving close to our house, but the Turks were too much occupied dodging the grenades to see or hear anything else.

Jan. 21. 1.P.M. It didn't take much to persuade me last night not to return to the hospital. As a result I had a fine sleep. Grenades woke me again early this morning, and rifle shots just outside the window. The Morrocans are using the building next to our chicken yard for a sniping position. After breakfast Snyder and I climbed over the hen house and into the rooms where the soldiers were in order to get a few good photos and a look around. The position was a good one, as trees close by acted as a screen, and yet could be seen thru easily. These Morrocans are about as comical fellows as the southern darkies, and seemed to have as much fun trying to pick off Turks as our darkies have in shooting crap. All of them are terribly scarred, from big cuts they make on their cheeks and chin as decorations. Turkish soldiers could be seen running from house to house, while the snipers tried to pick them off. I saw about a dozen Turks on a hill, but couldn't tell these soldiers in French, so borrowed a rifle and got in a few shots myself. A little later the soldiers decided to go down in the Turkish quarter where they had been throwing the grenades. The corporal went down with a few Morrocans, and a lot of Armenians to dig holes in the walls. First they cut a hole in the wall of a mud house. It happened to be empty,

so the Armenians made short work of it. Bedding, wheat, cooking utensils. clothing all kept piling out the hold until the house was empty, then they set fire to it. You can't blame these Armenians, who had lose everything they had during the war, for doing their best to get back at the Turks. They didn't seem to have any hesitation in looting all the Turkish houses. There were a number of chickens running around, and as we were practically out of food for the refugees in our compound, I got my shotgun, ran down in among the mud houses and blazed away. They must have been armoured hens. The first shot I knocked three down and they all got up and ran away. The second shot knocked another head over heels, but it got away too. Meanwhile the Armenians were looting another Turkish house when a group of Turks opened fire on them, but missed. You should see the booty. They got enough boolghour and bread to feed the refugees for several days, and the refugees are cooking it up now. I have a Turkish dagger for a souvenir. I don't know why the Turks left such a thing behind.

We don't have any news from the outside world now. All wires are cut. For all we know, Aintab and all the surrounding country is suffering the same thing we are. The French sent out two Armenians this morning disguised as Turkish gendarmes in an effort to get word to Islahie or Aleppo. The reports this morning from a number of sources are that all the Armenians in three wards of the city have been killed. We don't know how true this is.

Artillery fire just began . I hope they are shelling the city. Several houses are burning already in the city. Must stop now..

Sunday, Jan. 25. This is a rainy Sunday morning, but rain doesn't seem to stop either war or fire. Machine guns and rifles have been making more racket than usual, and a French "75" just put

three shells thru the dome of the biggest mosque in town. The top of the dome was blown as high as the minaret. For a moment there was silence, then cries of "Allah, Allah" could be heard as the Moslems fled. The mosque was being used as a fort by the Turks. Just about the same time the mosque was shelled, a large number of Turkish reinforcements came running thru a street from near the edge of the city. Machine guns all over the city open up, but we couldn't see any Turks drop.

Yesterday afternoon the French began shelling the city on a bigger scale than they had used so far. Just as I stopped writing it began, a continual bombardment of Turkish positions. We all ran for the balcony and were just in time to see shell after shell go thru the roof of the stone house from which two people in our hospital had been shot. Turkish trenches in front of the French barracks got a good sprinkling of shells, and also a number of other places in the Turkish quarters. Fires began to spring up all over the city, some of them Armenian houses and some Turkish. After dark the whole city was lighted up by the big blazes. Aintab people can surely see the reflection in the sky.

The French Colonel and the Major were over for tea in the afternoon. They are sending five Armenians disguised as Turkish gendarmes to Islahi to ask for reinforcements. The Major borrowed Snyder's German rifle for one of the men to make the disguise complete, and gave him a French magazine rifle in exchange. One of the officers said that from certain signals which had been observed, it was thought that Captain Fontaine was outside the city with guns and men.

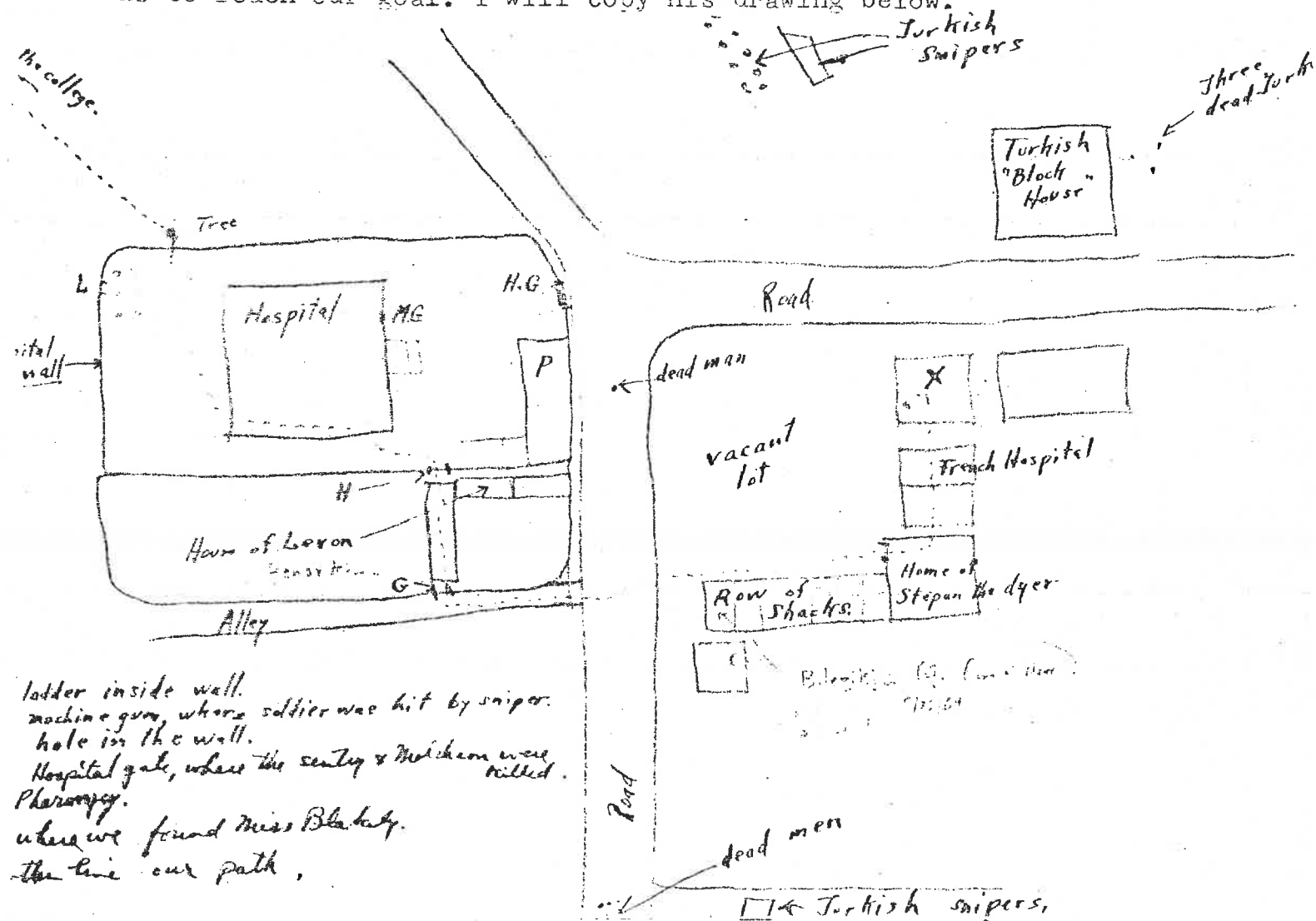
Miss Blakely and Miss Lied, the two missionaries who were caught out in the city when the fighting began on Wednesday, were still

out, and probably in danger should massacre or fire begin. From what certain refugees at the hospital had said, it was possible that they were in the house next to the one the French had shelled so vigourously. Snyder and I were itching for a little adventure anyhow, so decided to go out after dark to look for the two women. Besides, Dr. Wilson needed supplies from the hospital, and the hospital needed milk. The Major promised to give us a Moroccan soldier for the excursion, so that if we were challenged by any French he could answer.

The big fires all over the city soon convinced us that it wasn't going to be very dark. However, we got two sacks full of canned milk for the hospital and started out from the lower gate of the college compound. Our escort answered the challenge of French sentries along the road. We reached the rear wall of the hospital yard in a few minutes without drawing any shots, and in a few minutes more had climbed the little tree near the wall and dropped into the yard. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power were glad to see us and to get the milk. The bombardment during the afternoon had frightened all the patients, as the house the French shelled was less than a hundred yards away. After the shelling, one of the old Armenian men who works around the place went to an upper window to see what damage had been done by the shells. But snipers were still hidden in the basement of the house and a bullet crashed thru the window and killed old Melcron as he looked out. This was the third casualty in our hospital from that same Turkish house.

After leaving with Dr. Elliott a list of the medical supplies to be prepared for Dr. Wilson, Snyder and I proceeded to our search for the missionaries. The Armenian pharmacist first led us thru a hole in the wall to the house of an Armenian near by. This man was

the interpreter for the French Administrative Commandant, but had disappeared since the fight began. Knocking lightly on a cellar door, we finally obtained a response from within, but the Armenian feared treachery and would not admit us for some time. This man, named Levon, was living in the lower part of the house with his family, all the windows and doors barricaded. After telling Levon our errand he placed a light on the floor and mapped out a plan for us to reach our goal. I will copy his drawing below.



The plan made our task simple, for now we knew which places were safe, and which places must be passed quickly. After leaving Levon we passed quietly down the alley, across the road to the door of a house where Stepan, the dyer for our cloth making establishment lives. From here there were passages from cellar to cellar to the

house on the corner. Here we found Miss Lied and Miss Blakely, perfectly comfortable among their Armenian friends, but more than willing to get back to their own home, altho Miss Blakely had misgivings about how safe the trip would be. Not more than half an hour later they were back in the college. We stopped at the hospital on the way home and got the medical supplies for Dr. Wilson, then climbed the wall and had no trouble except from a dog whose barking must have notified all the Turks within half a mile that we were coming.

Everybody was tired enough to go to bed soon after we reached home. But first we had a bite to eat, then viewed the burning city from the balcony. The French had fired a whole Turkish quarter, and Turks had fired an Armenian section. All the Armenians from the section the French burned were first brought in to the college yard by Lieut. Coonry- about 150 of them. Then Coonry and his men set fire to the shacks with kerosene soaked rags. This is the only kind of war the Turks appreciate.

During the afternoon I had been out in the yard when a perfect hail of bullets from a machine gun cut thru the trees over head, and str struck all around me. I made a bee line for the house, and then six more volleys came, many bullets hitting the walls of Beitel orphanage and sweeping our yard. The French say it is a German machine gun in the hands of the Turks. I didn't realize until this morning that my bed is in direct line of this gun. This morning I found that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson had been awakened by bullets striking the wall of their room close the bed so they had to come down stairs and sleep on the floor. The front window is broken and the little balcony where we stood many times has several holes in the sides, while several bullets were found lying around.

Beitschallum orphanage was attacked by the Turks this morning. Turks were seen collecting in a graveyard behind the buildings and finally made an attack. But the rattle of machine guns all over the city soon discouraged the Turks, as the attack lasted only about five minutes.

Frere Alexis sent a messenger from Ebenezer orphanage to the college stating the conditions there. As the woman was returning with an answer she was hit in the chest and killed. This bullet came from the Moslem quarter just below our house, which the French thought they had cleaned out. Morrocans will probably make another raid on the place tonight.

There are over a thousand refugees in the college yard now, whom we have to feed. The food supply is almost gone. One hundred and twenty Armenians came into Ebenezer orphanage last night from a quarter in which all other Armenians have been massacred. The longer this thing lasts the fewer Armenians will be left. The French policy so far seems to have been to let the Turks shoot until they get tired or run out of ammunition. The French are protecting themselves very nicely, but no protection is being given the Armenians. All the burden of feeding and caring for the refugees in our compounds is on the missionaries and the A.C.R.N.E. The French even had to put their animals in the college yard, with some soldiers, which now draws the Turk fire. One woman has been hit already, while standing in the yard, and no one wants to care for her baby.

The news these Armenians bring as they arrive at night from various quarters of the city is terrible. Out of the three men employed in this little compound where I am now, two now know that their homes have been burned and all their families slaughtered. Samuel, the gatekeeper heard that his children have had their heads

dashed against a wall Boghas, our buyer knows now that his wife, three sons and daughter are dead. One of the teachers from our orphanage on the other side of the city, (Beitschallum) is here in our yard. He was one of the five Armenians who ran the gauntlet of the Turks back of this house. When the fight began he was neither home nor in Beitschallum, but was caught in a quarter called Kum-bet. Some of the Armenian men here had rifles, but after the second day they were compelled to run as the Turks made an attack. He tells me that out of about two hundred who ran only he and five others got away. He saw with his own eyes the Turks killing the women and children with knives. Refugees from every quarter come in with the same story. If my life and property depended on the protection of the French I would say good bye right away. An American army would have cleaned out this town of Turks in one day instead of staying in a walled compound looking out for themselves

Armenians in houses kept off the Turks for three days, and when their ammunition gave out were all butchered, just because the French are too inefficient or weak or else because they don't give a hang what happens to the Armenians. Personally I'm absolutely disgusted with them.

Monday, Jan. 26. Noon.

Last night was another night of burning and bombing. Fifteen French soldiers passed thru this yard after dark followed by a number of Armenians with picks and axes. Following them I found they were on a raid. From the window of a house bordering the Turkish quarter I could see the flash of grenade explosions as the raiding party first made sure no Turks were lurking in the houses. Then the Armenians came with big sacks of grain and all sorts of winter

food supplies and deposited them in a safe place. Three men came pushing a cow along. All sorts of loot was being brought from the desered Turkish houses to help feed the refugees. As soon as a house was emptied it was fired by men carrying kerosene soaked cloths. Even this morning dozens of houses were still smouldering and others just beginning to burn. The looting proceeded this morning, and such sights as a Morrocan darkie carrying home a banjo and the French colonel with a load of rugs were seen.

The Armenians are rejoicing to see the Turks get a taste of their own kind of warfare. But still the massacring goes on, and the French admit they are powerless to stop it. They are waiting for reinforcements and big guns. They say they haven't enough soldiers to systematically clean out the Turks form house to house. I believe the French have all together about two thousand soldiers. The Turks probably have many more than that. This morning the Turks sent an ultimatum to the French commander, demanding that he surrender and turn over all rifles and cannon. If he would do this the Turas promised to treat them as the guests of the city. This shows how the Turks regard the outcome of the first week's fighting. They are far from being defeated. The Turks have tje advantage that they can run into the hills when they are beaten and avoid punishment, while the French are surrounded.

Snyder and I just returned from the French Headquarters from a visit to the commandant, to whom we bore a plea from some Armenian refugees here to send soldiers to a house in the Turkish quarter where 200 Armenians are hiding. The Major promised to find out if this were possible, and will let us know before dark. If possible, he will send soldiers with the guide we know of.

No one need say that the Armenians imagine massacres are going

on. I just came from the emergency hospital, where Dr. Wilson was dressing the wounds of Armenian children and women. One little girl has a bullet hole right thru the side of the head, brains oozing out both holes, and yet alive and conscious. She was crying about gendarmes, knives, bandits, etc. All her family is gone, but she escaped. An old woman in the hospital has a piece of flesh as big as a pint bottle knocked out of her arm by a dum-dum. Only a few of the wounded Armenians ever reach our compound, and of course we don't see anything of those killed.

The missionaries all say that Marash had never before seen such terrible scenes, even during the war.

Jan. 27. 2 PM.

This is the seventh day of the battle, and still not over. There is very little firing, but only because everyone has learned to keep under cover. No news of reinforcements. Perhaps the five couriers never reached Islahie. The Armenians have all lost hope, as they see the French unable to protect them. The French admit their forces are not strong enough to do more than sit tight and wear out the Turks. The Turks are far from worn out, judging by the ultimatums they now send to the French commandant. This morning again they demanded that the French abandon all arms and munitions and surrender, or every Turk would attack. About a week ago the French made similar proclamations and the Turks called their bluff. The French threatened to burn the city and to destroy it with shell fire in an hour, but the Turks now realize they can't do it.

Last night's excursion to rescue the house full of Armenians was never made. In the evening the Major sent over word that he would let me have three soldiers at midnight -- as though it was some errand of mine, not theirs. He had the idea that I wanted to

get some friends to safety. However I was willing enough to try it, and went to Stepan, a Moslem convert who had volunteered to lead the way, and asked if he would be ready at midnight. But other news had just come in. It was too late. The Turks had surrounded the house and promised the Armenians protection if they would surrender. They did so, and you can imagine the rest. The men were tied and shot, then the women and children were killed with axes. A few escaped.

I went over to the little hospital where Dr. Wilson treats the wounds of soldiers and wounded Armenians. On the rough board table used for operating a young woman was lying, waiting to have her knee dressed. It was shattered by a Turkish bullet. One or two questions soon made it certain that she had been one of those in the house of Dr. Hatcher, where we were to have gone at midnight. In a few words she told just what had happened, as I told above. As the Moslems were butchering she and one or two others ran towards the French trenches, the Turks in another trench opening fire as they ran. Her friend, a teacher in the Girl's College was struck in the head, a little girl and a boy were killed, she was hit in the knee, and another little girl, now sitting in the operating room, was wounded in the hand and thru the thigh. As she was telling these things another woman was groaning on a stretcher in the corner. She was the wife of the pastor of the 3rd Church. She had seven knife wounds and a bullet wound. In addition to this she had fallen in the ditch between the French and Turkish trenches when she ran from the house, and had lain in the water in the ditch for several hours. And she was pregnant. Her husband is one of the finest Armenians I have met. Snyder and I found him in a house near where we found Miss Blakely a few nights ago.

Every hour this battle continues just such things are going on. Do you wonder that the Armenians have lost hope? Even the refugees in our compounds with the French right here are pessimistic as to the outcome, because they know the persistence of the Turks, while the French only call this "zee leetle war". And yet they admit "We can do nozing for zee moment." If the facts of the past week haven't put a crimp in any plans for a French occupation of this country I'm disappointed. America isn't free from blame for this either. If she had declared herself with regard to the mandatory of this country long ago the peace treaty with Turkey would have been signed by this time. The Turks once having signed a treaty would be less apt to start fresh trouble. Mustapha Kemal the leader of the Nationalist Turk party threatened just this sort of a thing. He said that if a foreign power occupied Turkey "painful events would follow, which would affect two continents." I don't know how America and Europe view what is happening here, but if Armenia is not freed from the rule of the Turk very soon the Allied nations will surely be much to blame.

Jan. 26. 9PM.

Today has been comparatively quiet. Now and then a machine gun starts off, or the Turks make a little attack and a lively skirmish takes place. This evening they came back into the burned houses back of this house and for a few minutes there was an exciting engagement. The Turks had come fairly strong if one could judge from the crack of their Mausers. The report of the French rifles is much different from the Turk's, the latter having a sharp report more like a pistol. About five oclock this afternoon the French shelled another Turkish house and made some pretty hits. The fires in various parts of the city have died down and only a few new

ones began today.

Snyder and I went down into the city last night to bring up an Armenian pastor from a house not far from our hospital. His wife had been brought in with seven stabs and three wounds from a broken bullet. She had been in the house where the Moslems butchered the women and children. Her two little children were both killed. The pastor when he heard this news almost went crazy, and people hardly recognize him now. Dr. Wilson operated on his wife this morning. The knife had cut into the liver, and her condition is very serious.

As Snyder and I are the only youngsters here we have to have a little excitement every night, and when nothing else turns up we go down to the hospital. The French have dug a tunnel under the college gate and from there a trench leads to the hospital wall. Instead of climbing the tree to get over we now can crawl thru a hole in the wall. A dead horse lying along the trench is evidence that the Turk snipers are still on the job. Every trip we make is of course for medicine or supplies for the emergency hospital here.

Jan. 29. 11PM.

This is the ninth day of the siege of Marash, for it surely has become a siege. Altho the boom of big guns can be heard in the distance and shows that help is coming, the Turks still keep firing, and still make their evening attack between six and seven.

Last night the French sent sixteen soldiers with an officer and two Armenian guides to rescue a large number of Armenians who had taken refuge in a church. The place was surrounded by Turks and the Armenians were in danger of massacre. The men returned without

the Armenians, reporting that there were Turks between them and the church, and that they could not pass. They had not even attacked the Turks or fired a shot. Lieut. Coonry nearly killed the officer, who came back and reported that he had not accomplished what he had been sent to do.

I spent part of this morning trying to locate a sniper, and as I couldn't find him, turned my attention to Turks in another direction. All I can say here is that the Turks found a certain locality an unhealthy spot. In the afternoon all the Americans gathered at the college to discuss what to do in the event that the Turks overpowered the French. We decided that if the French evacuated and tried to cut their way out of Marash, the Americans would stay, unless there was nothing to stay for, in the way of orphans and refugees. But if the French remained and were overpowered the plan was to put up all the fight that was in us. This whole meeting was the most senseless thing imaginable, as there is no doubt of the ability of the French to hold off the Turks for a month. Besides it must have made the women so nervous that they couldn't sleep. Most of the women have been sleeping w with clothes on anyhow. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson packed up today, and moved to the college as a safer place, which leaves Dr. Crathern, Snyder and me here to keep house.

Badvelli Solakian's wife died in the afternoon. We just buried her over in the seminary yard beside the French embankments and cannon. I think this is one of the most terrible stories that could be told. This man is one of the most brilliant of the Armenians, and most people say the finest Armenian they have met. He had come thru the war and deportations and had not lost his wife, and now had two children, one five years old, the other only one year.

So when Snyder

When this trouble started he was not with his family. Snyder and I had found him in a house near the hospital, but no one knew where the mother and children were, so you can imagine his anxiety for them. Then one night the mother was carried into our little hospital with seven knife wounds and three wounds from Turkish bullets. We made another trip into the city for her husband, and the moment we entered the house he seemed to know we had come for him. Neither Snyder nor I knew anything about his children and could only tell him his wife was wounded and wanted him. She was giving premature birth to another child when he arrived, but told him her awful story. The Turks had surrounded the house where she and a hundred others had taken refuge, all of them the finest of the Armenians in Marash. When the Turks entered they told refugees not to be afraid, that they were fighting the French, not Armenians. But they asked the men to go outside, where they shot them. As other Turks came in with knives and axes all who could fled. Solekian's wife had run out carrying her one year old baby, while her sister ran with the other child. The mother had been stabbed repeatedly as she ran from the house, and when they came to a deep ditch she was unable to cross. She fell and lay in the water, while the sister, a teacher in the college ran on to the French trenches-- but Turkish bullets killed her and the little girl with her before she reached safety. The mother was still lying in the ditch, when a Turk crawling along found her with the baby. Thinking she would die he left her but killed her baby with his knife. Can you think of anything a Turk couldn't do?

When night came the woman managed to crawl to the French trenches, where soldiers found her and carried her to the hospital. This is

the story she told her husband. Dr. Wilson operated on her, but today she died. None of those who were at the grave in the moonlight could leave without knowing more of Armenia's sorrow as they saw the grief of that one man, now left with absolutely nothing in the world. It was hard to take him away from that grave beside the trenches.

Jan. 30.

No reinforcements yet. The boom of cannon in the distance shows however that the French are fighting between here and Islahie. Here in the city only occasional shots are heard, except between six and seven, when the Turks usually try to capture the house below this one.

Today two men were shot at the gate of the college, where we leave the college on our way to the hospital every night. Two children in Acorne orphanage were shot also while playing inside the building. One bullet made four wounds. It struck the smallest girl, about four years old, tearing a hole in a finger, then passing thru the side of her head fracturing the skull, then grazed her neck and went on to the other girl, going right thru the flesh of her thigh. These Turks are just baby killers.

Jan. 31.

This morning when we came to breakfast a Zeitoon Armenian was waiting to see Dr. Wilson. Perhaps you never heard of Zeitoon, but over here the word means something. The Zeitoon people are noted for their bravery. In 1895 the Turks were having a massacre, but in Zeitoon the Armenians turned the tables and while the men were out fighting Turks who had surrounded the city the Zeitoon women captured the Gendarmie in the city, bound the Turks and threw 300

of them over a bridge into a gorge. In this last war the Zeitooners took to the mountains and kept off whole armies of Turks sent to capture them. They make their own rifles.

So when this man appeared in his mountain dress, rows of cartridges lining his coat, and told us that he and eight other Armenians had just come in from Zeitoon everyone was interested. They had come for ammunition, rifles and men to help protect Zeitoon, which was surrounded by brigands. Naturally he had known nothing of the trouble in Marash until he and his men approached the city from the mountain and came to the French trenches. On the way thru the mountains they had avoided the Turks by traveling at night. They had had several engagements however with small bands of Turks.

The villagers from all around Zeitoon had fled to Zeitoon, so apparently the Turks were massacring in the villages. These men intended to go right back as soon as they got ammunition and rifles, not to merely stand off the Turks, but to go out in the hills and chase them away.

While this man was calling on us the others were over talking to the French general asking for the rifles and cartridges. When he refused they even threatened him, so he had them locked up for an hour and a half, then reconsidered and let them go, giving them what they had asked for. To show their appreciation the nine men went right out and attacked a Turkish quarter, burned several houses and killed nine Turks. In doing so two of them were wounded. Then again they made another raid tonight. We haven't heard the result yet. The Turks all over the country fear the Zeito men.

Today things have been going on as usual. The French shelled a lot of houses this evening. Five of the refugees in the college yard were wounded during the day. While I stood talking to Miss

Blakely in the doorway of the College a bullet struck the porch a few feet away. The bullets were coming from a house near the hospital, so the French shelled it.

The food proposition is a serious one. The Dr. appointed me Herbert Hoover, so today Snyder and I rationed out our supplies for a two month siege. We have plenty of wheat, and it is being ground in little stone hand mills, one stone about a foot in diameter turning on another flat stone the same size. From the ground wheat a sort of soup is made. The French gave us two cows which they captured from the Turks, so the ground wheat together with the meat makes enough stew for one meal a day for the 1000 refugees in our compound. They get only one meal a day. We have some canned milk, which is rationed out to babies and nursing mothers. In the store room are a few cases of tomatoes, some chocolate, tea, and malted milk, and lots of soap. The refugees are allowed one case of soap a week.

Miss Buckley has always lived in Beitschallum orphanage, where she is in charge. This is our largest orphanage. There are about 400 orphans living there. The girls' rescue home is nearby. Both these institutions are on the other side of the city in a Moslem quarter, so we have no communication with them. There are soldiers quartered in Beitschallum, so we don't fear for it, but the Armenian girls in the Rescue Home are very likely all taken by the Turks by this time. The food supply at Beitschallum must have been exhausted long ago, as the winter supplies were very short before the fighting began. None of us envy Miss Buckley.

Dr. Wilson has been trying to get someone to go to Aintab to carry the news of our siege and to hasten reinforcements. But the trip means almost sure death if the messenger is caught by Turks,

so no one has been found. It is not safe to try the auto again, since the Bridge over the Ak Su has probably been destroyed or is in the hands of Turks.

Feb. 1st. Last night a letter came to Dr. Wilson from a house near the hospital, just behind the one where we had found Miss Blakely and Miss Lied some time ago. The letter told of the danger the house was in, and asked for help from the French. The Turks had tried to enter the night before, and had thrown several bombs in, but nobody had been hurt. This morning we could see from the balcony that the house had been burned during the night. Dr. Wilson had forwarded the note to the French commander, but apparently no help had been sent.

The Turks attacked just below this house this morning before dawn. The crack of rifles woke me, and was not very reassuring, because the reports were all those of Turkish rifles. A French rifle finally sang out, and a machine gun started up, so with the French on the job again the whistle of Turkish bullets over the house didn't cause much loss of sleep. The attack didn't last long after the machine gun opened fire.

The Turks have a cannon. This became known today when a shell crashed thru the roof of the French barracks and knocked a soldier's belt off without injuring anybody. The shell came from the mountain behind us.

Feb. 2nd. Apparently the Turkish gunner is a good shot, but has rather poor shells. A shell came thru the roof of our little hospital where the French wounded are dressed, and exploded in the attic without doing much damage. A boy was sleeping there but didn't stay long. The shell is a three inch Turkish, and instead of exploding

210

properly the end blew off. Another shell came thru the roof of the French headquarters where the general and his staff stay. Luckily this did no more damage than the others.

This evening the Turks and French had a rather sharp engagement. During the morning bullets had been hitting mules in the college yard, and even coming into the rooms of the college. Six entered Miss Hardy's room. A number missed me by not more than a yard or two. Apparently most of the bullets came from our old enemy the "block house" across from the hospital. The French had shelled this several times, but the Turks always come back. So this evening while the French were shelling a mosque full of Turks some soldiers threw a number of balls soaked in kerosene on the roof of the block house. As the flames caught and the Turks saw their doom they let loose all the ammunition they could, sending most of their bullets at our hospital. At the same time all over the city the Turks began firing. Bullets just sized around this yard. Snyder and Dr. Crathern and I had to come home thru this hail. Bullet marks were thick on all our houses, inside and out. One entered Mr. Lyman's bedroom, one made a hole in our front door, but none of us had our names on the bullets.

Feb. 4th. This business of writing a line a day is probably as much bother at this end as monotonous at your end. When I started I supposed this "war" would last about two days, but here I am on my 18th page and no end in sight yet. So I'll have to cut my story short. The battle continues as usual, with not much news. The Zeitoon men returned to help drive the Turks from their territory. Perhaps you will see in the papers some day a telegram from Marash to the outside world with the following message: "Situation in Marash extremely desperate. Reign of terror in city since Jan. 21. Hundreds

of men, women and children massacred daily. No power to stop this as French are distinctly on the defensive, forces and munitions inadequate. Americans have li little hope if French are overpowered as soldiers defend from our property. No assurance of help as large forces bar all roads. Leave nothing undone to relieve situation as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened. Our auto and flag fired on repeatedly Jan.20. Our institutions under fire and many refugees and orphans wounded. Food short. Notify Arnold and Bristol." Two of these Zeitoon men each carried this message, promising to carry it from Zeitoon across the mountain pass to Hadjin, a journey of seven days from here. At Hadjin there is a telegraph, and an ACPNE unit, so we hoped to get word in this way to the American consul at Aleppo. The men carried a draft payable at Hadjin as an inducement to carry the message. As they left us they said in Turkish "Till death" and said if they couldn't take the letter no human being could.

Yesterday we had a good piece of luck. An Armenian had eight Kantars ($2\frac{1}{2}$ tons) of rice, and wanted to sell, since the Turks might take it for nothing. So Snyder and I gathered twelve husky refugees together after dark and marched them thru the French trenches to the Hospital, where the Armenian had delivered the rice. It took several hours to bring hdlf of it to the college, so tonight we will get the rest of it. This was a great find, as the food question is a serious one. But now with rice and wheat we can get along for a while. I had my first mule steak this evening for dinner, but didn't know it was mule till after it was down. It is very good, but not as nice as beef-steak. All the cows captured from the Turk have been eaten, so everybody dines on French horses and mules They always use the wounded one first. These animals are all slowly starving

to death as there is nothing for them to eat. They eat tree stumps, firewood, or anything they can chew. Many are so weak they can't stand up, and a few die every day.

There was one piece of very good news today. Captain Fontaine is on the outskirts of the city with threehundred soldiers. He had left for Islahie several days before the trouble started, but had to return on account of large numbers of Turks cutting off his road. Returning to Marash he found it impossible to enter the city, but sent a messenger at night to headquarters to report his arrival. On the road here he captured a Turkish village and found in it many of the French supply wagons with large stores of food which the Turks had captured on the 20th of Jan. They took what they could carry and burned the rest so the Turks wouldn't benefit by it.

An Armenian who escaped from the city and came to the college a few days ago was in this afternoon to tell some of the things he had seen. He is a graduate of Amherst college. According to his stories the Turks have already massacred thousands of the Armenians in Marash. He told of one house full of Armenians who were obliged to surrender to the Turks. The men were separated from the women and children, and taken three at a time to a hollow quite near here, where the Turks had dug a pit six feet deep. About thirty Turks were here, and as the Armenians were pushed into the pit they were bayoneted. In one group of Armenians was a young fellow who decided to try to escape. When his turn came he asked to be shot, as a favor, since many of the Turks present were acquaintances. They said, "Are you worth a bullet?" Seeing he had no chance for a quick death he made a dash for the edge of the crowd and up the street. About a hundred shots were fired but only one hit him, so he escaped around a corner with only a wound in the arm. He came

to the hospital here and told his story.

Another very interesting account was that of the son of Dr. Poladian who is also here in the hospital with a wound. He and about five others had been taken by the Turks and tied together by the waist. Two gendarmes were given the task of taking them to the edge of the city and killing them. They shot the first man, then stopped to search the others before killing them. As one of the gendarmes was searching young Poladian, the boy said "I have nothing", and opened his shirt, drawing a knife he had hidden there. He plunged this into the Turk, cut the rope, snatched the Turk's rifle and with it shot the other gendarme. He then cut the ropes which bound the other men and all escaped. I call that pretty good work.

This evening an Armenian girl was carried into the hospital with a bullet thru her abdomen. She had stepped into her front yard to get some wood, when a Turk shot her. Dr. Wilson will operate on her tonight. This war wouldn't be so horrible if only soldiers were shot, but when children and girls have to suffer it makes a difference. Most of the Americans here are very particular about being neutral, and that is probably the best way, but personally I don't feel neutral when the Turks are killing the people we came over to help, and even shoot into our hospital and orphanages. It seems to me this is direct war on American interests, and when they repeatedly fire on our flag I feel justified in shooting any Turk who shows himself. However since the others don't look at it that way I promised not to use arms unless a direct attack is made.

Feb. 5th. I think a 20 page letter is entirely too long, so this is the last page for this one. Anyway it will be better to seal this up ready for delivery so that in case a sudden opportunity comes it will be ready to go.

I just came back from the hospital after a rather busy evening and a warm one. The Turks made the fiercest attack so far while Snyder and I were at the hospital. The hospital seemed to be the object of their wrath, judging from the music in the air. We were caught outside the building when it began and appreciated it all the more. It was just before the moon rose, and apparently all arranged beforehand, for the battle began all around at the same moment. In half an hour it was over, with no casualties in our building. The Turks apparently shoot at houses, but are afraid to come over the wall as long as there is any show of resistance.

Our trip to the hospital had been for two purposes; one was to show a French officer what electrical equipment we had which could be used for signaling. After Snyder charged up his storage batteries with the Delco engine the officer decided to take a four cell battery and a Tungsten lamp, with which he could signal at night with the Morse code. Our other errand was to deliver a letter to be forwarded to the Turkish governor. In the morning Dr. Wilson Dr. Crather and Mr. Lyman had had an interview with the Turkish prisoners in the French headquarters, all of them government officials. As a result a letter had been written offering the services of the Americans as mediators whenever the Turks were ready to talk terms. The plan was to have the letter taken to the nearest Turkish house under a white flag. From here it would be sent to the leader of the Turks.

During the evening I was obliged to make two trips to the hospital, the second one to escort three sick Armenians from the college to the hospital. Right here I learned something. One woman had hardly anything on, and as she was sick I loaned her my coat before we entered the trench. When we finally arrived at the other

end, after having been fired at a number of times, with no more protection than the knee deep trench, I examined my coat and found my first cooties, four of them. Never again. These lousy people will have to be cold before I lend any more clothing. A good dose of Keatings over night will fix the coat all right.

When I came home a little while ago I learned that there had been a casualty in our own house during the fierce attack the Turks had made. A bullet had come thru the frame of the front door, glanced from the stone wall and struck one of the servants, a fine girl twenty years old, breking her back just below the shoulders. She is paralysed now and in great pain. Dr. Wilson will operate in the morning to see if the injury can be repaired, but there is little hope. This has upset our household more than anything which has occurred so far.

One of our orphanages, Beitschallum, was attacked this P.M. and the Turks succeeded in setting fire to it. But the fire was put out, and from all we could see from here the attack was defeated.

I must close. We all hope that none of the folks at home know of our predicament until it is over. Loads of love to all the family. Don't worry! Will write another letter soon. Hope this hasn't bored you. From Stanley.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Feb. 6th, 1920.

Dear Folks at Home:

Hurray! At last a French aeroplane has come. While I was still in bed this morning half asleep I heard the hum of an engine and yelled to Snyder "Here comes an aeroplane." In a moment there were shouts from all over the city from all the Armenians and French, and a continual racket of rifle fire from the Turks. The biplane circled once over the city dropping papers, then sailed away towards Islahie. The Turks kept up their rifle fire till the machine was out of range. So at last we can hope for reinforcements. After three weeks of siege with no news from the outside world, in constant danger from Turkish bullets and from fire, and knowing that the Turks were killing all the Armenians they caught in the city, we naturally were not any too optimistic about the outcome. The French too were rejoicing when the airship came as their ammunition was none too plentiful, and food decidedly short. All of us have been eating horse and mule steaks for the last four days, and the Armenian refugees in our compounds, over 1100 of them get only one small meal a day. So the coming of an aeroplane is a great thing for Marash. It was the cause of a comical scene here in the Wilson house. Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson heard the shouts of Armenians outside, so the Dr. ran out to investigate, but Mrs. Wilson was still in bed. In a moment she thought the Turks must be massacring in our yard. Thinking the Doctor had escaped and was leaving her to her fate, she began screaming, but since she had a cold made a rather pitiful noise. I don't believe she has forgiven her hubby yet for not coming back to tell her it was an aeroplane.

Again this afternoon another aeroplane arrived, circled over

the city dropping papers, always under a sharp fire from the Turks, then went away to Islahie. Apparently the aeroplanes are watching the road and perhaps guarding French reinforcements on the way here. The reception the Turks gave the airman certainly convinced him there was trouble here. So far no one knows what the papers announced, as most of them fell in the Turkish quarters.

Dr. Wilson operated on the girl who was wounded in this house, and found the bullet in her spine. It had crushed the cord, so there is no hope for her recovery. Today Snyder blocked up our windows with sand-bags, as a protection against bullets. The room where he and I sleep is probably the most exposed, so two sand-bags help to protect our beds. But a bullet from the front can get either of us nicely. But we can't complain if we get one now after all that have missed us. As Snyder says, we weren't raised to be targets for the Turks, considering how they have missed us.

The Turkish Mutesereef answered the letter in which Dr. Crathern, (the Y secretary stranded here), Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Lyman offered themselves as mediators. The translation was as follows: "I received your letter. We know what good work the Americans are doing in Turkey. But you have seen how the French have come and destroyed our villages and the peace of the country. This is not an affair of the local government, but a national issue. Any offers of peace must therefore go to the national leaders. We have not had a reply to the offer we made to the French some time ago." The letter he referred to was one in which the Turks told the French that if they surrendered in 48 hours and gave up all guns and ammunition, the Turks would treat them as guests of the city. Naturally the French didn't reply.

About a week ago Snyder discovered a spark coil among the

instruments in the college physics department. One evening we took it to the hospital and tried it on the storage batteries. It gave only a $3/4$ inch spark, too small to be of any use for wireless. But the French officer whom we had told about the coil came around this evening asking for it. We had already given him a four cell storage battery, so now he wanted to rig up a small wireless set to talk with the aeroplane or with approaching troops. So I made another trip to the Hospital thru the shallow trench. While there Dr. Elliott told me an amusing incident of the day. For three weeks the Hospital has been under constant fire of the Turks, especially from three Turkish houses nearby. One of these the French shelled and burned, but the other two the French failed to capture, altho they tried twice. So imagine the surprise of everyone when our quiet unassuming pharmacist, Luther, reported that he had gone near enough to these two houses to "bawl out" the Turks inside for firing on an American hospital. He told them it was not permitted, that America would not like it, and that Mrs. Power and Dr. Elliott would be angry. It was even more funny when the Turks protested that they would not think of doing such a thing. Luther reminded them that in the Great war they were not permitted to fire on hospitals, and that if they continued to fire on ours it would go hard with them should the French capture them. So they took the scolding, and promised to be good. Imagine this little man, an Armenian, doing this when the French admitted they could not capture the house. We all consider it a big joke.

Feb. 7th.

Good news comes in bunches these days. Today the best of all arrived in the shape of reinforcements. At least "it" is in sight, and the whole city (not counting the Turks) is rejoicing. Early

this morning Mr. Lyman came over wearing a broad grin, which means good news. Thru his glasses he had seen a cloud of dust along the road winding around the mountain from Islahie. We ran over to his balcony and paid no attention to a few Turkish bullets which whistled close by. All I could see for a while was the cloud of dust. Then thru the glass a flash was seen, and half a minute later the distant thunder of cannon. A puff of smoke appeared high up on the mountain where French shrapnel was hunting out Turkish positions. The French were surely coming. Two hours later troops were in sight in a long line from the ford of the Ak Su across the plain to the straight road that leads into Marash. By three o'clock this afternoon the advance guard had reached a bridge four miles from the city, where we could see them leave the road and deploy in lines on both sides of the road. Two cannon were set up, and immediately began shelling a section of Marash which the French in the city had never been able to touch either with infantry or even by artillery, as this quarter was protected by a hill from any attack on this side. So we could not see what effect the shells from the guns on the plain were making. Soon, however, shrapnel began to burst on the crest of the hill and Turks were flying in all directions. Now they were in full view of the artillery in the city which lost no time in starting up. All afternoon we have enjoyed watching the Turks trying to find places the shells could not strike.

This evening while I was making a trip to the hospital Snyder was assisting a French Captain in communicating with the troops outside the city. He took one of the headlights from the auto and took it to the hill behind the barracks, where the light was connected to a battery and a telegraph key, so that the signals could be sent by series of flashes. In order to attract the attention of the

the forces in the plain a cannon was fired while the light was flashed. Soon a signal flashed back. A long message was then flashed to the reinforcements. Perhaps tomorrow we will know or see the results.

Today's news of course was mostly good, but two events were discouraging to say the least. The first was the sight of our Rescue Home in flames. News soon came that the Turks had first killed all the girls, then fired the place. Think what this means. Eighty five Armenian girls whom A.C.R.N.E. workers had rescued from the Turks and Arabs since the armistice, at great danger, and who have been clothed, fed and sheltered by Americans and American money, and even brought to a point where they were almost self supporting, now butchered and their home burned. If we could think that the Turks had merely killed them the deed would be horrible enough. This is another direct insult to America. Add to this the fact that the Turks fired on our flag repeatedly, and have riddled our hospital with bullets, to say nothing of their burning the mountain cottage belonging to the missionaries, and the burning of the ACRNE farm buildings this afternoon. We cannot complain of their attacks on one of our orphanages (Beitschallum) because the French have sixty soldiers stationed there. The Turks succeeded in setting it afire twice, but the place still seems to be safe in the hands of the French.

Sunday Feb. 8th.

Today has not been what you might call a "peaceful Sabbath". During the last 18 days we have been besieged. Today the tables were turned. The Turks are surrounded and are fighting for their lives. During the night French troops crept up the hills on both sides of the city. Many Turks had escaped during the night but at

dawn those trying to leave the city found French machine guns barring the way. Our reinforcements have brought with them some of the famous "Seventy-fives". These have been in action all day as the new troops draw their lines closer and closer around the Turks. Turkish snipers in the city and several nests of gendarmes entrenched in the outskirts of the town made things hot for the advancing troops. I was over by the gun emplacement in the compound next door watching the battle when several puffs of smoke were seen at the top of two minarets of mosques. The artillery officer got after these snipers at once, but apparently the minarets were much better built than he realized, for three shells which landed against the tower had absolutely no effect, and the Turks continued to shoot from the top. The story was quite different in the case of a white house containing some Turks. A shell went thru the front door and exploded inside. There was no more sniping from that building.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Feb. 9, 1920.

Dear Mother and Dad,

From all that I have written about the events of the last three weeks you will know that unusual things are happening. But thru it all none of us lost courage or hope. When the reinforcements arrived everyone rejoiced, but too soon. Tonight the French evacuate Marash, leaving those who have escaped massacre to their fate. Probably ten thousand have perished here in the last three weeks, among them probably Miss Buckley. Tonight -- the most bitter cold of all this winter, all the remaining Armenians are preparing to go out again into exile, this time with the French to safety. Many will perish on the way, from Turkish bullets & from cold. Many will not be able to go. Our orphans, old women & men will remain in our compounds. So we American men will stay here. The women will go with the French troops, fighting their way to Islahie. Perhaps by remaining here we can protect the remaining Armenians from massacre. If the Turks do not respect our flag & property we will die with the others.

There is no doubt about our duty. No one even suggested another course. Perhaps by the time this reaches you a cablegram will have told you that all is well here and that we are safe. But until you know certainly, don't give up hope. We are in great danger, but not without hope. Our thoughts are with the orphans in our care rather than ourselves at present, but I am more afraid that you at home will be worrying. If I could only think that you wouldn't be troubled about me I would be happy. No matter what happens remember that I am ready to make any sacrifice even death, and have no fear. We all realize that we are in God's care and are trusting Him

absolutely. So we are just as safe here at the mercy of the Turk as on the road to Islahie.

There is much to be done so I must close. Please, Mother & Daddy, and Marion and Stuart, don't sorrow for me if I don't return -- but be glad that I have done what I could for these poor people. I may go to our hospital as its American guardian, and my last word is that Turks will cross the boundary of American property only over my dead body, which I hope America will avenge. Maybe the Turks have no hostile intent for us. But may this horror of these last weeks be a blot on the pages of history, both of France and America for their part in delaying the peace of Turkey. And may America, as a result of this, take a more unselfish attitude about a protectorate for this country.

My only regret if I die is that I won't be able to work for you & Dad to make your days happy, after all the sacrifices you have made for me to make my life count for something. Good bye with love, & hope,

from Stanley.

*

To Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Feb. 12, 1920.

Dear Folks at Home:

It looks as if I was going to be disappointed. It must have been Monday night that I wrote what I thought was my last letter, but here I am still on the map, and alive at that. My policy has always been to expect the worst so that I won't be disappointed no matter what happens. But this time without exception we all had no doubt but that the Turks would cut our throats within two days, so all of us sat down together to write our farewell letters, then hurried to our many duties. We thought the darkest hour had come, but a still darker was to come before the dawn. We don't see much sunshine yet, but while there's life there's hope. It is now four days since I last wrote, so I will try to go back and give as brief a sketch as possible of the many thrilling events of the last four days.

Monday morning, Feb. 9th, Snyder and I were gloating over the approaching end of the Turks, and planning how we could get some interesting souvenir when the French gathered in the arms of the defeated Turks. During the night the French reinforcements had cut their way around the city and were not only in full communication with the Marash commander but had also cut off all retreat from the Turks. The city was under shell fire from the batteries of 75's the new troops had brought. News even came to our hospital that a letter was on its way from the Turks to the Americans bringing suggestions of willingness to make peace.

So when a delegation of Armenians came over with a rumor of French evacuation, asking that we find out the truth, we could only laugh. However the rumor spread like wildfire. At noon the French

commander and his aide came to our house to announce their evacuation, to take place immediately. Can you imagine our feelings? We know, as every Armenian and even the French soldiers knew, that the Turks were already defeated and in fear of their live but the commander in chief in Adana had given orders that if order could not be re- stored by Feb.9th in ^aMrash, all troops should retire to Islahie. There were other reasons for retiring. The Marash troops had only enough ammunitio for a few days, while the rienforcements had met such opposition on the way that all spare ammunitions were used up. This meant that if one more big effort were made in the city to end the war, no cartridges would be left with which to retire in case the Turks were undefeated. We grasped at the las last straw- the latter we had heard was coming from the Turks with hints of peace.

During the night an Armenian had thrown a letter over the wall of the hospital telling of another letter he had from a Turkish leader for the Americans, asking them to intercede for the Turks. The letter itself had not yet come to us. By means of it the French might be persuaded to stay, so I ran the gauntlet of Turkish snipers to our big hospital in the cityto find the letter. Finally reaching the home of Garabod Belizikjian I asked for the letter. He professed ignorance, altho he had written the note which had been thrown over the wall. His brother at first denied there was a letter then found it. It was from two Turkish leadersasking the Americns to intercede for the lives of Moslems when the French occupied the town. The Armenians, hoping to prevent this, had with- held this letter and another one in which Turks actually offered to make peace. They were thus committing suicide. I took the letter to the assembled Americans and French commander. A reply was at once made, asking for a conference with the le leaders of the

Turks. Meanwhile the French hurried preparatio for evacuation.

I've never seen a sadder sight than the poor Armenians who came in the next few hours prepared to leave Marash with the troops. Old women, children, men, all loaded with what belongings they could carry came crowding into the college compound to wait for the departure. Not one wanted to stay. You will remember Pastor Solakian, whose wife and children were killed by the Turks a week ago. He said to me, "If I knew I would freeze to death an hour after leaving here, I would go rather than be here when the Turks come. And you too will get no mercy from them."

It had turned cold. The ground was covered with snow and with a bitter wind the night was the most terrible one this winter. Not a man would go with me to the French barracks to bring the flour they offered for those who must stay behind. I went thru the trenches myself to locate the supply room and before I returned decided not to even ask men to carry it that cold night. At the barracks soldiers were destroying everything of military value, burying what they could not break. It was on my return and after supper that each of us wrote our farewell letters. It was decided that the American women must go with the French. Mrs. Wilson refused to go without Dr. Wilson, all missionaries decided to stay, and so did Miss Trestle. The Armenian men were asked to leave, so that when the Turks should come we who were staying might ask protection for women and children. The men didn't need any coaxing, but the parting scenes were pitiful. All our orphanages were abandoned, the children coming to the college and the adjoining orphanag belonging to the mission. The older orphans were to go with the French.

"Beitschallum" orphanage, on the far side of the city, was out of our reach. We had already been told that Miss Buckley, the American

in charge, had been butchered by the Turks at the Rescue Home, and that the Turks had slain all the girls there except one who escaped. It turned out later that this girl must have escaped before the killing began, for both Miss Buckley and the girls are safe. But our information was that she had been slain, so the rest of us expected the same fate.

My station was to be the hospital down in the city, Dr. Mabel Elliott and Mrs. Power were to go while I was to remain on the chance that the Turks would respect American property and spare the patients. At the hospital I found the two American ladies and the French surgeon ready to leave at a moment's notice. The French hospital is below this one, and the surgeon had not yet removed all his wounded, but now was waiting further orders. He said all troops would not leave that night, but that the next night all were to go. The hospital employees came in to say goodbye, then left taking anything they could carry. Even the patients found strength to get out of bed, and fled. Out of more than one hundred patients only thirteen remained. Some who went were on their deathbeds. Every employee had gone. The Surgeon received no orders so we lay down for rest. No one slept. The Marash general had asked the commander outside the city to 24 hours more, so the evacuation apparently would take place the next night, unless the Turks made peace in the meantime. So the following day was one of waiting and thinking, therefore a very gloomy one. I don't expect to ever have another day so full of uncanny incidents. To begin with, one of our 13 patients was found sitting on the floor in the morning, frozen stiff. Being the only man here, I had to be undertaker. Then an old woman was brought in with a horrible wound thru both hips. She had been shot just outside the hospital and Dr Elliott found her crawling along the trench

in agony. When Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power departed in the afternoon back along that same trench I was left alone with my twelve patients and one faithful servant who had decided not to go with the others into exile, and had returned to her post ready to share the fate of the rest of us who remained.

Having nothing else to do but think, I finally decided to evacuate the hospital entirely, in spite of Dr. Wilson's request to hold on. My reasoning was that the Turks would probably not burn the empty building, and that even if I stayed there was no hope of stopping the Turks if they wanted to enter. Later I was glad of my decision, as you will see. At dusk the French surgeon arrived with men to carry away his wounded. We had supper together. He agreed to take my patients to the college and at once sent two on stretchers. I escorted all who could walk to the other little emergency hospital at the college, and returned with four Armenian men and stretchers for the others. They took two more, leaving now seven who could not walk, and a little Kurdish boy. Imagine my predicament when none of the stretcher bearers returned, not even the French. I went again to the college and altho there were many Armenian men there, not one would come to help carry the sick to a place of safety. Snyder and I took a stretcher and with it got another patient away- a Turk. We took him because his presence in the other hospital might save the others. We were played out. I now had two choices. Either I could abandon the rest to their fate or go back and stay with them to share their fate. In my undecision I resolved to follow the advice of the first American I should see, so I went over to the college and found Miss Blakely, a veteran missionary. Now let me go back to tell of a certain incident which has a lot to do with this little history.

You remember the Americans had written the Turks asking for a conference with their leaders. Shortly after dark a young Turk appeared bearing a flag of truce and the information that Dr. Mustapha, one of their leaders, would be at the hospital immediately. So while I was carrying away the patient Dr. Mustapha Effendi, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman were having a short conference at the hospital. Meanwhile a band of French soldiers stopped at the hospital on their way from the Latin church to join their comrades for the evacuation. They had been besieged three weeks in the church with 3000 Armenians. So while they rested in the hall of our hospital Dr. Mustapha together with Mr. Lyman and Dr. Wilson passed thru and went on up to the college to have a conference with the French general and his staff. When Snyder and I carried out the Turkish patient some of the soldiers were still resting. Half an hour later I returned once more, helpless to carry away any more sick. During my absence that half hour the French soldiers resting under our flag had done one of the vilest acts ever done in war. By I knew nothing of it at the time.

The French surgeon was resting on my couch. As I entered the room a soldier came to notify him that orders had come to depart. I followed them out of the hospital, with one more patient who had found strength to stumble along, then sought out Miss Blakely at the college for advice. This takes us back to our interrupted story.

They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn. So it seemed to be. I explained my troubles to Miss Blakely, but before- she could answer I had made the decision. The French Commander was in the room talking to Mr. Lyman. Here is what I overheard him say in broken English. "Dr. Mustapha left me half an hour ago. He will come to your hospital tomorrow at eight o'clock to receive a letter which the General is now writing. Will you see that someone delivers the

letter in the morning?"

Here was a job which made it worthwhile staying at the hospital. It would not be safe to go down in the morning. Not waiting for Miss Blakely's reply I answered the question the Major asked Mr. Lyman, saying "I am going down now and will take the letter." This settled, Mr. Lyman requested the Major to leave behind with the Americans one of the staff officers to be the representative of the French in the coming parley with the Turks, for the Major had said that in the letter for which I was waiting the French announced their intention to return to Marash.

With the Major I went to staff headquarters for the letter. It was ready. The General and his officers were prepared for departure. The night was terribly cold and the journey was to be on foot as the horses were weak from lack of food. Dr. Crathern our Y man was also present. He too was going in order to do what little could be done for the comfort of the many Armenians who were abandoning their homes. He was also to help look after the American women who were casting their fortunes with the troops and were to share their hardships-- a sixty mile journey on foot in wintry weather. The Major presented Mr. Lyman's request to the staff. After a moment a captain volunteered to stay and the General consented. He charged me to see that the brave captain be well cared for and protected under our flag. The captain bade the rest a grim farewell and came with me to the college, where he was to live.

A French sergeant who had lost his arm had also just been placed in my care by the Major. He and many other wounded could not be taken on such a journey. In spite of my protests he insisted on coming with me to the big hospital rather than stay with the other French wounded in the emergency hospital, whom the Turks would surely kill,

he said. So we too went quietly back to the hospital to spend the night with my six patients. As we entered the back door in the dark I brushed against a form seated on the floor in the corner. Startled to say the least I shook him. He was dead. Upstairs the patients were already beside themselves thinking they had been abandoned. My presence did not make any difference. When I said I would stay all night with them, they drew their fingers across their throats, pointing to themselves and to me also. The French sergeant would not stay with them, but insisted on having his bed beside mine. But it would never do to have the Turks see him when they entered the place, so I put him in a little room adjoining mine. One thing sure, ^{had} neither of us lost our appetites, which shows we were not scared. To prove this we devoured a whole can of pears and a lot of plum jam, before going to bed. But no sleep for us. No sooner in bed(on the floor, to avoid bullets) then the tramp of feet was heard in the yard outside and a banging on the front door. Thinking the Turks had come I thought best to invit them in, so opened the window and told them to go to the back door as the front was barred with sandbags. Hoping they would not cut my throat but would shoot instead, I took a lamp to meet them. Just inside the door I found another dead man near the other, lying in a pool of blood against an overturned table. I had overlooked him before in the dark. With these two beside me, waiting for the visitors, I was not exactly ^{comfortable.} But the newcomers were not Turks. A few of the Armenians in th Latin church, had come in the trail of the French soldiers to escape massacre in the church. I directed them to the college, where perhaps they would not be too late to go on with the sol soldiers to Islahie. Four or five times in the night similar bands of Armenians came to the hospital for refuge, and each time I thought the Turks had come. Each time

as I went to the door to meet them and direct them to the college the two ghastly bodies confronted me at the door. I covered them with sheets and went back to bed. Had I looked carefully at them I would n never have remained all night at the hospital.

About two A.M. a furious succession of bombs exploding all over the city was accompanied by what appeared to be terrific rifle fire in the direction of the barracks. What could it be but that the Turks had discovered the French evacuating and were making a great attack? Or perhaps the French rear-guard was covering the retreat with this fusillade. At the same time I noticed that the sky was red. The French had fired the barracks, which lit up the whole city. The explosions were from shells and grenades and rifle ammunition left in the burning barracks. This would certainly anger the Turks, as the barracks was theirs.

In the morning the sergeant and I, finding ourselves alive, arose at seven in order to be ready for the coming of Mustapha Effendi at eight. I was to take him to the college to parley with the French captain and the Americans. We boiled a big pot of rice for the patients and a can of Campbell's soup for ourselves. Just as we sat down to eat, steps were heard in the hall. The sergeant hid himself in bed, expecting Mustapha, but it was Dr. Wilson and Lyman. They announced that the French captain had gone. When the barracks burned, Mrs. Wilson woke him and told him he had better go, as the Turks would surely kill him. The last of the French had gone four hours before, so the captain started out all alone, heading for the mountains in order to avoid the Turks. We had asked him to stay, and by thus delaying his start had put him in this awful mess. But his own soldiers had made it impossible for him to remain. However we were still hopeful, looking forward to the coming conference with Mustapha.

As Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman were going out I pointed out/ ^{one of} the two bodies by the door. The Doctor uncovered it and exclaimed, "It is the Turk with the white flag." Indeed the man was still grasping his flag of truce. Here was a nice mess. The Turks might come any minute. It would not need a Sherlock Holmes to see thru what we did next, but we put the body in a bed, to give the impression of his having died there after having been shot outside. Sherlocko would have seen the trail of blood leading from the pool in the corner to the bed, so this I had to wipe up, but now there was a clean track on the floor while all the rest was dirty.

This done, I pointed out the other body to the doctor. "Here is another," I said, and pulled the sheet away. The man wore the uniform of a Turkish officer. As we stood looking, the Doctor suddenly said, "Why this is Mustapha." We stood for a moment in horror, all our hopes of peace with the Turks absolutely gone, their leader murdered under the American flag, even while bearing a flag of truce. What could we expect from the Turks now but death?

This could not be covered. The TURks were probably already looking for Mustapha, so there was only one course to take--and that was to go and tell the Turks what had happened. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman took their white flag and set out for the government buildings, a most dangerous trip. The last thing they said was, "Kerr, get out of here right away. Any Turk who finds you here with Mustapha lying there will cut your throat."

What I did next was done faster than you read about it. The pot of hot rice went up to the patients and my plate of Campbell's soup to the woman with the terrible wound. The sergeant I disguised as a Red Cross worder. He hid his uniform and put on a hospital jacket with a Red Cross arm band. Then we took the white flag from

the dead Turk and made tracks for the college which we reached safely. I've used that same blood-stained flag many times since.

At the college the other Americans were busy caring for the wounded, quite hopeful about the outlook. So the news I bro brought was more than enough to label me a "crepe-hanger." In the college compound were about a thousand refugees. The Thousand who had been there a day ago had departed with the French troops. Most of these had come during the night from the city.

We all awaited the return of Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman with some concern, fearing trouble. So when they returned safely about noon we felt relieved, for with them were eight Turks whom the commander had sent to guard the Armenians on American property. From this moment there has been but little danger for the Americans here. But had we Americans left Harash with the French troops what would have become of all these refugees and orphans? When our two American representatives had met the Turkish leaders the first question asked was, "Where is Dr. Mustapha?" They received the news of his murder calmly, without any suggestion of blame, and when they asked for protection for the Armenians I immediately placed a guard at the disposal of the Americans.

Arriving at the college, two of the guard were stationed at the college gate and one at the orphanage. The others hauled down the French flag flying over the mission seminary, which the French had used as headquarters. This building was in a perfect mess. Military equipment, clothing, food, dirt everywhere in a tangle on the floors. The Turks commandeered the military supplies, leaving the food for our refugees.

In the city, within the walls of the Latin church, the Armenian Catholic Church, and in Beitschallum, ^{big} our orphanage, all the surviving

Armenians were said to be waiting their fate. With two of the Turk guards Dr. Wilson, Mr. Lyman and I set out on a tour of investigation, carrying a white flag. We first stopped at the hospital to show the Turks the bodies of Mustapha and his flag bearer. By way of buying from the Turks their favor and thus protection for the Armenians in our care, the Hospital was officially offered to them for Moslem wounded. Their chief promised to procure ammunition, & food dropped by the French. Dead horses, a dead cat, and several ghastly bodies of Armenian children lay in the streets. On one corner were about seven bodies. Near the church the ground was soaked with blood, but only two bodies there. The approach to the church was barred by a burning house, its walls broken by shell fire. Climbing over a abricade in the street we came in sight of the fortified entrance to the big stone church. I will never forget the welcome we received. Here were 2500 Armenians. The fighters ran out to meet us, armed to the teeth. Inside the women and children raised a shout when they saw the American uniforms and wept with relief at what they thought was their deliverance from the Turk. Our mission here was to arrange for the surrender. Mr. Lyman presented the terms of the Turks, namely the cessation of firing and the surrender of all arms. The Armenians agreed, since the Americans stood as guarantors of the word of the Turk. There is absolutely no doubt what would have been the end of these Armenians without American mediation. Armed Turks were grouped on all corners around the church. The Armenians would never have surrendered to them directly on any promises, for that meant certain massacre. They would have fought to the last. But perhaps even yet they will find the Turk promises false.

While the Doctor and Mr. Lyman went on to Beitschallum I returned to the hospital with two armed Turks to guard the place. These men

we had procured from a group on a corner, on the order of their chief.

At Beitschallum Dr. Wilson and Lyman found 3,500 refugees and orphans were found, and even Miss Buckley, whom we had been told was killed by Turks in the Rescue Home. Beitschallum had apparently had the hardest time of any of the big refuge centers, and the story was thrilling. But that can come later. In the Armenian Catholic church also were 3000 refugees. Apparently in these three strongholds (Beitschallum, the Latin Church, and the Armenian Catholic Church) and in the American college were all the surviving Armenians of Marash, left by the French to defend themselves with a few rifles. These together with those who went to Islahie with the French troops total about 11,000. The Armenian population is said to have been 20,000. This would mean 9,000 perished. The Turks themselves put the figure at 5,000, but say the French killed them.

Now that two Turks were guarding the hospital it was somewhat safe, so with four women from the college to clean, I returned. The task was enormous. When the patients and employees fled the hospital was left upside-down. Everything of value for such a trip as they were taking was gone, from blankets and canned goods to even silver spoons. The sandbags in the doorways had been upset on the floor: dirt, clothing, blood, everything littered up the place. But before night the two gendarmes and the four women had it looking like a new place. They carried out the bodies of the two murdered Turks together with one of the patients who died in the morning just after we abandoned the hospital. It was the old woman with the bullet thru her side. I had given her my plate of soup, and apparently she got out of bed to eat it. She was kneeling there beside the bed, dead, the plate half empty before her.

This night too was anything but a calm one. Why there should be fighting I don't know, but there was the usual serenade of rifle fire around the hospital. The two Turkish gendarmes were scared, this being their first night here. They barricaded the door with sandbags. The four women too were frightened and came to tell me our pharmacy building, adjoining this one, was afire, but it turned out to be the reflection of the light from another American building which was ablaze-- the property of the mission. We don't know who fired it. This morning when I went up to the college for more workers the house was still smouldering, totally destroyed.

Today has been a busy one, and quite interesting for me. With a dozen more workers here the hospital is now in fine shape, all ready for patients. My job during the day was superintending the "looting" going on around here. By a little strategy I succeeded in having the cheoush of the gendarmes order that whatever I wanted for the hospital should be brought here. As the Turks were looting every Armenian house in the vicinity whatever we took would be that much saved, with a possibility of the Armenians getting back their property later. So today my corps of looters removed everything of value from three Armenian houses nearby, bringing the booty here. As a result our bins are full of food, and there are beds, dishes, clothing, rugs, everything in abundance. At present the gendarmes will allow absolutely none of this booty to be taken out of the hospital by relatives of the real owners of the stuff. They intend it for the Turkish patients. Later on the real owners will be able to recover their property from us. My first raid for loot was rather profitable. About a dozen armed Turks had just taken a lot of things from the house and had set fire to it, but when they saw a gendarme coming with me, they put out the fire and later helped to carry the rest of the goods

to the hospital. They then went with me to the former French hospital where we found three or four chests of medical supplies, besides all sorts of swords, helmets etc. Everything of value was brought here, including twenty iron beds. We expect to keep up this business as long as it is profitable. The bazaars are pretty well destroyed in the city, so no business will begin for some time. This means we must gather in all the supplies we will need for a few weeks.

Today on the street near the hospital a group of Turks were passing when one asked where the body of Mustapha Effendi was. They followed me to the back of the hospital where lay the dead Turkish leader and his flag bearer. Each one stooped and kissed him, wailing over the body before they placed it in an open casket and carried it away. Before leaving they examined the bullet holes where he had been killed, and one Turk placed his hand on my chest and said something I did not understand. Perhaps he was blaming me for the death of the two men. No one knows who killed them. A real Sherlock Holmes is needed for this case. The evidence all points to the French soldiers, except for one thing. When Snyder dug the bullet out of the hole in the wall where Mustapha fell, it was found to be a Mauser bullet, not French. But I can see no other solution than that the French soldiers in the hospital did the deed. Following the course of the bullet that killed Mustapha by means of the holes it made passing thru two walls, it was determined where the bullet was fired. Directly behind or beside this spot is another bullet hole, indicating that Mustapha probably fired at the one who killed him. It seems to be a pistol bullet. The patients upstairs told me the next day that three shots were fired that night in the hospital and that cries of "Aman, Aman" followed the shots. Nothing

in this whole three weeks war caused us more concern than the murder of these men, since they had just left the conference with the Americans and the French staff and were returning thruu American property. For our part it must be said th that as they left a guard was offered them, but they refused, saying they were not going back by way of the hospital and did not need an escort. If the French captain had remained that night the Turks would have been almost justified in killing him in revenge for the loss of their leader.

A report came in today that the morning after the French left two or three hundred Armenians in the Latin Church decided to follow them. So they started off thru the city in broad daylight. Dr. Artin, of this hospital, probably the most important leader of Armenians of Marash, was one of them, also his sister Haigouhi, who is especially hated by the Turks for her work in getting back Armenian girls from the Turks after the exiles. Hagop Kerlakian, a wealthy merchant was another. Hagop's head was seen parading the streets on a pole later on in the day. Haigouhi could run no farther and was caught by the Turks, who exclaimed, "We couldn't catch your brother, but you are enough." What became of the others we do not know.

But now it seems peace has come, with victory for the Turks, altho the victory was once in the hands of the French. Had they remained one day more there is little doubt that the Turks would have made terms. In fact there were less than three hundred Turk soldiers left in Marash when the French departed. All the others had fled. Now the French are on the road to Islahie followed by 2000 or 3000 Armenians and the five Americans. They have left behind a ruined city, 7000 to 8000 dead Armenians, and ten thousand absolutely homeless-- and this in one of the coldest periods of the last ten years. In

the next few days the Armenians in their strongholds will give up their arms and be allowed to go about as usual. What few homes still stand are empty, and have even been robbed of doors and windows. I went today with the wife of Dr. Vartan, (now dead) to a gendarme for permission for her to get something from her own house. Do you wonder that when she found absolutely everything gone except two old curtains and half a dozen photographs that she said, "Everything gone, family and all. There is nothing for me now but to kill myself." And she is only one of thousands like her. Moslems too have suffered the same thing. Most of the city is burned, both Armenian and Moslem houses. A big part of the business section is destroyed.. The French say they are coming back. No one wants them back, for that means more war. What is to be the future of this country, and of the Armenians? It seems to me somebody has bungled things pretty badly so far. You can draw your own conclusions.

Will write more later.

March I 1920

Dear Mother,

I have just five minutes to write a note as a Turkish merchant is going to send a caravan to Aleppo in the morning. As you see, I am alive and well. I hope you did not get the last letter I sent, which I was sure would be my last one. But strange things happen and here I am still on the map. I wont attempt to tell what has been going on around here, except that hell broke loose for three weeks and the effects will last for years. The French are gone and the Turkish officers and the Americans are hobnobbing now. My job is the one Hoover used to have, and we have only 8000 people to feed. Most every one here is destitute-ABSOLUTELY-wealthy men now beg for

shoes. Luckily, warm weather has begun. However our job is a big one, so don't look for me home for some months. Will write details later. Conditions are improving right along and will be O.K. unless the French try to come back. We hope they leave us alone here, as it will only mean more war should they come back. Wish America would take a hand over here.

We Americans- 10 in number- are all well. Five went with the French-none killed, and the rest of us complain of nothing. Two men were slightly scratched but all are O.K. now. Hope you at home are all well and happy. Boost any campaign for relief. We surely need it. Loads of love to all,

Stanley

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
March 7. 1920.

Dear Dad,

This is Sunday night, so I'm going to steal an hour or two to write a letter. You people at home are probably just having your dinner after church, as we are about seven hours ahead of you. I've almost forgotten what the inside of a church looks like, as we don't have such things here. The last service we had here was on Sunday Feb. 6, a sort of "Thanksgiving" service after having had the visit from the French aeroplane and when we could see the reinforcements down on the plain below the city. As you already know, our "Thanksgiving" was somewhat premature, as the French evacuated two days later.

Speaking of churches, six churches and seven mosques were burned in Marash as a result of the fight here. The Protestant churches are completely destroyed, while two Catholic churches were not harmed, altho the Turkish flag now flies over each, & Turkish soldiers guard the doors. ^{are I think} ^

I think my last letter was written on Feb. 12, so there is much to tell now, but nothing very exciting. I suppose you got my letters written Jan. 21, Feb. 6, & the last on Feb. 12th. The first two went in one envelope, I think, and had a rather interesting trip if it got to you at all. It went with the French troops on Feb. 10th to Islahie, along with 3600 Armenians & five Americans. One out of every three of the 3600 failed to reach Islahie. Probably over a thousand died on the road, as the cold was terrible. The night they left here was the worst I've seen this winter. The next night it began to snow, and the following night more snow and a heavy wind, so that here in Marash we had drifts six feet deep. The Moslem

all said " is helping us by sending the snow to kill the French." Nearly all our patients had gone, and over fifty of our orphan girls. So when a telegram from Adana stated that only 2400 Armenians reached Islahie it confirmed what the Turks said -- that a thousand bodies lay on the plain. Two days later the Turks found on the road one of the hostages the French had taken -- an old Turk official whom the French commander had kept as prisoner in Marash. Probably he had escaped during the night on the road, but of course the Turks here spread the story that the French had left one of the hostages on the road, bound, after robbing him of his coat and money.

The other letter I wrote was taken by Dr. Lambert and Dr. Shepard by horseback to Aintab & Aleppo. They probably have not reached home yet. The letters Lambert brought me also came on a dangerous trip. You will probably be interested in knowing how traveling conditions are between here & Aleppo, & probably won't's urge me to leave Marash in a hurry when you read this. The story Dr. Lambert & Dr. Shepard told of their experiences was quite an interesting one. Both of them had heard rumors of trouble in Marash, but nothing definite. The French in Aleppo merely said there was some fighting, but that the situation was "well in hand". On Feb. 10th they said relief forces had reached Marash, and after cleaning up there would sweep on around to Aintab & clear the road to Aleppo. On Feb. 11th Dr. Lambert received the telegram we had sent him on Feb. 1st by way of Zeitoon and Hadjin, telling of the desperate situation. This telegram had been carried by two Zeitoon men over the mountains from Marash to Hadjin. From here the message was telegraphed to Constantinople and then back to Aleppo. Look at the map to see how far it went. This was the first definite news they had received from Marash. Altho the French had already evacuated, their officers in

Aleppo told Lambert that there was a division of troops still in Marash & that everything was all right. Even after the truth was known, the French authorities said that only a few Christians had been killed in Marash, while several thousand Turks were dead. They must have known that 8 or 10 thousand Armenians had been massacred.

A few days after the French evacuated, Dr. Shepard in Aintab got Mr. Lyman's letter by Turkish courier telling a little of conditions here. Dr. Shepard decided to go to Aleppo himself, especially as he had on his mind the death of the two Y.M.C.A. men, which was probably not known to the rest of the world. The Turk governor, knowing that the news would be out if the Doctor went, did not want him to go. After much difficulty he got permission to go. The two gendarmes sent ahead to clear the way went only as far as the first village, where Shepard caught up to them & passed them. Reaching the "bandit" zone he did the wise thing and got two bandits for his escort. The bandit chief himself rode along with Dr. Shepard thru the most dangerous part, then saluted and let two of his men go the rest of the way.

Reaching Aleppo he informed Constantinople of the death of the two Americans, Johnson & Perry, which I will tell about later. With Lambert he returned to Killis by auto, then bought horses and came by way of Aintab to Marash, with Turkish gendarmes as escort. They left Aintab in a very unsettled state. The roads to Marash were filled with armed Turks. Ali Bey & his army had left Marash for Aintab, so they must have passed them. At Karabekla (I sent you a picture of this town, called the "Black Moustache") where Snyder & the car were attacked on Jan. 20, a band of Turks on wonderful horses stoped Dr. Shepard & Lambert. These men must have been Ali Bey & his staff. They allowed them to pass after examining their papers,

but called to the villagers not to allow these men to enter the village. Armed men rushed out loading their rifles, & things looked serious, but Dr. Shepard knew the village chieftain & managed to quiet the mob. They stayed here all night. The next day they came on to Marash, fording the Ak Su, as the bridge was burned, arriving here at the hospital about noon, covered with mud. Both were loaded down with vests they wore, lined with gold in rolls. like cartridges. Each had 1250 liras, making \$12,500 in all -- which we certainly needed.

They were greatly surprised to hear that the losses in Marash had been so terrible, & that the French statements were untrue.

The news Dr. Shepard brought us of conditions in Aintab is worth repeating. About the time trouble began in Marash a massacre was planned in Aintab. The day had been set, but providence interfered in a peculiar way -- The night before this proposed massacre, a French soldier quarreled with a Moslem & killed him. This meant certain trouble the next day, and so all Armenians, when they heard of it, remained at home. The day set for the massacre no Armenians were to be found, as they feared trouble. In the morning Dr. Merrill went down to see the French commander, who said the moment the Turks started anything he would open an intense artillery on the Moslem quarter. Dr. Merrill informed the Turkish leaders of this, & believing that the French meant exactly what they said, ^{they} gave orders to their followers that no disorders begin in the city. Thus the quarrel between the French soldier & the Moslem saved the Armenians from a massacre.

But fracasas started twice in the days following, and would certainly have instantly started massacres had not the Moslem leaders restrained their followers. They feared the French would destroy

their property & city. Finally at a meeting of Moslem, Armenian & American representatives Dr. Merrill told the Turks openly that the Armenians had every reason to fear them, & that if they wished to have peace in the city they must show by actions, not words, that they meant no harm. He also said he noticed the Turks did not want a massacre -- "for the present time," at which all the Turks laughed.

On Feb. 1st occurred the tragedy in which two Americans were killed. Johnson & Perry, two Y.M.C.A. men left Aleppo in a Reo, with my old friend "Zeki" driving, & a boy as servant. Fifteen miles from Aintab they passed four wagons which were carrying our supplies from Aleppo to Aintab & Marash. The Armenian drivers said fourteen more wagons were ahead, also carrying our supplies, but with Moslem drivers. At this very moment the Moslem drivers were having their troubles. Bandits had halted them, wounding one man and a horse because they had not stopped quickly. On being asked whose supplies they were carrying, the head driver answered that everything belonged to Moslem merchants in Aintab. The bandit chief began to look under the covers, but two gold liras bribed him not to tell what he saw, so the wagons passed on. Only a few minutes later the auto came along and stopped at a little stream for water. What happened next is almost too terrible to tell. The bandits rushed out and opened fire -- not heeding a shout from Zeki -- "These are Americans, not French." Perry was shot twice thru the body and had his spinal cord severed by a sword blow on the back of the neck. Johnson was shot in the head & then struck with a sword in the face. A pistol bullet struck Zeki, his throat was cut, and two fingers were cut off. The boy too was killed. The bandits then proceeded to loot the car. [Their loot was partly mail, & most likely contained some letters you wrote me, including the films Stuart says he sent, & the flags Mother sent.]

Meanwhile the four wagons were approaching. One of the Armenian

drivers was posing as a Turk, and learned from some passing gendarmes that bandits were ahead. When the driver said there was probably no danger the Turks answered "They have killed the men in the auto. You can see them ahead on the hill carrying things from the car."

The Armenians lost no time in turning around and starting back for Aleppo. It was nearly night, so they stopped at the first khan and put up for the night. But the bandits also came along and stopped here. Discovering the Armenians and wagons they told the innkeeper they would go out & have a drink in the village, and afterwards would come back to kill the Armenians & get the stuff in the wagons. The Armenian who posed as a Turk heard about this and told his companions. Taking the best horses they left quietly & escaped. Needless to say, all our supplies on those four wagons was taken by the bandits.

Dr. Shepard has since learned that the Turk Nationalist soldiers -- "chetes" -- we call them, were instructed to kill all Christians on the road and to turn over all loot to the gendarmie. A considerable quantity of stuff has been turned in, which indicates that some Christians have been killed on the road. So this was ordered by Turk commanders. It is probable that they had not taken into account the presence of Americans in this section. It surely was a slip in their plans when the two Americans were killed. However, they concocted a story about some escaped convicts having killed the Americans & that gendarmes later killed the murderers. To prove this they even brought in a ring of Zeki's and Johnson's coat. Gendarmes brought to Aintab. in the four bodies. After many days peasants dragged the auto into Aintab also.

From Aleppo another Y. man, Archer, together with Wallace and Price, two of our A.C.R.N.E. men, started out a few days later for

Aintab with a French caravan and escort of troops. They thought that with 250 French soldiers guarding the wagons and camels the caravan would stand a good show of reaching Aintab, and perhaps they could find the bodies of the two murdered Y. men. But as they started up the hills half way to Aintab, "chetas" among the rocks opened fire. The French advanced but the fire became more intense. It was impossible to fight, as the Turks could not be seen among the rocks. With the cumbersome wagon train and slow camels there was nothing to do but turn and retreat. It was learned later that 3000 Turks were waiting along that road for that very convoy. Only a few French were hit, but several wagons were lost. Our American men were rather disgusted with the military efficiency of the French guards.

You can see from these things that Dr. Shepard & Lambert told us that this is no time for tourists in Turkey. You will also know that if you got my last letter, dated Feb. 12, that the two doctors reached safety, since they carried that letter. I also gave Dr. Lambert a copy of my diary up to Feb. 12, since he wanted to make some notes from it. He promised to forward it home for me, so you may have duplicate letters.

I haven't said anything about events here in Marash since Feb. 12, and haven't even kept a diary, except for a few notes. Since the "war" is over (for the present) we have had reports from Beitschallum orphanage and the Rescue Home, which were isolated. Beitschallum had a hard time. The Turks shelled it, and did their best to burn it. It is said that over forty Turks were killed or wounded trying to burn the place. Fourteen Turks were offered 100 liras each (\$500) to fire the building, and each one was wounded when they exposed only an arm holding a pole with fire on the end. By continually working

the pumps the orphanage boys saved their home. All houses near the orphanage are destroyed.

The Rescue Home was not as fortunate. When the Turks entered the place they intended to slaughter, but their leader objected. The girls were ordered to leave at once. The Hannum in charge turned to get some belongings and was shot¹. One of the girls jumped over the wall and escaped to a church where she told everyone all the other girls & Miss Buckley were killed. Miss Buckley was safe in Beitschal-lum.

The girls had to leave all their blankets, beds, etc behind. The soldiers took them out of the city, mistreated some of them, then took them to a nearby village. The Turks knew that the girls were under American care, & seemed to be anxious that none be lost. One woman died while giving birth to a child. Meanwhile the Rescue Home was pillaged and burned. Since the fighting ceased we were able to bring these women back & put them in a house next door to the hospital. All we could provide in the way of bedding was burlap for covers, & burlap stuffed with a little straw for mattress -- nothing else. There are 73 of these women -- dirty, lousy & hungry.

The Turkish officials have been quite anxious to keep our good will. They are exceedingly courteous. Ali Bey, the commander of the Nationalist forces ^{which were} here, is a Kurd, and a fine man -- Kuledge Ali they call him -- or "Ali the Sword". The Mutesereef -- Urfan Bey -- is a very intelligent man & seems determined to have peace here². But the lower class Turks are not friendly with Armenians, & therefore not friendly with Americans. They handled Miss Ainslie & Miss Hardy -- two missionaries, -- roughly a few evenings ago. Miss Ainslie grabbed one Turk who had shoved her, & as she held him by the collar said, "Wait till I get a gendarme to arrest you." A Turk then raised

his rifle to shoot, but instead of ^{being} scared she said "You don't dare shoot an American." The Mutesereef was quite disturbed about these incidents.

In the market I have had considerable trouble buying grain or any kind of food. I'm the "food commissioner" here & have to provide for 8000 Armenians, so when the Turks made a boycott against Armenians they included me in it. I had to get special permission from the government to buy rice, salt, etc. But now that one Turk is selling foods to me, the others are seeing they are losing trade, so every day now Moslems bring samples of rice and wheat they want to sell. To show what "big business" I'm in now, I never buy less than 3 to five tons of rice at a time. The Armenians in my family eat a ton of rice a day, let alone bread & other things.

The news now is that help is coming this way in the shape of doctors & workers, food supplies, clothing, bedding etc. This sounds good, but we also hear rumors of the French returning. The Moslems will kill all Armenians before the French ever get into the city. There is no doubt about that. We are afraid too there will be trouble in Aintab.

When Dr. Lambert & Dr. Shepard called on the Mutesereef a few days ago he made a statement which is rather significant. Discussing the fight, he said the Turks were armed not for massacring Armenians nor even for fighting the French, but in order to be prepared to resist any decision of the Peace Conference detrimental to Turkey. He said he was determined to have peace & good government in Marash, but that if the French attempted to return he would not be able to keep the people here "from killing each other", which means he could not prevent a massacre.

Two days ago we saw the Turk Nationalists on parade. About 800

or a 1000 of them marched thru the streets behind a band. None were in uniform, except a few wearing French uniforms, but all had several rows of cartridge belts, and either Mauser rifles or shotguns, knives, pistols. Even boys of twelve were marching along with old muskets or shotguns. I had my camera on the job, and they even stopped the parade to have photos taken.³ Some army! But the French found them too annoying to make staying in Marash worthwhile. This makes the fourth army for Marash in 2 years. First the Germans, then came the English, next the French, & here we are with Turks running things again.

Must close for tonight, as it is late. Will write more before this is mailed. Lots of love to all at home, from

Stanley.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Mar. 21, 1920.
(Sunday A.M.)

Dear Mother,

I still have the letter I wrote just two weeks ago, as there has been no chance of mailing it, except thru Turkish post. I'll take a chance on the letter sometime soon. You can see how uncertain mails are by the last letter I wrote. I have reread all the letters from home which Dr. Lambert brought, & conclude that any letters you wrote between Nov. 2 and Nov. 30 were captured by the bandits near Aintab. Stuart speaks of sending $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. films, but I never got them, and you spoke about having sent some flags, which never came. The square of linen came O.K., also some Literary Digests & Penn Gazettes which Stuart sent (about 3 L.D. & 4 P.G.) The draft came O.K. Hope my letters reached you all right. Apparently the N.Y. office never notified you that the Relief Ship was sunk with all Xmas boxes. But you probably know it by this time.

I've been in bed for ten days with Spanish Flu, but am now up and on the job again. It was only a light attack, but Dr. Wilson insisted on my staying in bed as long as my temperature was not normal, and a few days longer, so now I am O.K. again. I certainly had all the attention one could wish for, as I live in the hospital, & therefore had plenty of nurses, etc. Snyder took charge of the food distribution while I was in bed and now I'm letting him keep the job.

The food situation here is still this -- that all Armenians, or 90% of them would starve if we did not feed them. We are still feeding 9000 people, using $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of rice a day and 10,000 loaves of bread (little flat loaves). Just now we are about out of money, so if we cannot sell a draft the food supply will stop.

The general situation in the city is fairly good, & business is going on, with only Turk shopkeepers on the job. No Armenians dare open their shops in the bazaars, but have little "curb" stores in the sections where only Armenians live. Our Industrial department is giving work to hundreds of women, sewing, spinning, weaving, etc., & we have 25 men making shoes.

The Turks still have parades and demonstrations once in a while. They burned another church a few nights ago, and the next day had a war dance around Beitschallum orphanage & said they would burn it in the evening. Miss Buckley was over here at the hospital in the afternoon, laughing at their threats, but when she went back to the orphanage about dusk found the water supply had been cut off. She notified the gendarmes that if a fire started it would be their fault so they guarded all night and caught two parties of Turks snooping around. They beat one Turk so badly he couldn't walk away, & arrested three others. But the Turks say openly they intend to burn the orphanage, since it was such a stronghold for French & Armenian fighters during the scrap.

News comes in once in a while that everything is quiet in Aintab, but the Turks here seem to have some news which makes them think the French will return to Marash. They are digging trenches all around the city, & drilling new recruits every day. They say they have a list made of Armenians they will kill if there is more fighting. They say, "We won't kill women & children next time."

Yesterday a notice was put up in the market saying that the Allies had taken Constantinople after heavy fighting, & had captured the government buildings, etc. It then said that all Turks must be ready to defend their country & keep Anatolia free of foreign armies. So today when a report came that the French were on their way back

to Marash, everyone was uneasy. We don't know whether any of these reports are true or not, but there seems to be some grounds for believing them. We have been waiting and waiting for more relief workers to come, but none have come. Nineteen camels arrived about two weeks ago with supplies for us -- medicines, blankets, cotton, etc. Also a telegram came saying a representative of the Amer. government was on his way from Islahie here, but a second message said he could not get thru. So Mr. Lyman telegraphed that he could get thru, & to prove it he would go to Islahie & bring him back. So Mr. Lyman left suddenly on horseback about six days ago with six Turkish gendarmes, & hasn't been heard of since. He should have returned yesterday. We are all quite anxious about him, for he would have to enter the French lines at Islahie without an escort, & there are many bandits there. We don't know who the American is, any more than that the telegram said "Dr. Bell." If it is Dr. Bell of the A.C.R.N.E., he is probably not a diplomatic representative, but a relief worker. If it is the latter, I will move back to Wilson's house & let him stay here in the hospital. Also if it is a relief worker, Dr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson & Snyder will leave for America as their terms are up. If no one else comes I will be director here, against my wishes. Dr. Lambert left a letter behind when he left appointing me director to succeed Dr. Wilson, but told me nothing about it. I certainly won't keep the job but am willing to act for a short time until another man can come. I think this job requires an older man & one who will have more influence with the Turkish government than I could ever have. They must send more workers here. The missionaries are of course working hard with the general relief problems. Without their help we couldn't do a thing. We have four buildings for hospitals, all full, & many deaths every day. There was quite an epidemic of

Flu for a while, but it is over now. Many of the wounded French died from tetanus, gas gangrene, etc.

Must close and go to Dr. Wilson's house, where I'm invited for dinner.

All the Turks and Armenians are selling all their property as fast as they can, fearing a return of the French. I can buy rugs very cheap now, & will get some. Got a good pair of field glasses for 4 mejidehs (32.40) yesterday, & will get a good rug soon.

Hope to have letters from home soon. How is everybody at home? Hope, Mother, your arms are better, & Daddy's tummy. Give my love to the Adamses, & remember me to the McConnell's, & all the old gang. Lots of love to Dad & Mother, & Stuart & Marion from

Stanley.

Marash, Turkey.
Mar. 21, 1920
Sunday, 6 P.M.

P.S.

Just had some interesting news about Mr. Lyman, so will write it in this letter.

I had dinner with the Wilson's, & after dinner the Turkish mutesereef (governor) and the new military commander came to call, both of them Turkish army Lieutenant Colonels. We asked if they had any news of Lyman, & the military commander answered "Oh, yes!" He then told the story, as follows.

Mr. Lyman left Marash with about six gendarmes & an officer. When they were about two hours distance from the French lines the gendarmes remained behind, and Lyman rode on together with two Turkish civilians and a white flag. The French outposts however opened fire on them with a machine gun (thus bearing out their reputation where white flags are concerned.) Lyman & the two Turks threw themselves

on the ground, & none too soon, for the two horses of the Turks were both killed, & Mr. Lyman's horse shot thru the ear. About thirty French soldiers now surrounded them & after "capturing" them (without finding any resistance) bound all three of them & took them to headquarters. Mr. Lyman they took thru a barbed wire enclosure, while the two Turks they left outside with one French soldier guarding them. After waiting a long time the two Turks got impatient & in a moment when the guard was off his guard jumped on him & bound him, then "best it" for home. But when they reported to the officer he was not satisfied to return without Mr. Lyman, so later on went to the French lines himself, and was told that Mr. Lyman was there with the other American (Dr. Bell?), but was going on to Adana. The Turk officer therefore returned to Marash & reported the story to the Mutesereef.

It makes a good story, so I decided to write it down before I find it isn't true.

Miss Hardy, (Mr. Lyman's beloved here) is sick today, perhaps on account of the above story. But Dr. Wilson says what she has doesn't come from worry. Mr. Lyman has probably forgotten all about Marash & is enjoying a vacation in Adana. We will probably hear from him soon.

The Mutesereef confirms the report of trouble in Constantinople by saying there is no communication with that city.

Must close, as supper is ready.

Lots of love,

from

Stanley.

P.S.S. The T's have given out rifles today to all men in Marash. (??)

SEK.

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

find she is a niece of Samuel Melkongan
of Tarsus! She knows how to keep books,
run a typewriter, speaks French, English,
Turkish & Armenian, & is just 19 yrs. old.
Some secy!!

Marash, Turkey.
Mar. 28, 1920.

Dear "Family,"

As long as this is Sunday P.M. I will write a letter, but I
can't see much use, as there is no mail these days -- at least it goes
& comes mighty little. Three evenings ago a lot of mail came thru
Turkish post by way of Aintab, & I was swamped with business letters
from Aleppo, Constantinople, etc. & one lone letter from home writ-
ten Nov. 25, together with two packages of Literary Digests & one of
Sunday School Times. It seems that all of these had been captured
by the bandits who killed Johnson and Perry near Aintab, but apparent-
ly the Turks had recovered the mail for us. So Mother, your letter
telling of the high price of sugar had quite an eventful & tragic
journey. I was glad to get it, even if it was four months old, & the
Literary Digests were in great demand. According to them you are hav-
ing a grand old time back in U.S.A.

My but I'm glad I renewed my contract to stay on here in Marash!
The others who said they could not stay are still here, simply because
they can't get out with enough assurance of safety to encourage them
to try. Instead of getting better, conditions in this country are
getting to be more "doubtful" every day. -- that is, no one knows just
what is to come next. And here in Marash we hear no real news, only
rumors, which are certainly not very encouraging.

But first I must tell about Mr. Lyman. If you got the letter
I wrote last Sunday you remember I told about Mr. Lyman going to Is-
lahie, & the report we got of his being attacked by the French. We

all thought the story quite a fine one, but too much so to be true. So when a few days ago a troop of Turkish gendarmes rode by the hospital in the rain escorting two Americans I ran thru the rain to the college to get the first news. Lyman had returned with Dr. Bell, accompanied by ten gendarmes & a Turkish "interpreter" from Constantinople, (Bell is here for medical work, and apparently not political.) Lyman confirmed the story the Turks had told about him. When he approached the end of his journey a French machine gun opened on him, killing two horses. Later when he reached French quarters the two Turks with him got tired of waiting & escaped. Mr. Lyman spent the night with the officer in charge, & heard his account of the retreat from Marash. This I will tell about later. At Islahie Lyman found Dr. Bell, but went on to Adana by rail, then returned & with his company set out for Marash.

At Islahie they say eight carloads of food supplies are stored waiting opportunity to be sent to Marash by camel. We don't want the stuff, as we can buy it here cheaper than the cost of carrying it from Islahie. They should have sent clothing & other things we cannot buy. But Bell brought 2000 liras (\$10000), which certainly was a fine thing, for we were already in debt here. The trip back was uneventful, except that it rained all the time. Along the road were the skeletons of bodies of the Armenians who perished during the awful retreat from Marash on Feb. 10-13. Bell took some photographs which I developed, & will enclose some.

The news they brought us from Islahie was rather scanty -- they knew only that the British had taken Constantinople -- that there was no communication with Aleppo either by rail or telegraph, & that the Turks were continually breaking communications between Islahie & Adana. At present we have no communication with Constantinople at all. The

Turks here take orders from Mustapha Dermal Pasha, in Sivas & recognize him as their leader.¹

A leading Turkish merchant of Marash was in a few days ago & in addition to talking business spoke about the loss of their capital. He said it means much to all Moslems, for when the Sultan is not in power no Moslems are called to prayer -- since the Sultan is the head of their religion, & calls the Moslem world to prayer. He spoke also about Enver Pasha & Halil Pasha, who he says are bringing two Bolshevik armies from the Caucasus to attack India.²

The leading Turks here are very much disturbed about something just now, & are selling out and packing up. They bring their gold to me & take drafts on Aleppo instead. One man would not even take a draft or receipt, & even offered to pay us if we would store his goods in our houses. There's a reason. Our Mutesereef is to leave Marash, & another man has come to take his place -- & the rumor is that he is here to start a Bolshevik regime. The rich men here, knowing that this means the government will seize their property, naturally are exchanging all they have for checks. One big Moslem advised me secretly to fill our bins with all the food we need for some time, which we have done.

Other rumors float in -- for example a few days ago some Turks came in with fresh wounds. They had been surprised by some French not very far from Marash, twelve of them were killed & twelve wounded. So the Turks now have trenches dug in front of the city, & are sending soldiers to Adana & Islahie to fight. I don't think the French have any time to come back here. They are too busy keeping the railroad open.

In the mail which came a few nights ago was a telegram sent from Constantinople on Feb. 12 saying "Family inquiring for Stanley Kerr.

Wire answer." It is impossible to answer now, but I'm sure you have had cablegrams galore by this time from Arnold, Lambert & Crathern. You must have had news early of the trouble in Marash if you cabled before Feb. 12. Thanks for such prompt attention! I hope you never got the letter I wrote two nights before that, because I was sure it was "goodbye" when I wrote my postscript & I wrote it in such a hurry I suppose it must have been anything but assuring.

We had a letter from Dr. Crathern also, whom you will remember left with the French in order to care for the American women & for the Armenian refugees on the way & at Islahie. His description of that retreat was the same we heard from others -- it was terrible! From the start the weather was fearfully cold, but on the third day, when they were only six hours walk from Islahie, the great snowstorm began. It became a blinding blizzard & a thousand fell in a few hours. One out of every three perished. Dr. Crathern, almost 40 yrs. old, walked every step of the 75 miles, but our ladies rode part way & some had frozen feet. From Islahie they all went to Adana. Then the Americans took a boat from Versine to Beirut. Crathern came up to Aleppo & intended to come back to Marash, but Lambert had already come, so he went back to Constant.

The French officer with whom Mr. Lyman stayed the night before he reached Islahie (last week) had been in that terrible retreat. (He had been among the French reinforcements which came to Marash on Feb. 8, & had thrown the French troops around the city till communication was made with the commander here.) Then on the night of the evacuation he & his troops remained on the edge of the city till five o'clock the next morning in order to cover the retreat & protect the rear from attack by the Turks. The French officer who had stayed behind in the college that night & later started out at three A.M.

got thru safely. Then all the troops left at five oclock. The officer who was telling this to Mr. Lyman said he had seen seven years of war, but had never experienced or seen such terrible suffering as that three day's retreat to Islahie. Naturally, those of us who stayed behind are not sorry we did so, but at the time of the evacuation the others were either telling us we were fools to stay or admitted that they were running away from duty.

Another thing Dr. Crathern said in his letter will interest you. In my first letter home (mailed Feb. 10 from here) I told how those Zeitoon men carried a telegram with them back to Zeitoon, & had promised to take it over the mountains to Hadjin. I gave them two copies on tissue paper and a draft for \$100 payable to the man who delivered the message. Dr. Crathern tells us that from Zeitoon five of these Armenian mountaineers set out for Hadjin with the telegram but on the mountain pass they met a terrible blizzard. Three of them perished. The two remaining carried the message to Hadjin & received the reward. That was the first news which reached Aleppo of the situation in Marash. I remember when we gave the message to those Zeitoon men that night someone asked "Do you think you can reach Hadjin?" They answered, "If we cannot, no one can. We will carry the message till we die." Three of them did carry till death.

The latest rumor is that the British have landed big forces at Alexandretta & are now at Katma. A Turk here claims to have seen a big column of British & Italians on their way to Killis, which means on the way to Marash. Turks here deny this, but "evidence" makes me believe it.

Two days ago the Government requested Dr. Wilson to turn over all able bodied French soldiers under American care. Fifteen of them

went, as prisoners of war, for the Turkish government says the French & British have broken the terms of the Armistice by fighting, so Turkey is now in a state of war. Tomorrow they are going to send some of these prisoners to Aintab. ?

This morning a telegram came from Mustapha Kemal Pasha -- (the head of this Turkish military movement) to the governor here in Marash stating that Armenians and Americans must have no communication with the enemy. The Turkish interpreter who brought the message to Dr. Wilson explained this was a war measure, & meant no dealings with French, British or Italians. When Mrs. Wilson asked if this meant they could not go to Aintab, on the way back to America, he answered that they could not go back in that direction, but could go by way of Sivas -- which would mean they must head for the Black Sea & take a boat to Constantinople. So the chances are no Americans will leave Marash just now.

The Relief work is of course our most important duty, & every day is spent feeding the "ten thousand", cleaning up orphans, dressing the wounds of the war, making clothing for everybody, etc, etc. Our menu is approximately this for 9,000 people. -- 5.5 oz. bread & 4.5 oz. rice per person per day, with dried peas, beans, etc. substituted once in a while for rice. The cost per person is about 35 cents a week. So we feed on a wholesale plan. Even men who were millionaires before the "war" are now begging for blankets, shoes, anything. Not 5% of the Armenians can provide their own food. They are living sometimes 100 in a house. Our job is to see that they keep clean, get food, & what little clothing we can make. No Armenians have dared even yet to open their stalls in the markets.

We hope America is taking some definite action on the Armenian question, now that they see it is not settled yet. Recognizing

Armenia as a nation does no good until a good government exists in Turkey. The Turks themselves want good government & would welcome a mandatory by England or America.

Must close now & write more later. Loads of love to all at home,
from Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

From S.E. Kerr
 To All the family
 Subject Nothing much

Marash, Turkey.
 Apr. 4, 1920.

It's just seven P.M. Easter Sunday, and it has certainly been a fine day, even if not like an Easter in Darby. All the churches having been burned except three (which are now tenement houses), we had no church service, but will have a "sing" tonight. Also preachers are very scarce here. The Armenians celebrate Easter as "Egg Sunday". As a result I found an egg under my pillow, & whole nests of them on the table this morning, painted all colors of the rainbow. War doesn't interfere with holidays here. Also you probably remember I had a birthday last week. Somehow, somebody here at the hospital where I live found out when it came and I must say I never realized what a great event it is till this last celebration. First came a 7 A. . serenade outside my bedroom door, followed by the entrance of a couple of beautiful gifts all dolled up in flowers -- the hospital workers had apparently clubbed & spent their hard earned piastres to buy a fine piece of Marash needlework for me -- a table center of "ketten" cloth with drawn work by the best Armenian needleworker in the city. The day had only begun, for we had a great dinner -- just imagine pistachio nut ice cream with chocolate sauce, & a cake with a big S in the icing, violets growing out of the icing. The cook was responsible for all this. They made the cream by getting now from the caves in the mountains. Vigilante's was never like this. In the evening I had to operate a little organ so all the Armenian workers here could have a "sing." So it was quite a big day.

9.P.M. The two Turkish doctors who work here in the hospital came in to call this evening, so I invited them to supper, & then found there

was a Turkish woman whom I must also invite as she would otherwise eat alone, so we just finished our meal, five of us -- the Turkish woman, Dr. Ali Dunn Bey (a Circassian) & Dr. Hilmi Bey (a Turk), & Miss Lenin, the German matron of the hospital, who has lived in Marash as a missionary for ten years & can talk Turkish like a "Marashli". I like Ali Dunn very much. He seems to be a good doctor, too, & is very courteous to all the nurses & workers. We have in this hospital 47 patients now, 45 of them Turks 1 French-Algerian, & 1 French soldier, a prisoner of the Turks. Ali Dunn gives this last soldier such fair treatment that the other patients don't like it.

I don't like living in a hospital much as there is noise so early in the morning, but the Armenian women working here are scared to stay here with all the T's unless an American man is here, too. We have three hospitals now, one for Turkish wounded, one for Armenian & French sick & wounded, & a contagious hospital for Armenians. This being the first of the month I have had to make out reports for March, & just discovered how big a job we have. During March 3500 liras sold, (\$14,500) was spent for food for the Armenians in the city, not counting our orphanages. The Industrial work has been enlarged greatly so that several hundred people have work weaving, spinning, making shoes, etc.

There is not a great deal of "fresh" news. As usual, rumors are many, & the latest is that war is on at Aintab. Perhaps it is not true. An aeroplane sailed over the edge of Marash at a high altitude yesterday & went away again towards Aintab.

Mr. Lyman returned yesterday from Zeitoon. If you have been reading anything about Armenia you probably have heard of Zeitoon, which is famous for the brave Armenian men & women. The Turkish government here is anxious that there be no war between Armenians & Turks

in Zeitoon, so asked Mr. Lyman and a leading Armenian preacher here to go with a Turkish representative to ask the Zeitoon people to give up all their arms and ammunition. Mr. Lyman agreed to go, but did not forget that in 1915 a German missionary had done a similar thing and advised the Zeitooners to be obedient to the government. As a result the Zeitoon men had given up their rifles & immediately the whole Armenian population of 40,000 was deported. Of these, 4,000 are alive today.

So when Mr. Lyman reached Zeitoon, a two days ride by horse over the mountain, he found that all the Armenians of the town and surrounding villages were living in a big barracks on the top of a steep mountain, a regular castle, & were fortified there. The Turks naturally didn't care for the job of taking rifles from the Armenians under these circumstances, & had asked Lyman to do the dirty work. Lyman made some inquiries & found that before the trouble had begun in Mesash the Armenians in the villages surrounding Zeitoon had been massacred. There was no doubt that the Turkish gendarmes of Zeitoon had gone to the villages and stirred up the Turks there to kill the Armenian villagers. One man who told Lyman these things gave a story which means much. He was the only Armenian in his village who possessed a gun -- a double barreled shot gun. One day a Turkish friend of his came & said, "Come outside the village with me." They walked away together, & when out of the village the Turk said, "Leave your gun here." The Armenian said "Then you must also leave yours." The Turk refused, but insisted that the Armenian lay his down. When the latter said "no" to this the Turk jerked his rifle up & fired, but missed. You can rest assured the next shot came from the Armenian, & if he didn't give the Turk both barrels he should have. Anyhow he lived to tell Mr. Lyman that the Turk missed him, & then he stopped his story, & merely said he didn't return to the village but came to

Zeitoun. The next day a small boy from the same place also came to Zeitoun & said he was the only one of the seventy Armenians there who had escaped. All others were massacred.

Lyman thought if the Zeitoun Armenians gave up their rifles what could they expect -- just what the story above shows. As soon as they give up their guns the Turks will slaughter them. So when the men in the barracks on the mountain said they would die with their rifles rather than without them Lyman was not surprised. He returned to Marash & reported to the Mutesereef, who said, "You have not accomplished your mission if they have not given up their arms." Lyman's answer was that the Zeitoun men had no reason to trust any promises of the Turkish government, judging from past history, & that they were perfectly right in keeping their guns for self protection, rather than placing their lives under the "protection" of the government. The Mutesereef & Djemil Bey, (the military commander here) were not especially pleased to hear this, & said "There is no other way -- the Zeitouners must give up their guns."

Today it is said a Turkish cannon started on its way to Zeitoun. Lyman & the Armenian who was with him are rather pessimistic about the outlook for Zeitoun Armenians.

Here in Marash everything is quiet & conditions much better, except that Armenians have practically no work. The Turks are working Armenian farms, selling Armenian stolen goods, milking Armenian cows, etc. What is needed here is a government to right a few wrongs. The Turks even brag about the number of Armenians they killed & how they did it. They say openly that they had agreed on it beforehand. One man told one of our employees "You are a friend of mine, but if you had come to my house during the fight I would have had to kill you, for we all swore on the Koran to kill all Christians we could."

Even our American property wasn't respected. The Refuge home was burned & looted, the mountain cottage was burned, & our two farm houses were looted & all the stock taken. We even know which Turk has our cows & donkeys, & we know who killed our best orphanage teacher, for he brags about having cut his throat & all his family except two sons.

I've heard some horrible stories & know they are true.

There is no telling when my letter will get off to America. I still have here letters I wrote home a month ago. I'll enclose photos when there is a chance to mail letters without their having to go via Turk post.

Must close & go to bed. Hope you have all had a fine Easter Day, & that everybody at home is well & happy. I am well, & in no danger, so don't worry at all about me. Will be glad when another letter comes from Darby even if it is 3 months old.

An Armenian woman brought me a cap knitted from Angora wool and said I must take it to America for my mother, so Mother you have at least one souvenir of Turkey coming.

I won't be leaving Turkey before July 15, so you can keep on writing for a while yet.

Lots of love to all at home,

from

Stanley

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Apr. 18, 1920.

Dear Mother,

It must be two weeks since I wrote last, but still my letters are not mailed & this one won't get off for a long time from the looks of things. But I will write now before I forget everything, as this is my "diary." I haven't written in my diary since the French left as there hasn't been time enough. The last time I wrote I think, was just before Snyder & Mr. Lyman started off for Islahie. The Mutesereef had given permission for them to go, & even asked them to take with them some French prisoners and wounded. They didn't get started till Tuesday morning Apr. 6, as it was necessary to engage camels & pack animals etc. Finally everything was ready & the caravan started -- first a lot of Armenians who had permission to go to Adana, then the pack animals with Snyder's trunks, etc., then the camels with the wounded Moroccans and Senegalise soldiers loaded on in big boxes hung on the sides of the camels, like a little house on each side. Finally Lyman brought up the rear, but Snyder was missing. He came running along on foot a few minutes later with the news that someone had stolen his horse at the last minute. We sent to the market for a mule, & the rest of the caravan went on. Snyder is delighted now that he didn't get started, for while he was waiting for his mule, the whole caravan came back. The whole crowd had gone thru the city & was just on the road to Islahie when a gendarme rode up & said an order had been issued that they could not go. So Lyman had the embarrassment of parading back thru the city. We don't know even yet why they were called back, & the government officials all pass the buck & say it was a mistake, but just the same have not allowed them to start again. Lyman was certainly sore about it.

From the present looks of things none of us will get out of here for some time to come. I will write what news I have, but won't dare to mail it now. You probably know more about what is happening in this country, anyhow, than I do. I think I wrote about the trip Lyman & Badvelli Abraham made to Zeitoon, & the news they brought -- how all the villagers had been massacred or had fled to Zeitoon. We heard lately that all the villages near Marash had suffered the same fate. Kishaflee, Fundejak, Yenijakale, etc. all massacred & burned. A couple of thousand of Armenians from all the villages had taken refuge in a big church in Deungele. The bandits came & burned the church, killing all who ran out. So all of them perished. All of these poor villagers had just returned from four years of exiles less than 3 months ago, & had come back only to die.

The same day that Lyman & Snyder tried to go to Islahie, the Mutesereef sent word to three Armenian leaders, one a Protestant preacher (Abraham Haroutoonian) one a Gregorian priest, & the other a Catholic priest, that they must go immediately to Aintab & try to make peace between the Armenians & Turks there. We knew there was trouble in Aintab, & the three priests naturally were afraid to go, but it was an order, so they started out, attended by 19 soldiers & gendarmes.

A few days ago they returned, & just last night Badvelli Abraham told us the story of his trip. It was a very funny one. The Turks had been told in Aintab that a great peace commission was coming, so they treated the three Armenians as tho they were Lloyd George Clemenceau & Orlando. The Armenians played their parts with all the seriousness they could command, but at night they could only sit in their room & laugh at each other. The first day they arrived they called a meeting of the high Turkish officials, who all came, and told

their troubles to the "great" commissioners, who promised to fix everything up nice.

The Turks were living in one quarter, while the Armenians were in another quarter, well fortified and armed. The French were with them, & also were fortified in the American college. All the Americans were on the hill in the hospital & mission compounds. Knowing that the "peace conference" had come, there was no firing from either side for two days. On the second day the three Armenians sent for Dr. Merrill & Dr. Shepard & the Armenian leaders to come and have a conference with the Turks, but they refused to obey & sent word to the peace committee to come & see them if they wanted to talk. So the three peace delegates had to cross "No Man's Land" alone. They got across safely, altho three shots were fired at them. As they were running, one of the priests lost his hat, and ran back to get it, while the other two beat it for shelter. They met Dr. Merrill & Dr. Shepard, but the Armenian leaders would not come, perhaps because they did not want any information as to their strength to get out. Dr. Merrill agreed to come the next day to a meeting with the Turks to discuss methods of bringing peace. So the following day a sort of agreement was drawn up and approved by both Turks & the Armenians, for whom Dr. Merrill was spokesman. It was sent to the French commander, who also agreed to the terms. At this meeting Dr. Merrill spoke very strongly to the Turkish leaders, telling them that they had persecuted the Armenians for years without cause, & that now their punishment was at hand unless they repented immediately. (He knew a few things that the Turks did not know, for a French aeroplane had dropped messages in the college compound telling of the action America & England & France were taking, & of reinforcements coming. The Turks have always looked on Dr. Merrill as their friend, so his

speech made them rather angry. That night, the "chetas," or "ir-regulars", hearing that peace was almost arranged, attacked the Armenian quarter, as they want war. The Armenians were well armed, however, & I think the Turks suffered fairly heavy losses.

The French colonel had also written to the Turkish officials saying that his orders from France were to protect the Armenians & Americans above everything else, & that if the Turks harmed the Armenians he would fight. He said also, "So far I have been using only my machine guns & rifles but if you freed me to use my cannon I will destroy their city." He told them that the minarets of the mosques were filled with soldiers & that they must get out. The Turks paid no attention to this order, and so the following day while the "peace commission" was holding a meeting two big explosions were heard, & a Turk came running in saying to the Mutesereef, "You are sitting here talking and our minarets are flying to the sky." The French had put dynamite under the mosques & blew them up. So war was on in Aintab when the Badvelli & the two priests left, all their nice plans spoiled.

When he returned to Marash he told us that he had news that big French reinforcements were on their way to Aintab from the direction of Nisib, & that England had taken Constantinople, & was sending two armies, one from the Black Sea to Sivas, & the other from Constantinople towards Sivas. With the French at Aintab & Nisib it looks as if Mustapha Kemal & his cheta army would be chased from all sides into Marash. At least many troops will come thru here.

But for the present we are expecting a retreat of Turks from Aintab to Marash. This morning the Turkish governor sent for our auto in order to review his troops outside the city. In order to show him it was still our auto, all of us climbed in too, & went

along. We drove 16 miles towards Aintab, passing many armed Turks on their way to Aintab to fight the French & Armenians. We saw two cannon on their way also, & I got a few photos of this funny looking army. I never saw such a hard-boiled looking bunch of men in my life as the Turkish regulars. The bandits & chetas are picturesque & attractive but the soldiers in gray are a wicked, leathery looking lot of men. These men will reach Aintab in three days, but I suspect they will make the return trip in less than two days, for the latest news is that there is heavy fighting between Nisib & Aintab. If it is true that 15,000 French are coming, we may see them coming this way soon. At any rate, the Mutesereef asked yesterday if we could take all the Armenians of Marash into our compounds in a few days if necessary! It looks as if something was up, so I am going to begin tomorrow to fill our bins up with rice & all food stuffs we can get.

There is no chance of Dr. & Mrs. Wilson & Snyder leaving for America now, for which I am glad, as they had planned to go next week, leaving Lyman & Bell & me to run the ranch.

We are still feeding practically all the Armenians in the city. I cut 1300 off the lists in the last three days, & expect to cut another 1000 this week if nothing happens. Peter Jernazian, an American citizen (Armenian) is helping with the work & is a dandy. He tends to all the buying & distributing of food, which is a big work.

Dr. Bell is interested in farms & in tennis, so he has started three big gardens which Armenians owned but could not work. One garden belonging to an Armenian was given us, & when we went to take possession found a Turk had it all plowed. So we grabbed it & now the Turk wants us to pay him for plowing it. I think he is just out

of luck! Bell also had a tennis court fixed up & we tried it out Saturday afternoon & found it O.K. So we are looking forward to a little recreation once in a while.

We would give anything to get news from home, but an order has been issued forbidding any mail to go or come unless written in Turkish. We hear there is mail for us in Marash, but we can't get it. All papers & magazines are burned by the government, & we can send no mail. I will have a letter written to you in Turkish & Mr. Steele can read it for you. These letters I have written will have to wait.

The letter Dad wrote Feb. 9th reached me O.K. I got no letters between Jan. 1 and Feb. 9, so probably they were lost or else you wrote none in January. I hear America is sending an army to Turkey. Wouldn't it be fine to see a column of doughboys coming along some day! Hope everybody at home is O.K. -- especially your arms, Mother. I am feeling fine & not overworking now, but was before. Hope to be able to start home July 15 or Aug. 1st if the way is open. Lots of love to all the family, the Adamses, & friends. from

Stanley.

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
Apr. 23, 1920.

Dear Family:

Great doings in Marash! Mail came a couple of days ago from America, and I got a letter! An order had been issued that no mail could be sent or received unless written in Turkish, but Dr. Wilson sent a telegram to Mustapha Kemal protesting against this. As a result Mustapha sent order to Marash that we could send & receive letters provided they were censored. So I got a letter, but the censor cut out everything but the envelope, and all I got was an empty envelope with a Washington postmark! Mr. Lyman got several magazines, one of them the Manchester Guardian, which had a few remarks to make about Marash and Aintab. From what the article said (written Feb. 20) it seemed that the outside world had not received the true report of the Marash affair by Feb. 20th. According to this paper, the French press was still in favor of giving Cilicia to the Turks. Apparently nobody in Europe cares what happens to the Armenians.

The political situation here changes quiet often and no one ever knows what will happen next. There has been quite a scare here for the last few days. The news from Aintab was decidedly bad (from Turkish viewpoint), as the Turks were apparently getting the worst of it. They say here that the French attacked from three sides and shelled the city, destroying the Turkish quarter & killing many Moslems. As a result the Turks withdrew from the city & ^{are} remaining on the side next to Marash, in order to prevent the French from coming here. The Aintab Turks have appealed for help, so practically all the Marash men have gone, & only a few are left here. But these few are making enough trouble. They gathered a few days ago & made a demonstration against their governor, calling him "Gower", which means "Christian

Dog". They drew up written charges against him as follows: --

- 1st. He has been friendly to the Christians, the Armenians and Americans.
- 2nd. He protested when the Turks burned and looted Armenian houses.
- 3rd. He goes riding in the American automobiles, etc.

They threatened to kill him if he should attempt to go to his office, so he resigned, but didn't dare leave the city. At present he has regained a little favor but has no power, Arslan Bey told Dr. Wilson that all the Americans owe their lives to him, as the Turks had decided to kill all of us and all the remaining Armenians a few days after the French left, when they heard of the murder of Dr. Mustapha in our hospital. Even now we aren't any too sure of our position, and from every side we hear little things that show us how much we are loved. Today the rumor came that the chetas were going to kill Dr. Wilson & Mr. Lyman first, as they have the most influence on the government, then they could kill all the other Americans & Armenians without any interference. The Moslems have a peculiar way of telling what they intend to do. A Moslem woman passing Miss Buckley on the street stopped long enough to say "You have two days to live." Today Miss Timon (the only one of the German Mission workers whom the British allowed to stay here) was coming across the city thru the Turkish quarter, when a Moslem woman in a doorway stopped her and asked her to come in a moment & talk. Miss Timon stepped inside & the door was closed behind her. There were several Turkish women in the room. They were too ignorant to keep their mouths shut & blabbed a whole lot of things that the Turkish men would never say openly. First they asked Miss Timon if she was an "Alleman, or a Gower" (a German, or a Christian Dog".) She answered, "Alleman" (German). You see the Turks don't class the Germans with the Christians! When they found Miss Timon was a nurse in the hospital for Turkish wounded they

talked freely, telling all the latest news -- that the French were destroying Aintab, & that all their sons & husbands had been sent to help fight the French & keep them from coming to Marash. They said, too, that the Americans helped the French & not the Turks & that the Americans had machine guns in their houses.

Today the market was closed again, & all Moslems were called together. About three P.M. I heard a great shouting at the hospital gate & ran down to see what was going on. A great crowd of Turks were gathered around their big banners, & a Dervish was crying out "Mustapha Kemal yashasin!" And all the Turks would shout together "Amin!" (Long live Mustapha! Amen!) Then they paraded down the street, & celebrated the rest of the afternoon by firing their cannon on the citadel, and by a big picnic in a garden outside the city. Their leaders lectured to them today, telling them to be friendly with the Armenians. I think they fear the French, & can see that if the French came to Marash again they will take revenge for these massacres.

We are all prepared for trouble, & have big stocks of rice, etc. on hand in all the American compounds and orphanages. Mr. Lyman is staying in Beitschallum (the most hated by the Turks), I am living in the Turkish hospital, & the others are in the American mission compounds.

It will be Mother's birthday in a few days but I guess I can't send anything now, not even a letter. Hope you all celebrate the event properly.

I hope I don't have to wait till I start home, to mail these letters I've written. Anyhow I must close now & stick this in a drawer with the others to wait. Lots of love to everybody at home. Hope some letters are on the way here from America.

Stanley.

P.S. Will enclose some photos I took lately.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Merash, Turkey.
May 4, 1920.

Dear Dad: --

I just looked over the letter I wrote Apr. 23, & see from the tone of it that we all expected trouble. But so far none of us have had anything happen to us in the way of massacre, etc. The news from Aintab seemed to be more encouraging to the Turks and so they change their attitude accordingly. Their news reports talk as if the French might withdraw from Aintab any day. Apparently the "chetas" are just besieging the city and giving all the trouble they can to the French. Here in Merash they are quite unfriendly to the Armenians now, & say they will kill them yet. About thirty have "disappeared" since the French left. Two Armenians were killed last night. Life isn't at all monotonous here. About a week and a half ago everything was quiet, not even rumors of trouble. But about eleven o'clock at night, just as I was getting into bed there was a tremendous crash as if the world was exploding. The whole hospital shook. The thing was so sudden & over so soon that I couldn't imagine anything but an earthquake. Then I thought it must be a munitions explosion so ran out on the balcony. The whole sky was a mass of black smoke. Looking towards the Turkish barracks which had burned the night the French left, I could see flames starting from the building where the Turkish supplies are kept. It didn't take me long to dress, & get out on the third floor balcony to watch the big fire, for the building contained a lot of gasoline, & had made an enormous blaze. No one knows how the thing started, except that the gunpowder & dynamite went off first. By the time I got outside the ammunition began to explode. The building is less than a quarter mile from the hospital and only a few hundred yards from the college, so you can imagine the

force of the explosion. The college windows broke, & the wind, which was blowing about forty miles an hour, carried the sparks over to the college buildings. The ammunitions exploding sounded like the battle of Marash all over again, a continuous rattle of rifle cartridges with bombs, grenades, & shells exploding every few minutes. One shell landed in the hospital yard, crashing thru the trees a few yards in front of where we stood.

The Armenians in the city all feared trouble, so in a short time our hospital yard was filled with Armenians from the nearby houses. They even cut a hole in the brick wall around our enclosure in order to get in. But no trouble came of this. The Turks even said among themselves the next day that the Armenians could not possibly have done this. But they were all pretty sad about it, as it was their main depot and so all their reserve ammunition was now gone.

This gave us something to discuss & gossip about for a day or two. Then in a few days I heard a Moslem merchant whom I know well was going to send his caravan to Aleppo. As we were out of money I thought I would go along with him & bring back gold. So Dr. Wilson & I went to the government and saw the Mutesereef, or rather the acting Mutesereef, (the real one having been put out by the Turks for having been friendly with the Christians.) The acting Mutesereef said I could go with the caravan & he would send gendarmes along as far as Aintab, but would not be responsible after that. He gave permission to go, but at the same time urged me to wait. So apparently it was best to follow his advice, & I didn't go. As a result we are out of money, absolutely, & I don't see where we are going to find any more. So now we had no more excitement to look forward to. Everything was quiet again, only reports of fighting in Aintab. But
Mar. 2,
on Sunday **A** a report came that the French were advancing towards

Marash & were not far away. But we didn't believe it.

About four A.M. Monday morning I was dreaming of watching a scrap between "chetas" and Zeitoon Armenians. The dream was very real, & I could almost hear the crack of the rifles. Suddenly I sat up in bed & realized that I actually heard rifle fire, shots coming from various points in the city. Running to the window I heard the Moslem priests shouting from the minarets of mosques. The flash of the rifle fire could be seen everywhere. At first I thought the French had come, then decided that the Turks were probably celebrating a victory over their enemy -- perhaps the French had withdrawn from Aintab. I dressed quickly. The firing increased over the whole city until it looked like a great battle. The whole house was awake & all the nurses scared. As I started from my room down the hall I stopped to ask one of the Turkish patients what was going on. He is a young lieutenant who speaks German. He said, "Es gibt kein licht von dem Himmel, und die Turken schützen so dasz Allah wird Licht geben." (There is no light in the sky, & the Turks are shooting so that Allah will give light again).

So I ran out on the balcony & looked at the sky. The moon was eclipsed -- totally! Can you imagine several thousand Turks all shooting at once at an eclipsed moon? Probably in every city or village the same thing was going on. I remembered as soon as I saw the eclipse that the ineducated Turks believe that when the moon or sun is eclipsed it is caused by a bear in the sky getting between the earth & the light, so everyone must shoot at the bear. Another old belief is that when the eclipse comes it means that Allah is angry, so every man must shoot off his gun & place it empty in his house, & all prisoners must be released. But this time apparently they emptied their guns & filled them up again, & let no prisoners go. This

great bombardment of the moon continued for half an hour, until the bear was thoroughly dead, Then all was quiet again. Naturally all the Armenians were scared to death until they knew what was the trouble, & even then supposed the Turks would start some killing on the side. But there was no trouble anywhere. This is the craziest custom I ever heard of. Anyhow, they must have hit the bear, because the eclipse gradually went away. I heard the next day that the French soldiers who are living near the college all thought the French army had arrived & jumped into their clothes in double quick time. Snyder slept thru the whole bombardment!

The rest of the night I dreamed of battles. This time I dreamed American soldiers were sitting on a wagon, when some Turk soldiers came and started to push the wagon down the road, saying they would push the Americans out of the country. Then the doughboys fixed bayonets & chased the Turks. I woke up just as a soldier had caught up to a Turk & was going to hit him with his gun. Some dream!

Last night the brother of our head nurse (an Armenian) disappeared in a rather strange way. A week ago two Turks had invited him to come and look at some goods they wanted to sell him. He went but knew better than to go in their house. When he got into their yard he refused to go farther. No one was around so the two Moslems drew their knives to kill him, but the Armenian went one better & drew a pistol, so saved himself & got away. A few days later a Turk patronized the Armenian's shop quite frequently & made himself very friendly. Yesterday he told this Armenian he had cloth to show him & they went together to see it. No one has seen the Armenian since. The Turk was seen this morning with his arm in a sling. This is the typical way of disposing of Armenians during "closed" season.

Must close for the present. Will write more later.

SEKerr

(over)

May 15th. Sunday Evening.

This has been a fine Sunday, weather just right, all the roses & honeysuckle etc. in full bloom and everybody happy. So I must finish up with a short letter and then go to bed. I'm sore all over as though I had been run thru the cogs on a clothes-wringer, but will explain later. According to what I wrote last we were in the midst of a "money famine." Now we are having a good crop, and gold is thick enough to roll in. Our famine was caused by the road to Aleppo being closed on account of fighting. But apparently the Moslems have found a by-path, and a great caravan went to Aleppo a few days ago. The Turks were afraid to go singly, so all the merchants in town combined to make one party. Over a hundred men went, all well armed, with all their camels & mules. As there is much fighting between Hama and Hama they were afraid to carry money, so came to me for checks. For three days I did an enormous business, and have a right to call myself cashier, president, board of trustees, paying & receiving teller & bookkeeper of the 1st. Amer. Bank of Marash. In three days I took in \$40,000 in gold, & then refused to take any more, for fear they would bankrupt the Aleppo office when they presented their checks for payment. So now we have drawn all we have a right to for May and June both. We have no communication with Aleppo, so I took this opportunity of writing short letters on each check in order to get some information thru.

Yesterday a Moslem merchant arrived from Aleppo & brought a letter from Dr. Lambert (the director there). He has been trying to get up here to Marash for some time but says the roads are blocked by the fighting between French & Turks. He had just come back from Urfa. & said he brought five of the Americans with him. The French had left Urfa on April 11th, but were attacked on the way out, & nearly all

were killed. I can't understand why the French newspapers & the public opinion in France stand for allowing the Turks to keep this country. They don't seem to realize that Turkey is at war with them. We who are on the inside know that this is not just unorganized bandit warfare, but actual war between Turkey & France. The Turks look at it that way. Ali "the Sword", or Kuledge Ali, the commander of the national forces in this whole region is directly responsible to Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the leader of all Turkey. He was in command in Marash when the French left, so we got to know him quite well. Then he went to Aintab & has been directing the fight there. We heard not long ago that the fight was finished in Aintab, a sort of draw. So I was not surprised the day before yesterday to see him outside the hospital. He shook hands as if I was an old friend & asked where Dr. Wilson was, so we went to Dr. Wilson's house, together with his companions, officers of the National army. At Wilson's house he said that 500 French soldiers were still in Aintab, & that 10,000 Turk volunteers were around the city. A regiment of French reinforcements had tried to come from Killis to Aintab with two armored cars, but the Turks drove them back with heavy losses. We have heard the same report from so many sources that I begin to believe it now. Kuledge Ali said his work in Aintab was finished & he was going to Angora for a conference with Mustapha Kemal Pasha. He would not allow us to take his pictures, & probably had good reasons. A Turk friend of ours here went with him to Angora & carried letters of ours. I sent one for home & hope it got there safely. This Kuledge Ali seems to be a fine character. We certainly have found him to be a gentleman. After leaving Dr. Wilson's house he came down to visit the Turkish wounded in our hospital. A little Armenian girl who works here, as she saw him, exclaimed "That's the man who saved me, and he knows where

my father is!" This little girl & her father had lived on the farm belonging to Beitschallum orphanage. According to the girl's story the Turks had come one day and would have killed them, (in fact they did kill an old woman there who hid in a brick oven, for we found her body all hacked to pieces a few weeks later) but this man had saved her father & all the children & taken the children to a place of safety along with all our Rescue Home girls. But her father was taken some other place so this little girl plead with Miss Limon, the nurse here, to ask Kuledge Ali about her father. She plead so hard that when Ali came down stairs Miss Limon asked him to come in the room a moment, & then told the little girl to ask him about her father. Kuledge Ali, (who has the rank of a general) recognized the girl when she told her story, & said to her "I saved you & your sister, so do you think I would kill your father? He is alive and I will have him sent to you." He was very much affected and talked for several minutes with the girl, promising to bring her father, so she thanked him & he went. We have been looking for this man for two months, but haven't found him altho many Turks say he is alive. But now perhaps he will turn up.

I have been out to the Ak Su twice this last week in the auto. It is about 20 miles from Marash, on the way to Aintab. We found the last two spans of the bridge were destroyed. The Turks burned it when they thought the French would come from Aintab. Yesterday Snyder, (the driver) thought it would be well to see if the river could be forded, & at the same time give the ladies a ride. So about three P.M. he started out. I was in the market, but jumped in the car when it passed. There were two Turkish gendarmes, Snyder & I, and five women (four American & German). We had a fine drive to the river, then left the road, and drove on the gravel of the river bed up to

the water's edge. Snyder then waded across in various places to find the best road for the car. It was waist deep in places, but very swift. Finally a zig zag course was found which would make the entire path less than knee deep, so we started. We were half way over when the engine gave a cough and stopped!

The fly wheel was splashing water at a great rate all over the engine, so either water got in the carburethor or something else, but anyway the engine wouldn't go more than a few seconds at a time. Snyder & I got out in the water to investigate, then made all the women take off their shoes & get out & push. We had gotten slightly off our course & the water was more than knee deep, & besides the car was sinking in the gravel. Well, to make a long story short we pushed & pulled & tore down a good part of the bridge for beams for levers, but no use. We were all soaked to the waist, & at the end of two hours decided to give up & get dry. So the women went in one direction & the men in another & we all dried our clothes on the rocks in the sun & crawled under blankets, while our two gendarmes went off towards a Kurdish village a few miles away. By the time our clothes were dry & we had made up our minds to stay out over night we saw the two gendarmes returning with five wild looking Kurds or Turks & some boys. We were glad to see they were not armed, which was strange because everybody carries a gun these days & the roads are full of "chetas" returning from the Aintab fight.

Snyder & I set the example by wading into the river minus our trousers, & in fifteen minutes with all the Turks pulling, (in the same state of costume as we) we had the car on the dry gravel. The men were tickled to get a mejideh each (a silver piece worth 60 cents) and we were tickled to find the engine ran O.K. again. We made record time going home, and arrived at 9 P.M. just about the time a

searching party was preparing to start out for us. Of course we invented a wild story about being held up and robbed, which Mrs. Wilson believed for an hour. Today one of the ladies is in bed, sore all over & still shivering from the wading party, & Snyder & I both feel as if we had been thru the clothes wringer. I'm stiff all over. We took a long horseback ride this P.M. to loosen up.

I would have given a lot for a photo of all those women in the water pushing the auto. They all enjoyed the party immensely & voted that it wouldn't have been nearly as exciting if we had not got stuck.

It is late now, so I must close & go to bed. I am planning to go to Aleppo this week with five Circassians, & to return with more relief workers. Will write more later.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
June 2, 1920

Dear Dad & Mother & everybody:

Yesterday our first mail arrived from Aleppo enclosed in a box of medical supplies a Turk brought us from Aleppo. I got about nine letters, all but two from you, one from Oliver Grubb & one from Gene Carpenter & one from Ido Powell. You can imagine how glad I was to get them & to hear you had not been worryin' about me. It is still impossible to send mail out uncensored, except in a case like this where Americans are carrying it. Tomorrow Dr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Snyder & Miss Frostee are leaving by horse for Aleppo with all their luggage, leaving here only Dr. Bell & me as relief workers. (Miss Buckley is still here but not working) The missionaries are here, but Miss Sied is sick, & Miss Hardy & Miss Blakely are also going soon & no other workers are coming to help except one man. I am now, director, treasurer, bookkeeper, food administrator, & business manager in general. I don't see how I can do it. I have only a few minutes to write as I must get off some other business mail. Mr. Lyman went off to Zeitoon & Albustan & Geuksoun to inspect our orphanages there. We just had a telegram saying he had been attacked by bandits when three hours away from Geuksoun, his horses & everything stolen, one gendarme killed & one wounded. I guess he walked to Geuksoun.

Marash is quiet. Aintab has had a hard siege, & now there is a 20 day truce, during which time the French are said to have withdrawn from the city. Urfa had a terrible time, but they say Marash was the worst. So Dr. Wilson is leaving under Turkish guard during the truce.

Thanks for all the newspaper clippings. Everybody enjoyed them.

My last letter was yours written on Apr. 2nd, 1920. It was good to hear they are nominating me for a fellowship, but I had to stop studying French & have little hope of mastering it between now & Oct. with the heavy work I have. Will try. The Xmas package may be in Aleppo, but has not reached Marash yet. I will be home not later than Sept. 15 if I can possibly do it, even if I have to leave here with no one to take my place.

Will write more of a letter when I have time. Lots of love to Dad & Mother & Stuart & Marion & all the Adamses & friends.

from

Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
June 18, 1920.

Dear Dad & Mother: --

Dr. Lambert arrived here in Marash yesterday morning & goes back tomorrow, so I must write a note to go back with him. He brought mail for me -- a letter written by Dad on Jan. ? saying how sorry you all were that my Xmas package had been sunk. But this morning a camel caravan arrived from Aleppo, & my package was on it! I haven't had a chance to open it as today we've been rushing around doing everything from inspecting orphanages, preparing to send off the auto tomorrow, etc. Miss Buckley & Miss Blakely will go with Dr. Lambert tomorrow. Dr. Wilson & Snyder & the others reached Aleppo safely by horse, but were all played out when they got there. Dr. Lambert came back by auto to Aintab with a new relief worker for Marash, & from Aintab came to Marash by horse by night. Tomorrow they are going to try to go from here to the Ak Su by our auto, & will wade the river & meet the Aintab auto on the other shore.

Dr. Lambert has had some interesting tales to tell of his experiences in Urfa & Aintab lately. Cannot write now as it is late but will write later.

Some of the Aleppo personnel were captured by bandits on the road to Aintab, but escaped. All the orphans were moved from Aintab. Lambert thinks the French blundered these too in evacuating. Apparently Marash is to be left in the hands of the Turks. I'm disgusted with "civilized" nations for permitting the Turks to hold this place after their dirty deed here. They are now planning to exile the Armenians from here to Armenia -- which means nothing but death. Perhaps it is only talk.

Lambert wants me to stay on here & offered me 150 a month besides

clothing & keep, but I'm not willing to give up that fellowship. Am studying French hard, but too much work to study properly.

I've had two run-ins with the government here already since I became director. The first was last week when about thirty Turks came to Beitschallum orphanage & began to dig for buried guns. I told the governor what I thought of this & insisted that they stop it, which they did. Then the military commander demanded a roll of electric light wire he saw in the orphanage, & I told him he couldn't have it, so I'm in wrong right at the start.

Supplies are coming in now by camel & mule, but transportation is expensive, & not very safe. For example, Knudsen (a Britisher) who is our treasurer in Aleppo was coming by auto from Aleppo to Aintab two or three weeks ago with two Armenians, & the bandit soldiers captured them. They took them to the hills, where their chief ordered two of them to be cared for well, as they claimed to be Americans (one was Knudsen the Britisher & the other was the Armenian interpreter) but the other gave himself away as an Armenian & was killed. After a day or two the chief was satisfied that both were Americans & let them go!

Mr. Lyman went from here on a trip thru the mountain villages & to take money to our orphanages in Geuksoun & Albustan. About three hours ride from Geuksoun bandits attacked him, killed one of the two gendarmes & wounded the other badly then stripped Lyman of all his clothes except shirt & trousers, took the horses, 110 gold liras & my little camera that Stuart gave me & beat it. Lyman finally reached Geurksoun & was so mad he telegraphed to Mustafa Kemal Pasha about it. He answered that the thieves must be caught & all property returned. Lyman has been gone a month today. I had a letter from him this A.M. saying he was going to Hadjin to make peace if possible so

he won't be back for some time. I'm hoping he will recover my camera. I didn't like to lend it to him, but thought it was a good chance for him to get good photos that I couldn't get so gave it. I'm afraid it is goodbye V.P.K. I can buy another in Aleppo on my way home, but not so good a lens.

I don't have here the letters I got, but remember one was from Mother in January, one from Jack Bounds -- a dandy --, and one from Ida F. & one from Mae Harveson, one from New York A.C.R.N.E. office, & one from Dad in Bocabec. I was very sorry to hear Grandma had died, but was glad her death was such a peaceful one. I'm sure Aunt Martha & Uncle John will be very lonely without her, & we will all miss hearing from her.

I'm expecting to leave here, about July 10th for Aleppo, then will go to Jerusalem & Cairo, then home, perhaps by way of Italy then by boat home, or perhaps cross Europe to London & home. Perhaps Dr. Lambert will be with me. Am anxious to see what is in my box but it is locked up in the storeroom & I can't get at it till tomorrow. I can just taste that plum pudding. Am well & happy & no kick coming anywhere. I have no more work than I did before the other personnel left here, because they didn't do much of anything anyhow. I'm not worked to death except once in a while like tonight when I did a day's work in half an hour. Everybody wanted to send something to Aleppo or wanted a check or something all at once.

Last Sunday I rode up into the mountains to see the summer place the German missionaries had, but found that all four of their summer house were burned. It was a beautiful spot however, & Marash looked like a toy city below. My horses ran away with me half a dozen times. (I traded horses three times with the gendarmes & got a worse one each time.) The first horse I had belongs to the wealthiest Turk in

Marash, & it took a notion to run across half of Marash with me, over ditches, under low trees & everything else before I could stop it. Lost my hat & dignity. The next horse tried to climb an almond tree, & once when I blew my nose ran like a streak of lightning. I was hanging on to its neck but didn't fall off. So we had a pretty fast day.

Today is the first day of the Feast of Bayran.¹ For the last month the Turks have had the fast of Ramazon.² They eat & drink nothing from sunrise to sunset. At sunset a cannon goes off & they all dive into the grubb. Last night, the first of the new moon, the fast was over & today they are making up for lost time on the grubb.

We are having good meals. This is the season for apricots & cherries, & "toot". Toot is mulberries, & they are as thick here as grass. Apricots are great when fresh, & the red cherries make fine ice cream. We have it nearly every night, as the snow from the mountains is cheap, & fruit is cheap.

It has been great to have Dr. Lambert here only for a day or two, as he brings in all the news. Sorry & disgusted that America would not take more interest in Armenia. These are certainly a wretched people with no hope now.

Armenia has gone Bolshevik. In Erabizand they captured our AGRNE storehouse & order stuff out as they please. Pirates boarded a ship on the Black Sea & looted our Harpoot Americans of all they had. Some land!

Loads of love to all, from Stanley.

Will write more on Sunday.

*

To Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash, Turkey.
June 20, 1920

Dear Family: --

You probably got the letter I wrote two days ago saying my Xmas package arrived by camel. I didn't get a chance to even look at the box till after Dr. Lambert went back to Aleppo as there was so much to do getting the party off and writing letters for Aleppo. But Saturday morning we got up at 4:30 & Dr. Lambert & Miss Buckley & Miss Blakely left Marash by auto.--The first time our auto has carried anybody away from Marash since January. They drove to the Ak Su & crossed in the river bed, (the bridge having been burned) & met the Ainteb auto on the other bank. So they went on in the other car & ours returned here.

Right after they all left I got a hammer & everybody gathered round to see what was in my box. It surely was Xmas. They used to say Xmas comes but once a year, but there have been 3 this year, one Armenian, one of Dec. 25, & this last one. Everything was fine. We are going to have the plum pudding for dinner today (Sunday), & of course the candy is a real treat here. A box of chocolate like these can't be had for love or money within 300 miles of Marash. Everything was needed, handkerchieves, socks, & all. We didn't even throw away the little hunks of newspaper used for packing, but read all the news on that too. The magazines are being read by everybody here, Gen. Pershing's photo is already on the wall, & Marion's is on my desk. The V.F.K. films will be handy if Lyman brings my camera back, but I'm afraid the bandits got it from him. The printing paper was just what I wanted, as I was all out, but now I can make some more pictures, & will print tomorrow night. The chemistry book I don't need now, but Miss Lied, who teaches Chemistry here in the college, is going

was moldy clear thru.

to buy it from me & I can get another one when I come back to U.S. Thanks to all the family for all the nice things. After imagining that the box was at the bottom of the sea it surely was great to see it.

I won't be here more than three weeks more now, & may not have another chance to write before leaving, but of course may not be able to get out. I heard this morning that the Turks & French were not able to agree & the armistice is ended & fighting will begin again. Perhaps it is not true, but I wouldn't be surprised if war began again, as the Turks have won so far & don't feel like having the French dictate terms to them.

Dr. Lambert's opinion is that the French have bungled everything, not only Marash, but Aintab & Urfa too. After they evacuated Marash the general who commanded here was disgraced & sent home, & all of the French swore they would never leave Aintab but all but a few have gone out, & all their trenches are occupied by the Turks.

Dr. Lambert told us about the Urfa affair. He knew something was happening there & decided to go by auto & see. The French officers told him it was foolish and dangerous, but they didn't even know what was going on there themselves & had sent no reinforcements. Dr. Lambert got thru safely, & this is what he reported: -- Fighting began there on Feb. 9th, (one day before it stopped in Marash). The French had no cannon, but the Turks & Kurds had. The French were in one of the American buildings, & for two months were under rifle & shell fire. The Armenians were armed but did not enter the fight & merely protected themselves. Finally food gave out, & the French decided to evacuate. They got the Armenians to "request" their evacuation on account of shortage of food, & the Turks & Kurds agreed to let them leave the city unmolested with all their equipment & arms. The French asked for ten Turkish officials as guarantee of safe

passage, but instead, the Turks gave ten gendarmes. Mr. Woodward an American, went out with the French at Midnight April 9th. They hoped to get out of the hills before daylight. The afternoon before the evacuation the Armenians reported to the French that all the Kurds were leaving the city, & warned the French of a probable ambush. But the French laughed, & went out in some sort of formation which was especially open to attack. At daylight they were going thru a defile in the hills when the Kurds opened fire. The French couldn't defend themselves & the column was soon all broken up. Mr. Woodward took a white flag & with an interpreter ^{some of the} went up ^{ten gendarmes} the slopes to the Kurds, but there was no officer to surrender to. They were merely bands of Kurds without leaders. Woodward looked back & saw the Kurds had begun to massacre the French & were killing the wounded. The gendarmes took Woodward back to Urfa. The next day 100 naked French soldiers & one officer were brought back to Urfa as prisoners. The Kurds killed all the rest, about 400 soldiers & 14 officers. Two soldiers escaped to Jerablus.

When Dr. Lambert reached Urfa he saw the place where the massacre had taken place. The dead horses were still unburied, but the French were buried. The thing had happened just a week before. There was no massacre of Armenians in Urfa.

In Aintab the Turks suffered much more than the Armenians in killed & in property loss. The Turks admit that they used over 400 tins of gasoline & only succeeded in burning two Armenian houses, while the Armenians burned several rows of Turk houses with a few tins they got from Travis. One time the Turks threw a burning pole soaked in kerosene on one end over to an Armenian house. The Armenians turned the pole around & threw it back, & the Turk house burned.

The French used tanks in Aintab. Dr. Lambert came up with the

convoy that brought the Tanks, & says they made good time. Then the French foolishly sent a tank thru the town with soldiers following on foot. The Turks shot all the foot soldiers, then the tank got into a ditch & turned over on its side. The Turks watched it awhile, then decided it was out of commission, so a big crowd of them started out to take possession. The tank officer waited till they were all close up, then let loose with a machine gun, so there was some real killing on. The tank of course was just playing "dead" in the ditch.

Dr. Lambert came from Aleppo with a French convoy later with autos & ambulances & wagons, & took all the orphans out of the city back to Aleppo, all the while fighting was still on. They had to enter & leave the city at night. He says it was a terrible time. As they were approaching the city in the evening French shells from the city began to burst on the hillside near them, so they supposed Turks were there waiting to ambush them, therefore their own cannon opened up in the same spot. Later they found it was a body of French cavalry guarding them. The French in the college thought they were Turks. The cavalry officer came in a little later and cleared thru at such a blunder. The shells only wounded his horse however. Returning to Aleppo with the orphans the Turks attacked, but the French drove them off.

Knowing these things I'm not particularly anxious to go to Aleppo soon if fighting begins again. If there is no war I will go out by auto about July 10 or 15th, to Aleppo, then Jerusalem & Cairo if it isn't too hot. From there I don't know how I'll come. I have money enough. I'll ship my trunks from Beirut direct to New York via Cook's agency & just take hand baggage home. In New York I'll buy me some new clothes & throw my uniforms down a sewer, if I have

enough money left. Will try to be home Sept. 15th if all goes well.
It will be too hot to travel much. Must close now. Lots of love
to all the house. Thanks again for all the Xmas gifts.

Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Marash

June 25, 1920.

Dear Dad:

Just a little more news, so I'll write some more. Mr. Lyman returned Sunday night from a month's trip thru the villages north of Marash. He visited Zeitoon, then went on to Geurksoun with two gendarmes, an Armenian interpreter & a Turk "Katirji" (or man to take care of the animals). About three house distant from Geurksoun a Circassian on horseback passed them. The gendarme chief knew him as a noted robber. Shortly after this three Kurds passed them on foot. Nearing a little stream Lyman decided to stop for lunch. Half an hour later they proceeded, the road taking them thru a cut in the hill, both sides overgrown with scrub oak. In this place a voice from the bushes commanded them to halt. Glancing quickly in the direction of the voice they saw three rifle barrels pointing at them. The gendarmes immediately called out "We surrender," but the words were hardly out of their mouths when two shots rang out, the gendarme chief falling from his horse with a bullet thru his brain & the other with a broken leg. The Kurds sprang out & at the direction of the Circassian, still hid in the bushes, blindfolded Lyman & Theodore the interpreter, took their coats, & searched their pockets. They got my little vest pocket camera from Lyman, but missed his watch & some money & his pistol. But Lyman thought best to give up his pistol, too. The Circassian gave the Kurds the horses & some gold, & for himself took the two coats & my camera & the rest of the money. In all they got 110 gold liras (about \$550) of relief money which I was sending to our orphanages in Geurksoun & Albustan.

Mr. Lyman looked after the wounded gendarme as soon as the bandits left them. They carried him -- to a nearby Turkish village. The

gendarmes in this village made no effort to run down the robbers. As soon as possible Lyman went on to Geurksoun & notified Mustapha Kemal Pasha of what had happened. After a few days one of the Kurds was caught, & 36 liras recovered. The government knows where the Circassian lives but apparently no one cares about bothering him.

So this is a nice country for tourists!

Three days ago here in Marash the Turks nearly pulled off another massacre. A Dervish named Ali Cesar in a speech in a mosque told the Turks that the French were approaching & that enemies still were in the city (meaning Armenians). He told them to first kill the enemies within, then to fight the French. Things began to happen quickly. Armenians all over the city ran to the college for safety. One Armenian was stabbed in the arm and in one place a Turk ran into an Armenian house & told them all to run, as a massacre was going to begin. This Turk even paid another Turk to carry a sick Armenian to the college. The day passed however & no massacre.

We heard today, however, that the Turks had actually intended to kill the Armenians, & Turkish leaders admit that it was stopped only with difficulty. Hearing of the speech that Dervish Ali made, the Mutesereef & Chuhadare Zade Mohammed went to the mosque & talked to the Turks against doing this. The gendarmes in the city were ordered to prevent trouble, & so nothing happened. But this shows the feeling of the population here against the Armenians. The government doesn't want anything to happen to give it a bad name again but the people are stronger than the government now & can do as they please.

Must close now. Will write more later.

Stanley.

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Aintab, Turkey
July 1st 1920

Dear Mother:

Today I'm in a new country, it seems, altho just 50 miles from Marash. I got a note in Marash yesterday saying Miss Mather, a relief worker was in Aintab waiting for us to take her to Marash. So Augsburger & I came in the auto this morning with one gendarme, & had no trouble. Crossed the Ak River in the river bed without getting stuck. Before we reached the river we passed a forlorn looking Turk standing by the road. He waved for us to stop & said four armed Kurds had just robbed him of his four horses & all his stuff & had disappeared over the hill. He seemed to think we ought not to go on, but our gendarme loaded his gun & we went on & saw nothing of the Kurds. As we reached Aintab the effect of the big battle here could be seen. French flags were flying on the college & on strongly fortified positions over the city. We went down the wrong road & didn't find our mistake till we appeared in front of a barricade in the road in front of a stone building, windows & doors barricaded with rocks. Turks peered out at us so we turned & went to the other side of the city. At a corner a French sentry halted us, searched the car (for we were flying the Turkish flag), then called an officer, who ordered that the car could go on. The sentry ran ahead and opened a gate in a complicated barbed-wire fence. Next a Turk sentry ran out in the road at the next corner but we just scooted by & up the hill to the hospital. We now find we are not supposed to go down the street without that sentry's permission. The city is in a peculiar state. According to the terms of the armistice the French were to withdraw from Aintab to their camp, so the French merely moved to their camp -- the college which is impregnable. The Armenians

here put up a fine fight & dictated the terms of the Armistice.

The Americans here predict more trouble. The Turks think the Armenians are very strong. Let them think so. The fighting here was much different from Marash -- tanks, armored cars, aeroplanes bombing the town, cavalry charges, etc. But it differed from Marash in that here perhaps 30 or 40 Armenians were killed, while in Marash 10 or 12 thousand perished. Here perhaps 50 French were killed and 400 or 500 Turks. By the way, the French fought true to form, their aeroplane bombing their own positions by mistake & dropping French mail in Turkish sections, just as they did in Marash.

We hear that Dr. Lambert, when he left Marash, went to Aleppo, then returned to Aintab & on his second return to Aleppo took two big truck loads of Armenians to Aleppo. When about 30 miles away from Aleppo a band of brigands stopped them, robbed all of everything they had, put the women in the car & sent them on, & held the men. We now know two stories about the men, one that they are being held for 1000 pounds ransom, the other that they were released at night & walked to Aleppo. Dr. Lambert is getting his share of excitement. Must close, as we must start back for Marash at 3 P.M. Miss Mather is not well & is not coming with us, but will come in another car on Sunday. I expect to leave Marash in two weeks (or three) & will be home sometime between Sept. 1st & 15th. We are going to take a Victrola back to Marash! Situation in Marash is not good. The Turks & we are quarreling about the hospital. The Turks think it is theirs. Lots of love to all. Sorry I have to write such a short hurried letter. Have been a little sick, but am O.K. again.

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

From SEKerr
 To: the whole family.
 Subject Homeward Bound.

Beirut, Syria.¹
 July 21, 1920

Dear Family:

Just have half an hour to write before starting for home! As you see, I'm part way there already, being in Syria, & expect to sail this P.M. for Jaffa, or else tomorrow morning by U.S. torpedo boat to Jaffa.

I left Merash at 4 A.M. on Friday the sixteenth. We had heard that a French column was to move towards Aintab on the 19th, so decided to get out before that. We had just got outside the city when a police officer halted us & began to search the car for mail. I had about 500 letters, some of them from French prisoners, so didn't want to be caught. After he had looked for a while, I pulled five letters from my pocket & gave them to him, then we started suddenly & drove off. At Aintab we decided at first not to stop, then thought there might be news of trouble ahead, so we left the car outside the city & I walked in, got thru the French lines all right, & was well on my way to the Amer. Hospital when a Turk shoved his rifle over a wall & motioned to me to come along. He wanted to know where I was going, & wasn't at all satisfied when I said "American Hastekhane".² He took me inside the Turkish forts & passed me on from one sentry to another till I was in headquarters. I suddenly realized that they took me for a Frenchman, & when I explained I was an American it made all the difference in the world. The commander appeared & sent a man to show me the way. Soon afterwards I found that there was almost a state of war in the city again. The Turks had demanded that the Armenians give up a mosque they were holding, & when the Armenians refused; barricades went up all over the city & shops closed.

At the hospital, I found a letter for me from Dad, telling about Toggart wanting me to help in organic. At noon we set off again for Aleppo, with two other cars from Aintab accompanying us. One of them was to go on to Aleppo, & the other was carrying cigarettes & jam for the Turkish "chetas" who always give our cars trouble. This car went ahead & distributed the jam & smokes, so when we arrived the chetas were in good spirits & made no trouble at all. At Killis we stopped. The French have a great camp there. We heard rumors of trouble in Aleppo, but went on. Three miles from Aleppo the British had erected a monument with the inscription "Here was fought the last battle of the Great War in the Near East". As we approached, a line of soldiers could be seen on the crest of the hill, & suddenly an Arab rushed into the road, drew his sword & waved it at us to stop. Other Arabs ran out & formed a line across the road, all drew their knives & brandished them & looked as vicious as they could even after we had stopped. They thought we were French & apparently would liked to have used their knives on us. After half an hour arguing with the Arab captain we were allowed to proceed. The Arabs were hurriedly digging trenches & gun emplacements beside the English monument, which had been destroyed, & only -- "the Great War" -- showed where the inscription had been.

So this looked like war in Aleppo. Before entering the city we were searched again, & our Turk gendarmes were disarmed by the Arabs. At the consulate, Vice Consul Wilson told me the situation. The French had sent an ultimatum to the Arabs, with five points:

(1) French occupation of Aleppo as a military base against the Turks.

(2) " control of the railway from Beirut to Aleppo,

(3) " " of all Syria & the Lebanon.

(4) No more conscription to raise the Arab army.

(5) Punishment of those who were helping the Turks.

The Arabs of course were to have till Sunday night to decide. After that the French would advance. We had arrived on Friday, & so if we were to get out at all would have to leave for Beirut not later than Sunday morning. By hustling I got everything in shape on Saturday & left Aleppo Sunday, arriving here in Beirut 2 A.M. Monday.

In Aleppo the city was under martial law. Couriers had been sent as far as the Euphrates to call in the Bedouins from the deserts to fight the French. On Saturday all day the Bedouins kept pouring in to the city. I think I have never seen such a thrilling sight as the Bedouin Arabs galloping down the main street of Aleppo. Several hundred of them on fine horses, all armed with swords & rifles & shouting at the top of their voices came racing down the street followed by perhaps a hundred more on camels. All these had come in from the desert & were in their native dress. Even boys had come, & all had rifles, many of them English. One Arab on a camel apparently thought we on the street were French, so he pulled out a curved sword & made signs of what he would like to do to us, & showed his teeth. None of us had a camera during all this parade.

The Arabs requisitioned two of our autos, & will mount machine guns on them to police the city. The government is as much afraid of these Bedouins as of the French. Arab officials say the battle will not last long, as they will fight outside the city & if they lose will permit the French to enter without further fighting. The railway over which I came to Beirut is mined & will be blown up the moment the French start towards Aleppo. At Ryak we found big forces of French, well fortified. At the Beirut-Ryak railroad we passed many "turks" & carloads of sandbags, etc. We just got out of Aleppo.

in time, I guess, altho I hate to miss the fun.

My plans are to go to Jaffa first. I hear there is a quarantine against Beirut for plague, so I was vaccinated this A.M. & will try to land at Jaffa. If I can't I will miss Jerusalem. I can't go from here by rail as the road to Damascus is out due to the trouble. If they won't allow me to land at Jaffa & go to Jerusalem I will go on to Alexandria, see Cairo, & probably sail for Trieste on Aug. 5 on the "Helonna". From Trieste I go to Venice, Florence, Rome, & Naples & from there home. It is said to be impossible to get passage from France or England without waiting for months, so I will try & go straight from Naples to New York. I have plenty of money. I should be leaving Naples the first week in September. Hope to be in Jerusalem tomorrow night, but may have to miss it altogether. Had a trouble in getting my passport. Must close & go to dinner. Had a fine swim in the Mediteranean last evening. Wish you were all here to go home with me. Love to all, from

Stanley.

*

To the family of James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Jaffa, le 22 July 1920

Dear Stuart:

I'm in a Jew city all right now. That is my only objection to it, but it surely makes me sick to see whiskered Abrahams with little derbies again. I arrived here at 2 P.M. on the U.S.S. torpedo boat -- destroyer John D. Edwards, which left Beirut at 5 this morning. We had a fine sail down the coast, & were treated like princes. There were three of us, a British officer, a French Y.M.C.A. girl who is in the Relief work at Beirut, and I. We were all sick, & haven't got over it yet. The British here didn't want to let me land, as my passport says "Egypt" & not Palestine. In Aleppo on July 17th I got a letter from home dated away back in December, enclosing a duplication of the check Dad sent me, also a letter of yours to Dad about the same time. This had been kept in the safe for me.

I have plenty of money as Dr. Lambert raised my salary twice, so I'll have some left over when I get to New York.

I don't like the idea of teaching again. It is too much strain when you want to study. However I don't see how to get out of it. If I don't like it I can come back to Turkey. I am sick of traveling & wish I was back in Marash. I hate the idea of having to go. However, I'm on shore & expect to go to Jerusalem tomorrow.

Commander Sharpe of the destroyer had me write an account of the Marash trouble & the recent situation, for Admiral Bristol. The consuls in Aleppo & Beirut give me a pain. They don't take any interest at all in the troubles of Armenians in Marash.

The French are trying to get into more trouble. I hear they are going to try to capture Damascus & Aleppo both. They couldn't hold Marash so are trying something else.

This city Jaffa is hot. What happened here anyway? Did Jonah

sail from here? I forget, cross the Atlantic & Mediterranean both. There is no telling when I will be able to get a boat for N.Y. from Naples, but I'll do my best to be home Sept. 20th. My trunks probably won't be there till a month or so later. There is so much red tape to traveling just now, especially here, on account of a quarantine against bubonic plague. I was vaccinated two days ago for it, but have to report three times to the health department in Jerusalem. Sad is life in this crazy Asia. Hope to see you in Derby after a couple of months if all goes well. Lots of good wishes & love from

Stanley.

2

To Stuart Kerr

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

July 25 1920

Dear Marion:

Here we are in old Jerusalem, on the way to the U.S. Perhaps I'll get home before this letter does. I wrote a letter from Jaffa saying I had arrived there by U.S. Destroyer. From there I came here by rail and am now the guest of Mrs. Mansfield, the widow of the great actor. Everybody here has treated me royally. This afternoon they took me in a Ford over to Bethlehem, & yesterday I saw all the places ever mentioned in the Bible, I think. This city is so full of fakes I'm disgusted. They have transplanted everything that Christ ever did into one church. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for example they have Calvary, the tomb, & literally dozens of spots all surrounded with silver plates & candles. A color plated pole marks the spot where the cross stood, & a brass lined slit in the floor shows the cleft in the rock. And the whole temple is filled with Greek, Latin & Armenian priests who walk around muttering prayers and bowing before each sacred place -- the whole thing nothing but a formal idolatrous worship of a sanctified museum. It is really disgusting. And the priests of the Greek & Latin churches are so jealous of each other that the government has to have Moslem guards on hand on holy days to prevent riots between the two factions. In the tomb of Christ the marble slab is in two pieces, one for the Greeks & one for the Latins!

In one day I was shown all Jerusalem, many places really authentic -- the old temple area where Solomons temple was built, the house of Pilate, pool of Bethesda, Christ's prison, the Jews wailing place, the city walls & gates, St. Stephen's gate where Stephen was stoned, the tomb of David, & many others. In the afternoon a Ford took me to Bethany, the tomb of Lazarus, Gethsemane, Mount of Olives,

& the mount of Ascension, & Gordon's Calvary & the tomb, & half a dozen other places. The guides are all liars. One showed me a place where he said the Sermon on the mount was preached, & in the same place had the footprint of Christ when he ascended, also a hole in the rock where Moses rested his staff while he talked with God, & the spot where Moses struck the rock & water came forth. I told him he lied & he got mad!

After this big day of sightseeing I beat Mr. Ash, the director of this orphanage, at 2 sets of tennis & two games of chess & lost two games. Today I went to Bethlehem, so call Jerusalem finished. I could go down to the Dead Sea & Jordan, but have seen both of them from here quite plainly so don't care to go farther. Jerusalem is quite cool, & I actually need blankets at night. No trains to Cairo till Tuesday. On Tues. morning the auto is going to Jaffa, so I will ride out as far as the railway junction to Cairo, & will be in Cairo at midnight on the 27th. Will try to see Cairo quickly & go up the Nile (south) to the Temple of Karnak at Lux Sor, & Thebes. I have telegraphed for passage to Triest on Aug. 5th but don't know yet whether I can get it or not.

I am homesick for Marash already & am convinced that if America is still full of strikes & H C L. when I return, I shall go back to Marash & take you with me to run an orphanage. If you won't go I'll have to get married & do it. How does that strike you?

See if you can find a book called "The Eye of Zeitoon" by Talbot Mundy (Bobbs Merrill Co., publishers). It is a wonderfully exciting story of just the country I've been living in, & you will read it in one day it is so exciting. Be sure & get it.

I hope you have been able to read my scribbling. If not, wait till I get home to translate. I don't expect to get any more news from you till I get home, so you needn't answer this. Just give my

love to all the family. Am feeling fine since I got rid of Marash's troubles. Love to all from

Stanley

*

To Marion Kerr
Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Port Said, 1e Aug. 2, 1920

Dear Mother: --

I have a little time now to write a letter before trotting around to the steamship agency again. I was never so disgusted in my life as I've been here with steamship agencies, trying to get out of the country. In Cairo I finally got a ticket on the Russian boat Afon to Marseilles for 36 F.Stu. after failing to find anything for Italy. Then next day I met two American army officers who told me a U.S. Army transport was at Port Said on its way to Trieste. They told me that I could go on it, & advised me to sell my ticket & come with them, which I did. At Port Said I hired a rowboat & went out on the canal to the transport, but Captain Galloway said I could go if either the American consul or the Cheko-Slav consul would give him a written request to take me. Another chap named Haboust, who is a Chatausque lecturer who has been in Palestine taking movies was also trying to get on this boat. So we went to the consul & made our request, at which he sneered and said "Can't do anything for you" and walked off. It is the first time anybody has been discourteous. I find now he is an Englishman substituting as Amer. consul while the real consul is away. So we told Captain Galloway & he said "Go to the Slav consul." So we went & had him write out just what Galloway had asked for. We took this on board ship the next morning early & Galloway said it was O.K. & we might go. The boat was to sail at noon so we got our baggage on board and were making ourselves as comfortable as possible on deck (the cabins were full, & nothing left but deck space) and at 12 M., the time set for the boat to sail, a message came from Galloway at the American consulate saying he could not take us! So we waited for him & protested but he said he couldn't do anything. The consul had said "Let them

take a regular passenger vessel."

So we had to get off again & go thru all the custom's red tape again. Hebonst, the Chataqua man, is going to advertise our consul here in American papers, & I wish you would let some reporters publish my opinion of him as a *!---." Let the reporter fill in. It took us two days hard work and five rowboat trips to the boat to get permission to go, & then to have that changed was too much.

We have spent the rest of our time here trying to get a boat for anywhere outside this pest hole of a city, but can't get anything except the most expensive. There is a Lloyd Trestino boat leaving here in about four hours for Venice, via Alexandria & Corfu, which we may possibly get, but if we do we will have to travel third class to Alexandria & 2nd to Venice. We are going to try for it anyhow. I can get a boat to Marseilles on the 11th, but have all my money changed to Italian, as I expected to go to Trieste on the transport, so have to change back and lose 10% on exchange. If we succeed in getting off this P.M. on this boat I'll mark on the outside of this envelope (on the back) the name of the vessel & the destination.¹ From Venice I'll either go to Florence, Rome & Naples, or perhaps to Paris & London.

I had an offer yesterday of a free ride on the U.S. Army Transport "Crooke" to Manila, via India China & Japan! But they told me I couldn't get to New York before the middle of October, so I didn't accept, as I would lose my chance of a fellowship or the other offer. But that would have been a fine trip.

This country is just as full of the seven plagues as it was in Pharoah's time, only they are in the shape of bootblacks & peddlers who hound a fellow every moment he is on the street. If you get a shine, no matter how good, you are sure to have ten other boys hollering

"shine" at you every ten feet. Then if you sit down somewhere a boy will come & perform tricks for you, slight of hand or contortionist, & then demand money from you as though you had asked him to do it. They drive you crazy, & you have to have a cane or club to keep them away from you. This is a fact, that if you sit down on a chair outside the hotel & close your eyes a moment, a boy will be shining your shoes when you open your eyes!

In Cairo I saw the Egyptian museum & had a look at old Pharoah who is lying in state there, the one who oppressed the Israelites, & also the one who was ruling when the Exodus took place. There are lots of mummys there and all the best Egyptian sculpture & art. Cairo is really a fine city.

On Saturday I saw the Procession of the Holy Carpet in Cairo. This is the biggest day of the year in Cairo. The Holy carpet is sent every year to Mecca & placed on the tomb of Mohammed for one year, the old carpet being sent to the royal family. So 1000 soldiers were drawn up in a hollow square & drilled for a while -- & I can certainly hand it to those Egyptian soldiers, for they are well drilled -- then the Holy carpet, on the back of a big camel & followed by 5 sheikhs on camels paraded around the square seven times, while 63 cannon shots were fired, & then started on its journey to Mecca. It was quite a sight.

Hope everybody at home is well. I am feeling fine. Will see you all about the middle of September if all goes well. Will write again from my next port. Lots of love to all, from

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Corfu, Greece
Aug.. 10, 1920.

Dear Dad:

I'm still on the deep blue sea, off the coast of Greece, & will be at the island of Corfu in a few hours. Corfu is on the west coast, just at the border of Albania. We just passed Ithaca, the old kingdom of Ulysses, but not a very big island.

Did you get the letter I mailed at Port Said? I addressed it to Mother, but forgot to mail it. It was stamped & addressed & left on a table in the office of the steamship agency, so I hope it was mailed. There wasn't much news in it, except that I was sailing on the Abbazia for Venice.

From Port Said to Alexandria I was a little sea sick, but haven't been bothered since. We stopped for two days at Alex. then proceeded to Crete, stopping at Kandia & Chania. We couldn't go ashore as the boat was quarantined for plague as it came from Beirut. From Crete the boat headed for Kalamata, a Greek town at the head of one of the big inlets on the southern coast of Greece, not far from the old Sparta. The town is situated in a beautiful bay surrounded by the Spartan hills. Haboust (a Chataqua lecturer who is traveling with me) and I went for a swim, and had a great time for a hour.

Today we continued our journey & have been skirting the west coast of Greece. The country is very mountainous, with vineyards & houses stuck on the sides of the cliff. A man could easily fall out of his garden into the sea. The steamer passed between the islands Kephhalona and Ithaca, famous as the kingdom of Ulysses.

I expect to go ashore at Corfu in the morning. The Kaiser has a big palace here. From Corfu we go to Brindisi & Bari on the coast of Italy, then on to Venice, which we should reach early Saturday

morning. I'll look around Venice on Saturday, and go to St. Mark's cathedral on Sunday morning, then on to Florence for a day to see the art galleries. I won't stay in Rome more than five days and perhaps three or four in Naples and Pompei, then will do my best to get to the U.S. in the fastest time possible, and should be there by Sept. 15th. If I can't get a steamer at Naples I'll go over to Marseilles & then to Havre or London to look for one.

So far this trip has been fine. Fine weather, no rolling, good eats. The boat only makes 9 miles an hour & will take in all 10 days from Port Said to Venice, but I'm putting my time in learning French & making good progress. I'm traveling second class, and can't see any difference between my accommodations and first class except that we don't have finger bowls at one table. We have fine meals, chicken or turkey and ice cream every night, with all the trimmings. My room has three berths, & my companions are Haboust and a German missionary returning to Germany from Beirut. The French forced the whole mission (German) to leave. If you could see the harmless old German ladies with their white caps you wouldn't have much sympathy for the French and British policy of stopping all German mission work all over the world. Must close for tonight, & will write more tomorrow. Love to all, from Stanley.

*

To Mr. James R. Kerr
Darby, Pennsylvania

Stanley E. Kerr Collection
Property of Susan E. Kerr

Venice Italy
Aug. 14, 1920

Dear Mother:

This is Saturday night and I'm in another country again. It seems I strike a new one every week now. Four weeks ago in Turkey, then the next in Syria, the next, Palestine, then Egypt, Crete, Greece, & now Italy. I wrote a letter from Port Said which I forgot to mail, so you may not get it, and then mailed another at Corfu, an island off the coast of Albania. We stopped for half a day at Corfu so I went ashore. It was a very interesting town. Corfu was the base for the American sub chasers in the Adriatic during the war, & they sunk several subs near there. Next we stopped at Brindisi, Italy, a famous old town. This was a big naval base, & while we were there several sea planes skimmed around the harbour & landed on the water. At our next stop, Bari we heard of a general strike which was to begin that night, so left quickly. We arrived here in Venice at 2 P.M. today, after a ten day's journey from Port Said. This morning we passed a floating mine but luckily didn't hit any.

Venice is certainly a wonderful city, and the streets being canals makes a big difference. The gondoliers however are the biggest robbers you can find. At the ship this P.M. they thought we had no other way to get to the hotels & would pay anything they demanded. A dirty dago wanted 10 liras for carrying my suitcase down a flight of stairs and 50 liras to row me to the hotel -- (one lira = 7 cents now). I told him "Ogotohello" and later got one for 10 liras. They do their best to cheat you at every turn.

My companion on the trip from Port Said was a Syrian-American chap but hasn't got much "manners" and so we had a scrap & parted here. I told him if he was going to call himself an American he would have

to be more polite to people. So now, just for today & tomorrow, I am seeing Venice in company with a "Kopt". The Kopts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, & are Christians. He is a lawyer from Cairo & certainly has it in for England, as all Egyptians do, & with good reason. He is on his way to Milan for an operation on his stomach. We took a gondola together from the station to the hotel. He didn't like the idea of so much water & so little sidewalk, & our first impression of the "safety" of the streets was a bad one, for we hadn't gone more than several hundred yards when we heard screams & saw a boy struggling in the water. He had fallen off the curb into the "street" & was drowning. A gondola came along and fished him out, unconscious, & took him off to a hospital.

The Grand Canal is quite some street. My hotel is on this canal, near St. Mark's, which is a wonderful place. From the hotel I saw a motorboat scooting up the canal with the American flag flying & two American sailors in it. There is an American destroyer here.

The Place of St. Mark's is a wonderful place. We spent the evening strolling around there, & tomorrow will go inside the church, & also the Palace of the Doge then take a gondola ride to see the canal again. Trains leave for Florence only at night ^{and since} A I would arrive at Florence at 3 A.M. I am not going to stop there but will go right on to Rome, leaving here tomorrow night. Cooks here say that no passage can be booked to New York for two months! If I can't get anything at Naples I'll go to England. The same U.S. transport that fooled me in Port Said will be in Naples the first of August & I may try to pull ropes to go on it to N.Y. This being the case I may possibly not reach America as soon as I expected, but will do my best. I'm anxious to get home as this traveling business isn't all it is cracked up to be, especially alone. I wish some of you were along

& we could enjoy it together. I must close & go to bed. Hope you are all well & enjoying summer vacations & getting rested from all your hard work. Give my love to all the folks. Lots of it, from

Stanley

*

To Mrs. James R. Kerr

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Darby, Pennsylvania

Property of Susan E. Kerr

Roma, li Aug. 17 1920

Dear Marion: --

This is the poorest Wop hotel I've struck yet, so I'm not going to stay long in this town. However, this is Rome, & quite some town. I arrived yesterday & have done so much sightseeing already that I'm almost ready to quit, in spite of our friend Bardeker who says one must take at least 10-14 days. The trouble with him is he seems to think a tourist wants to see every picture gallery & every church. Personally I just like to see the most interesting things, & don't like to put in so many small side trips that it gets tiring. Yesterday I went to the old Roman Forum & wandered around awhile, then over to the Colosseum & climbed around it for an hour or two. They are both interesting. I expected the ruins of the old temples to be more impressive, but now believe Baalbek in Syria is the greatest ruin in the world, as everyone says. Baalbek is enormous compared to the ruins here.

Today I visited St. Peter's and the Vatican Art Gallery. St. Peter's surely is the grandest place ever built. It equals St. Sophie & the great Mosques of Egypt & Turkey all put together. I never saw such wonderful materials for building -- beautiful colored marbles, alabaster, & all sorts of rare stones. In Cairo there is a whole mosque built of alabaster, but this is richer.

I didn't see anything of the Pope today, perhaps I'll see him tomorrow! I'm going to the Vatican again tomorrow to see the collections of sculpture, etc. Today I strolled around behind St. Peter's looking for the entrance to the museum, & strolled around a corner of the Vatican palace, when three guards stopped me. They looked as though they had been filled up with uniforms in about the year 1. They wore striped baggy uniforms of about 12 colors & instead of guns

carried spears about 10 ft. long. They looked as medieval as the Colosseum. In the art gallery I saw many of the most wonderful paintings of Raphael & other great painters. This P.M. I took a carriage & drove out on the Apian Way to the Catacombs & had an old priest escort me around the passages lined with bones on shelves. A terrible lot of people must have died sometime -- there seemed to be millions of shelves. I'd hate to get lost in there! I drove on out the Via Appium, saw an old chariot race track, some ancient tombs & aqueducts, etc. then returned. Had a walk this evening in Rome's "Fairmount Park" & now am almost ready for bed. I think I've seen almost all I want to here, & may go to Naples the day after tomorrow.

Venice was the most fascinating place I've seen in Italy. On Sunday every hour it seemed hundreds of bells rang all over the city. With the bells & the picturesque canals & gondolas the whole place was wonderful. My hotel was on the Grand Canal near St. Mark's, & right across from the Opera House, so in the evening I could enjoy some fine music. During the day I visited St. Mark's & rode up & down the canals several times, also over to the Lido, (the bathing beach & park). I wanted to see Florence, but my train stopped there at 3 A.M. when I was sound asleep. When I woke we were half way to Rome. The country was quite interesting, old forts & castles appearing now & then, & the train skirted the Tiber as it neared Rome.

You & the rest of the family must come over & see these places some time soon -- as soon as I can make enough to bring you all over. You can sign up with the Near East Relief for a few years & have the time of your life.

Must close & go to bed. Love to all -- & hopes to see you about a month from now, if I can get a berth on a ship, which won't be

easy.

Stanley

*

To Marion Kerr

Washington, D.C.

Stanley E. Kerr Collection

Property of Susan E. Kerr

NotesFebruary 17, 1919

1. "Leviathan" -- the ship which took Kerr from New York to Brest, France.

March 14, 1919

1. Deranje is a misspelling of "Derindje."
2. Robert College in Constantinople (Istanbul) was founded by American missionaries.

April 12, 1919

1. Constantinople was taken by the Ottoman Turks in 1453.
2. The photograph of the garbage collector in Salonika is included in the Stanley E. Kerr Collection.

May 2, 1919

1. Meerschaut -- a compact mineral used as a building stone.
2. Dervishes are the Sufis (mystics) of Islam, in Turkey and Persia.

May 25, 1919

1. (Aleppo, Turkey) -- Stanley E. Kerr alternates between the headings "Aleppo, Turkey" and "Aleppo, Syria." Aleppo was a city in the Syrian province of the Ottoman Turkish Empire, hence the interchangeable designations.
2. "Hammal" in Arabic means "porter."
3. The "Arabian prince" was Ali, the son of the shereef of Mecca.

June 15, 1919

1. The exchange is Turkish of "chok sijak," "sijak eji" means, "It's very hot," "Yes, very hot indeed."

June 29, 1919

1. (Feast of Rammedon) -- Rammedon should be spelled "Rammadan." It is the ninth month of the Islamic calendar and the month of fasting. It was during this month that the Koran was revealed by Allah to Mohammed.

July 6, 1919

1. The "hareem" are the women of the harem, or the household of an Arab Sheikh or chief. It may include his wives (he may have a maximum of four wives in Islam), his concubines and his children.
2. A "piastre" is the monetary unit roughly equivalent to a penny.

July 18, 1919

1. "Serai" in Turkish means "inn."
2. "Salaam and coffee" implies the general welcoming of a guest into an Arab home. In this case, Kerr was having to exchange polite "Thank you's," "hello's," and toasts with his Arab hosts.

July 31, 1919

1. "Michta" should be spelled "muchtar."

August 4, 1919

1. "Malcom" and "quieskotere" are Armenian words used in bargaining. The exact meaning of the words is uncertain.

August 24, 1919

1. "Baksheesh" -- Arabic word meaning "bribe."

September 28, 1919

1. Dr. Marion Wilson was the director of the Near East Relief upon Kerr's arrival in Marash.
2. The town of Zeitoon, about 30 miles north of Marash, was noted for its tough resistance to Turkish forces.

September 29, 1919

1. Trowbridge was a missionary who served as secretary for the Red Cross in Aleppo.

November 6, 1919

1. On the well-travelled road from Aleppo to Marash, one had to travel via Killis and Aintab.

November 29, 1919

1. The clipping is included in the Stanley E. Kerr Collection.
2. The British paid tribes in Northern Hedjaz (Arabian Peninsula) to form an auxilliary army. The context here is unclear, as a "Hedjaz army" could also have included British soldiers.
3. "Khan" in Arabic means "hotel" or "inn."
4. Boulghour is a cracked wheat commonly used in Middle Eastern cooking.

January 4, 1920

1. "Aman aman" in Turkish is equivalent to the English cry, "Oh, oh!"

January 21, 1920

1. "Kapuyu ach" is Turkish for "open the door."

March 7, 1920

1. "Hannum" in Arabic means "a lady of the house."
2. "Mutesereef" is the Arabic title for a district administrator.
3. The photos are included in The Stanley E. Kerr Collection.

March 28, 1920

1. Mustapha Dermal Pasha was one of the Turkish nationalist leaders.
2. Halil Pasha was a high-ranking member of the Ittihadist government.

June 18, 1920

1. The Feast of Bairam (Kerr misspells as "Bayran") is the celebration following the month of fasting, or Rammadan.
2. "Ramagon" should be spelled "Rammadan."

July 21, 1920

1. Before the establishment of the Republic of Lebanon in 1941, the area of present-day Lebanon was called "Syria," first as an Ottoman territory and then as a French protectorate.
2. "Hastekane" in Turkish means "hospital."

August 2, 1920

1. The envelope has been preserved, and the back flap reads "Sail on 'Abbazia' for Venice on Aug. 3."

A Look at Present-Day Marash and Marash-
Armenian Communities

In January of 1980, a classmate, David Wank, and I travelled to the town of Marash.

Today, Marash is a completely Turkish town. Not a single Christian or Armenian lives there: most of the families of the Armenians mentioned in Stanley Kerr's correspondence now live in Beirut, Lebanon, Aleppo, Syria, Homs, Syria, and Boston, Massachusetts. The several churches, the Franciscan monastery, and the seminary which appear in Kerr's photos of Marash have been demolished.

The town of Marash today sprawls across the foothills of the Taurus mountains, and is the home of approximately 100,000. It remains the capital of its province, as it was in 1920. Economically, the town is quite poor, although everyone has a roof over their heads. What is remarkable about a visit to present-day Marash, in view of the Armenian deportations of the early 20th century, is to see the effectiveness of the results of the deportations. For indeed, Marash is Turkish. Its name has been changed to "Karaman Marash," or "Victorious Marash." Along the city's main street is a statue of Mustafa Kemal (Attaturk). The town is governed by rotating provincial governors who are not natives of the town and who stay in their parts for only a short while. The period of the Ottoman Empire seems very played down; old Ottoman monuments are called "Seljuk."

Because of its geographic isolation, as well as its poor economic state, few foreigners pass through the town today. The former Christian element of Marash which once attracted scores

of missionaries and teachers no longer exists, and consequently the town's once cosmopolitan flavor is gone. In a full day of walking through Marash and trying to communicate with local residents, we encountered not a single speaker of French or English. Nor did we encounter any non-Turks.

Traces of the Armenian community of Marash have completely vanished. From my grandfather's maps and photographs of the town I recognized the Hittite citadel in the center of the town, certain mosques as well as the general geographic setting. The absence of Christian buildings and the enlargement of the town made it otherwise unrecognizable.

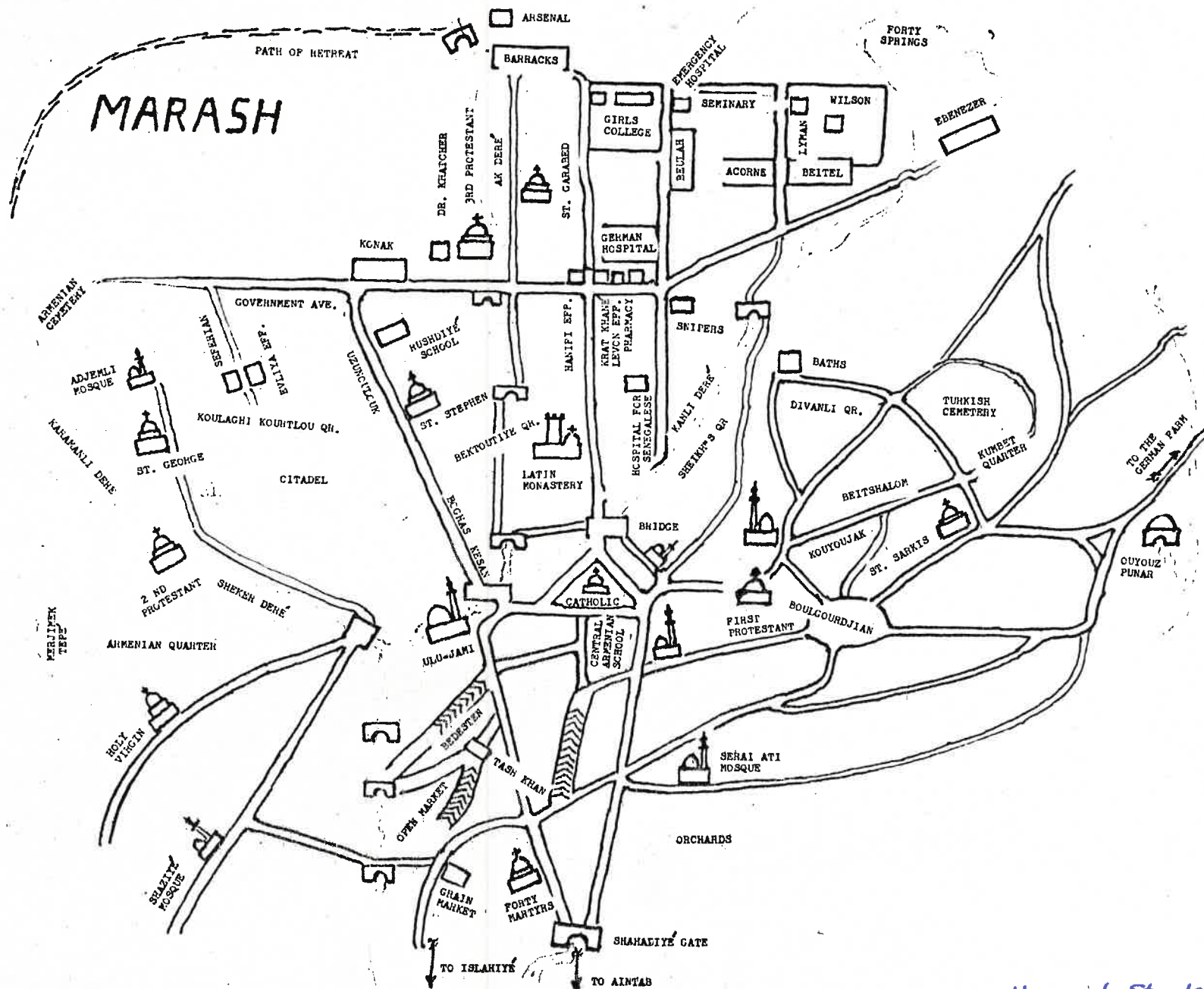
The Armenian community of Marash remains especially alive in Aleppo & Beirut. After 1920, sizeable Marashli populations moved to these cities, and today their community life remains well-organized. Not politically active, Armenians maintain a sense of unity through their churches and through recreational and sports organizations. In Aleppo there is a Marash-Armenian Gregorian church, as well as a substantial Marash congregation in the Armenian Church of the Forty Martyrs. The Syrian government allows Armenians to have their own network of schools provided they are taught in Arabic and follow the specified curriculum of the Syrian government schools. Armenian families in Aleppo also maintain a sense of community through an organization of soccer teams for children. Each team represents a native Armenian town in Cilicia. This year, the Marash team was the champion.

These channels of community organization mean that Armenian children in Aleppo today speak Armenian, play with other Armenians, are aware of their native history, and also of the period of

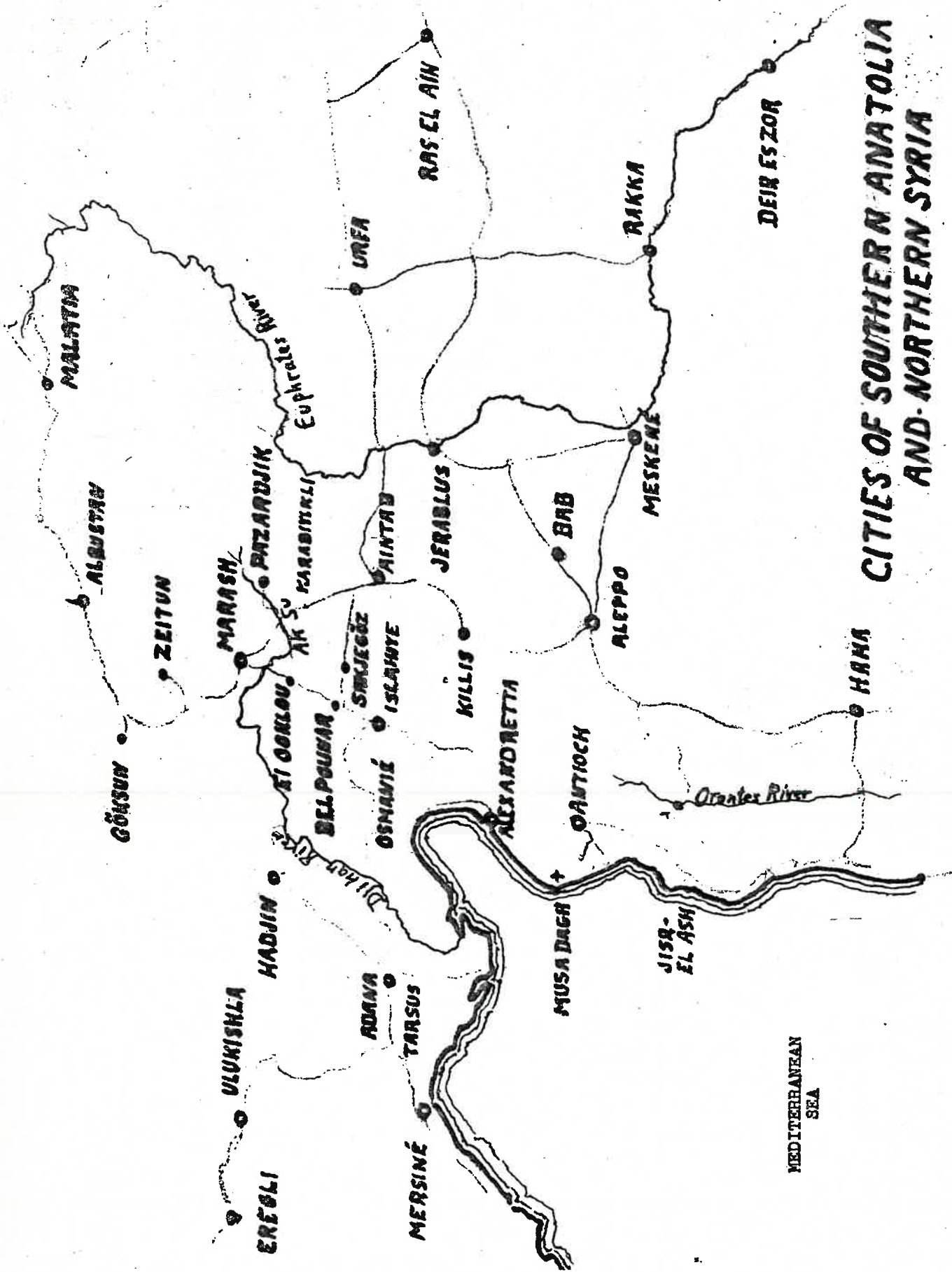
the deportations. The image of* 415

the bloodthirsty and savage Turk has been perpetuated through the generations since World War One, and Armenians remain bitter if only through stories and not experience.

The Armenian community in Aleppo maintains the same cultural characteristics that have been attributed to Armenians for centuries: They are prosperous, well educated, cosmopolitan. They remain such a distinct cultural group in any society.



Maps of Stanley E. Kerr



CITIES OF SOUTHERN ANATOLIA AND NORTHERN SYRIA

The OTTOMAN SULTANATE

From the 18th Till the 20th Centuries

Dnieper

Taganrog

Don

Azof

SEA OF MARMARA

1783

1774



Endnotes

1. Stanley E. Kerr, The Lions of Marash (Albany: State University of New York press, 1973).
2. Gwynne Dyer, "Turkish 'Falsifiers' and Armenian 'Deceivers': Historiography and The Armenian Massacres," Middle East Studies 12 (January 1976).
3. Ibid., pp. 105-106.
4. Ronald G. Suny, "Tiflis: Urbanization and the Growth of Ethnic Politics, 1860-1900," unpublished article, p. 1.
5. Ibid., p. 6.
6. Ibid., p. 10.
7. Ibid., p. 6.
8. Ibid., p. 8.
9. Jared Etmekjian, The French Influence on the Western Armenian Renaissance 1843-1915 (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1964), p. 79.
10. Richard Hovannisian, "The Armenian Question in the Ottoman Empire," East European Review 6 (March 1972), p. 10.
11. Ibid., p. 3.
12. Etmekjian, p. 81.
13. Louise Nalbandian, The Armenian Revolutionary Movement (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1967), p. 32.
14. Etmekjian, p. 74.
15. Marjorie Hovsepian, "An Unremembered Genocide," Commentary 42.
16. Nalbandian, p. 38.
17. Ibid., p. 34.
18. Ibid., p. 180.
19. Ibid., p. 144.
20. Ibid., p. 150.
21. Ibid., p. 145.
22. Ronald G. Suny, "Populism, Nationalism, and Marxism: the Origins of Revolutionary Parties Among Caucasian Armenians," unpublished article, p. 21.

23. Nalbandian, p. 153.
24. Ronald G. Suny,
25. Ibid., p. 46.
26. Hovannisian, p. 4.
27. Ibid., p. 6.
28. Peter Mansfield, The Ottoman Empire and Its Successors (London: MacMillan Press, 1973), p. 11.
29. Hovannisian, p. 7.
30. Ibid., p. 10.
31. Whereas "Ottomanization" implied for minorities a political allegiance to the Ottoman government, the notion of Pan-Islam encouraged the unity of all Muslim peoples in an Islamic state.
32. Roderick Davidson, Turkey (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1968), p. 32.
33. Ibid., p. 90.
34. Ibid.
35. Nalbandian, p. 147.
36. Ibid., p. 171.
37. Hovannisian, p. 12.
38. Stephen Duguid, "The Politics of Unity: Hamidian Policy in Eastern Anatolia," Middle Eastern Studies (May 1973), p. 148.
39. Hovannisian, p. 12.
40. Kerr, p. 5.
41. Hovannisian, p. 13.
42. Ibid., p. 12.
43. Wyszomirski, Margaret, "Communal Violence: The Armenians and the Copts as Case Studies," World Politics (April 1975), p. 439.
44. Roderick Davidson, Reform in the Ottoman Empire 1856-1876 (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1963), p. 316.
45. Hovannisian, p. 15.
46. Nalbandian, p. 176.

47. Davidson, Turkey, p. 92.
48. Hovannisian, p. 16.
49. Ibid.
50. Ibid., p. 17.
51. Ibid., p. 22.
52. Davidson, Turkey, p. 101.
53. Hovannisian, p. 17.
54. Ibid., p. 18.
55. Davidson, Turkey, p. 103.
56. Ibid., p. 111.
57. Hovannisian, p. 57.
58. Davidson, Turkey, p. 58.
59. Hovannisian, p. 24.
60. Ibid., p. 60.
61. Ibid., p. 12.
62. Ibid.
63. Davidson, Turkey, p. 115.
64. Hovannisian, p. 41.
65. Richard Hovannisian, Armenia on the Road to Independence (Los Angeles and Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 49.
66. Ibid., p. 50.
67. Ibid., p. 49.
68. Ibid., p. 50.
69. Ibid., p. 51.
70. Ibid.
71. Davidson, Turkey, p. 117.
72. Hovannisian, On the Road to Independence, p. 49.

73. Kerr, p. xxi.
74. Elaine Smith, Origins of the Kemalist Movement 1919-1923 (Washington: Judd and Detweiler, Inc., 1959).
75. Kerr, p. xxii.
76. Letters of Stanley E. Kerr, July 1, 1920.
77. The number of refugees being fed fluctuated from 9000 to 10,000.

Bibliography

- Bryce. The Treatment of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire 1915-1916. London: H.M., 1916.
- Davidson, Roderic H. Reform in the Ottoman Empire 1856-1876. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1963.
- Davidson, Roderic H. Turkey. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1968.
- Etmekjian, James. The French Influence of the Western Armenian Renaissance 1843-1915. New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1964.
- Hitti, Philip. The Arabs in History. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1964.
- Hartunian, Abraham H. A Memoir of the Armenian Genocide. Translated by Vartan Hortunian. Boston: Beacon Press, 1976.
- Hovannisian, Richard. Armenia on the Road to Independence. Los Angeles and Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967.
- Howard, Henry. The King-Crane Commission: An American Inquiry in the Middle East. Beirut: Khayats, 1963.
- Kerr, Stanley. The Lions of Marash. Albany: State University of New York Press, 1973.
- Lewis, Bernard. The Arabs in History. New York: Harper and Row, 1966.
- Langler, William L. The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1960.
- Mansfield, Peter. The Ottoman Empire and Its Successors. London: MacMillan Press, 1973.
- Matossian, Mary Kilbourne. The Impact of Soviet Policies in Armenia. Leiden: E.J. Brill, 1962.
- Morganthau, Henry. All in a Life-Time. Garden City: Doubelday, Page and Company, 1922.
- Nalbandian, Louise. The Armenian Revolutionary Movement. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1967.
- Pipes, Richard. The Formation of the Soviet Union. New York: Atheneum, 1974.
- Shaw, Stanford. History of the Ottoman Empire and Modern Turkey. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976.
- Smith, Elaine. Turkey: Origins of The Kemalist Movement 1919-1923. Washington: Judd and Detweiler, Inc., 1959.